Flaut A. E. Harris 1791

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A

SELECTION

of the most

Favourite Scots-Songs

Chiefly Pastoral

Adapted for the Harpsichord,

with an ACCOMPANIMENT for a

Violin

BY

Eminent Masters

Respectfully Inscribed

To Her Grace

The Duchess of Gordon

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London

Printed for Willm. Napier; Music Seller to their Majesties.

No. 474, Strand.

Neele sc. 352 Strand

A

DISSERTATION

ON THE

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

NOSTRAS NEC ERUBUIT SILVAS HABITARE THALIA. *Virg.*

Nor blush'd the Doric muse to dwell on Scottish plains.

THE genius of the Scots has in nothing shone more conspicuous than in Poetry and Music. Of the first, the Poems of *Ossian*, composed in an age of rude antiquity, are sufficient proof. The peevish doubt entertained by some of their authenticity, appears to be the utmost refinement of scepticism. As genuine remains of *Celtic* Poetry, the Poems of Ossian will continue to be admired as long as there shall remain a taste for the *sublime and beautiful.*

The Scottish *Music* does no less honour to the genius of the country. The old Scottish songs have always been admired for the wild pathetic sweetness which distinguishes them from the music of every other country. I mean, in this essay, to try to fix the æra of our most ancient melodies, and to trace the history of our music down to modern times. In a path so untrodden, where scarce a track is to be seen to lead the way, the surest guide I have to follow is the music itself, and a few authorities which our old historians afford us. After all, the utmost I aim at is probability: and, perhaps, by some hints, I may lead others to a more direct road.

From their artless simplicity, it is evident, that the Scottish melodies are derived from very remote antiquity. The vulgar conjecture, that *David Rizzio* was either the composer or reformer of the Scottish songs has of late been so fully exposed, that I need say very little to confute it. That the science of music was well understood, and that we had great masters, both theorists and performers, above a century before *Rizzio* came to Scotland, I shall immediately show. He is by no contemporary writer said to have been a composer. He is not even extolled as a great performer; nor does tradition point him out as the author of any one particular song; and, although we should allow him to have had ability, the short time he was in Scotland, scarce three years, was

was too busy with him to admit of such amusement.—Let us endeavour to trace back our music to its origin.

The simplicity and wildness of several of our old Scottish melodies, denote them to be the production of a pastoral age and country, and prior to the use of any musical instrument beyond that of a very limited scale of a few natural notes, and prior to the knowledge of any rules of artificial music. This conjecture, if solid, must carry them up to a high period of antiquity.

The most ancient of the Scottish songs, still preserved, are extremely simple, and void of all art. They consist of one measure only, and have no second part, as the later or more modern airs have. They must, therefore, have been composed for a very simple instrument, such as the shepherd's reed or pipe, of few notes, and of the plain *diatonic scale*, without using the semitones, or sharps and flats. The distinguishing strain of our old melodies is plaintive and melancholy; and what makes them soothing and affecting, to a great degree, is the constant use of the concordant tones, the third and fifth of the scale, often ending upon the fifth, and some of them on the sixth of the scale. By this artless standard some of our old Scottish melodies may be traced; such as *Gil Morice* — *There cam a ghost to Marg'et's door* — *O laddie, I man loo' thee* — *Hap me wi' thy pettycoat* — I mean the old sets of these airs, as the last air, which I take to be one of our oldest songs, is so modernized as scarce to have a trace of its ancient simplicity. The simple original air is still sung by nurses in the country, as a *lullaby*. It may be said, that the words of some of these songs denote them to be of no very ancient date: but it is well known, that many of our old songs have changed their original names, by being adapted to more modern words. Some old tunes have a second part; but it is only a repetition of the first part on the higher octave; and these additions are probably of more modern date than the tunes themselves.

That the science of Music, and the rules of composition, were known amongst us before the fifteenth century, is certain. *King James the First* of Scotland is celebrated by all the Scottish historians, not only as an excellent performer, but as a great theorist in Music, and a composer of airs to his own verses. " Hic etenim in musica (says *Fordun*) in artis perfectione, in tympano et " choro, in psalterio et organo, ad summae perfectionis magisterium, natura creatrix, ultra hu- " manam aestimationem, ipsum vivaciter decoravit*." *Scotichron. vol.* 2, *lib.* 16, *cap.* 28.— Fordun has a whole chapter, the 29th of his history, on King James's learning and knowledge in the ancient Greek, as well as in the more modern scales of music, which, for its curiosity, is worthy to be read by the modern theorists in music.

The next authority is *John Major*, who celebrates King James I. as a poet, a composer, and admirable performer of music. Major affirms, that, in his time, the verses and songs of that Prince were esteemed amongst the first of the Scottish melodies. I shall gives the whole passage:

* In music, in the very perfection of the art, on the tabor, the psalter and organ, nature, the author of genius, adorned him with talents beyond human conception.

" In

"In vernacula lingua artificiosissimus compositor; cujus codices plurimi, *et cantilenae, memoriter* "*adhuc apud Scotos inter primos habentur.*—Artificiosam cantilenam (composuit) *Yas sen*, &c., et "jucundum artificiosumque illum cantum, *at Beltayn*, quem alii *de Dalketh* et *Gargeil* mutare "studuerunt, quia in arce, aut camera, clausus servabatur, in qua mulier cum matre habitabat *."

It is to be regretted that neither the words nor the music of these celebrated ballads have come down to us. According to the historian, the last must have been full of humour, and extremely popular; his words may imply, that several parodies or imitations of the subject had been made, which time has likewise deprived us of.

Amongst the number of our old Scottish melodies, it is, I think, scarce to be doubted, that many of King James's compositions, which were esteemed amongst *the first of the age*, are still remaining, and make a part of our finest old melodies; but as no tradition down to our time has ascertained them, they, in all probability, pass undistinguished under other names, and are adapted to modern words. There can be little doubt, however, that most of James's compositions have shared the same fate with many other old airs. Tassoni, the Italian poet, as afterwards mentioned, says expressly, that "King James composed many sacred pieces of vocal music," which are now lost. All our old heroic ballads were undoubtedly sung to *chants* composed for them, which are now lost. Among those still preserved, are the episodes of *Ossian*, which are at this day sung in the Highlands. *Gil Morice*—*The Flowers of the Forest*—*Hero and Leander*, &c., are still sung to their original pathetic strains. These, however, are but a few of many old ballads whose airs are now unknown. In the MS. collection of Scottish Poems, made by Banatyne before 1568, the donation of the Earl of Hyndford to the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh, the favourite poem, *The Cherry and the Slae*, and likewise a poem of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, father to the famous Secretary Maitland, are entitled, "To be sung to the tune of "the *Banks of Helicon*." This must have been a well-known tune two hundred years ago, as it was sung to such popular words; but it is now lost. It cannot exist under other words, as the metrical stanza of the *Cherry and the Slae* is so particular, that I know no air at this day that could be adapted to it. We find also, in old books, many names of songs; yet neither of the verses or tunes do we know any thing at this day. *Gavin Douglas*, in his prologue to the twelfth Æneid, recites the beginning words of three well-known songs in his time, 1480, thus:

"The schip sailis over the salt fame,
"Will bring thir merchandis and my leman hame."
———"I will be blyith and licht,
My hert is lent upon so gudly wicht."
———"I come hidder to wow."

* In the language of his country he was a most skilful composer; many of his writings and ballads are still remembered, and in the highest degree of estimation among the Scots. He was the author of the masterly ballad, entitled *Yas Sen*, &c., and of the pleasing and skilful song, *at Beltayn*, which some people wished to change to *de Dalketh* and *Gargeil*, because he was imprisoned in the castle, or chamber, where the woman with her mother lived.

And,

And, in the prologue to the thirteenth Æneid,

——— "The jolly day now dawis."

In the ſame way a great many of King James I.'s poetical pieces are now loſt, or, perhaps, as his poem of *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green*, may erroneouſly be aſcribed to others.

It may be ſuſpected, from the above high-ſtrained authorities, that his countrymen have rather allowed themſelves to be carried too far in diſplaying the qualifications of their King. I ſhall, however, produce the teſtimony of a foreigner, a celebrated author, who does James ſtill more honour than the writers of his own country; and, ſingular as the propoſition may appear, I ſhall endeavour to prove, that the Scottiſh melodies, ſo far from being either invented or improved by an *Italian* maſter, were made the models of imitation in the fineſt vocal compoſitions of one of the greateſt maſters of compoſition in Italy.

The celebrated *Carlo Geſualdo*, Prince of Venoſa, formerly Venuſium, famous as the place of birth of Horace, flouriſhed about the middle, or towards the end, of the ſixteenth century, and died in 1614. *Blancanus*, in his *Chronologia-Mathematicorum*, thus diſtinguiſhes him: "The moſt "noble Carolus Geſualdus, Prince of Venuſium, was the prince of muſicians of our age; he "having recalled the *Rythme* into muſic, introduced ſuch a ſtile of modulation, that other muſi- "cians yielded the preference to him; and all ſingers and players on ſtringed inſtruments, laying "aſide that of others, every where eagerly embraced his muſic."—He is alſo celebrated by Merſennus, Kircher, and almoſt all the writers of that age, as one of the moſt learned and greateſt compoſers of vocal muſic in his time.

To apply this account of the Prince of Venoſa to the preſent ſubject.—*Aleſſandro Taſſoni*, in his *Penſieri Diverſi*, lib. 10, thus expreſſes himſelf: "We may reckon among us moderns *James King of Scotland*, who not only compoſed many *ſacred pieces* of vocal muſic, but alſo, of him- "ſelf, *invented a new kind of muſic, plaintive and melancholy, different from all other*, in which he "has *been imitated* by Carlo Geſualdo, *Prince of Venoſa*, who, in our age, has improved muſic "with new and admirable inventions *."

* "Noi ancora poſſiamo connumerar, tra noſtri, Jacopo Re di Scozia, che non pur *coſe ſacre compoſe in canto*, ma "trova da ſe ſteſſo, una nuova muſica, *lamentevole e meſta, differente da tutte l'altre*. Nel che poi e ſtato imitato *da* "*Carlo Geſualdo, Principe de Venoſa*, che in queſta noſtra eta, ha illuſtrata anch' egli la muſica con nuove mirabili in- "ventioni." DIECI LIBRI *di Penſieri Diverſi*, in CARPI *Appreſſo Gerolomo Vaſchieri*, 1620 *.—Let me here do juſtice to the reſtorer of this record, who, next to Taſſoni, deſerves the thanks of every Scotſman; I mean the late *Patrick Lord Elibank*: for although Taſſoni is well known as a poet, particularly by his celebrated *La ſechia rapita*, the firſt of the modern mock heroic poems, yet his book *De Diverſi Penſieri*, though printed near two centuries ago, and containing a great deal of learned and curious obſervations, is but little known on this ſide of the Alps: and the above curious paſſage, which had ſo long eſcaped the notice of every Scotſman, might quietly have ſlept in the dark repoſe of great libraries, had not the penetrating reſearch of this learned nobleman, about twenty years ago, produced it to light.

* It is proper to apprize the reader, that in ſome editions of the Penſieri Diverſi the tenth book is wanting.

How

How perfectly characteriftic, this, of the pathetic ftrains of the old Scottifh fongs! What an illuftrious teftimony to their excellency!

Some of the Dilettanti, in the Italian mufic of the prefent times, may, perhaps, fneer at being told, that the *Italians*, the reftorers of mufic, owe the improvement of their mufic to the early introduction of Scottifh melody into it: yet nothing is more certain, not only from the candid acknowledgment of Taffoni, but from the teftimony of the Italian mufic itfelf before the Prince of Venofa's time, as I fhall attempt to illuftrate.

It is at this day no longer a queftion, that the art of compofition in parts, or what is called *harmony*, is the invention of the moderns; but by whom invented, or at what particular æra, is not fo clear. As the cultivation of modern mufic was chiefly among the ecclefiaftics, on account of the church fervices daily in ufe to be fung by them, the rules of harmony undoubtedly took their rife, and were improved among them. *Guido d'Arezzo*, a Benedictine monk, about the beginning of the eleventh century, is, by many authors, faid to have reformed the fcale, by introducing the lines and the notation on them by points, inftead of the letters of the alphabet, formerly in ufe; from which the name of *counterpoint*, for the art of compofition in parts, is derived. From that period, it was by degrees improved, until it was brought to perfection in the golden age of the reftoration of other polite arts and fciences in Italy, the Pontificate of Leo X. At this time flourifhed the *venerable Paleftrina*, ftiled the *father of harmony*; and in the fame century, though later, the Prince of Venofa, mentioned above. As the productions of a harmonift and thorough mafter of the art of counterpoint, the compofitions of Paleftrina, even at this day, ftrike us with admiration by their artful *fugues*, and the full and fublime harmony of their parts. Nothing in the church ftile, except the grandeur and loftinefs of the chorufes of *Handel*, can exceed them:—yet, in one great point, the mufic of Paleftrina is deficient. We may be entertained with the artful contrivance and learning of a well-wrought *fugue*, or elevated by the harmony of a full choir of voices, yet ftill melody or air is wanting in the mufic of the venerable Paleftrina. To any perfon verfant in the compofitions of the great mafters of harmony in Paleftrina's time, there will appear the fame ftile, artful contrivance, and learning, running through every fpecies of their compofitions; their *maffa's*, *motetti*, *madrigals*, and *canons*. The harmony is full, but they are deficient in melody *.

I do

* Although Paleftrina is with propriety ftiled the father of Harmony in Italy, as, by the folemn grandeur of his harmony, and fine contrivances, he certainly carried the art of counterpoint far beyond any thing known before the age of Leo X. yet is but juftice to fay, that harmonic compofition flourifhed in feveral parts of Europe befides Italy, and that there exifted feveral eminent mafters, even before the time of Paleftrina. *Lewis Guicciardin*, (nephew of Francis, the hiftorian) who was contemporary with Paleftrina, and died before him in 1589, as cited by *Abbe du Bos*, in his Critical Reflections, gives a lift of feveral eminent Flemifh compofers; and adds, that, in his time, it was the practice in the Netherlands, and had been a cuftom there of long ftanding, to furnifh Europe with muficians. The old church fervices, that had long been in ufe both in England and Scotland, feveral of which ftill exift, are folid proofs of the profound knowledge of

I do not remember to have seen any cantata, or song for a single voice, of the age of Palestrina. The Italian music for private entertainment, at that time, seems to have been the *madrigal*, usually composed for some favourite stanza or love verses of Petrarcha, Ariosto, or Tasso, commonly in the *fugue* stile, and of three or four parts. The madrigal, when sung by proper voices, is soothing and pleasant; but, wanting air, soon becomes languid and dull: a certain proof this, that the music of Italy, at the above time, was altogether artificial and harmonic; and that *melody*, the soul of music, was not then regarded or cultivated. Harmony, and the art of composition in parts, it must be confessed, is one of the noblest of the modern inventions: that a fondness, however, for that only, to almost the total neglect or exclusion of air and melody in music, should have universally prevailed at this time in Italy, is a remarkable fact *. We shall farther illustrate this from another historical fact in the annals of music.

The *Opera*, that noble and elegant species of the musical drama, now so much improved and established in most of the theatres in Europe, and which chiefly consists in *airs* for a *single voice*, with instrumental accompaniments, was not known in Palestrina's or the Prince of Venosa's time. It was first introduced in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The dramatic poem of *Euridice*, made by *Ottavio Rinuncini*, a Florentine poet, was set to music by *Jacopo Peri*, who, on that occasion, invented the *recitativo*, or musical discourse. The opera of Euridice was first represented on the theatre at Florence in the year 1600, on occasion of the marriage of Mary of Medicis with King Henry IV. of France. What appears most remarkable, so much was harmonic composition universally established, that, in the above opera, there is not one air or song for a single voice. The whole opera consists of *duetti*, *terzetti*, *cori*, and *recitativo*.

In the above state of music in Italy, we may suppose the Scottish melodies of King James I. had found their way into that country. Is it then to be wondered at, that such a genius as the Prince of Venosa should be struck with the genuine simplicity of strains which spoke directly to the heart, and that he should imitate and adopt such new and affecting melodies, which he found wanting in the music of his own country? The sweet, natural, and plaintive strains of the old song, *Waly waly up the bank*—*Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion?*—*Be constant ay*—and many

our old composers in counterpoint, before the time of Palestrina. The church services of *Marbeck*, and of *Tallis*, who was organist to Henry VIII. are original and learned, and abound in fine harmony. *Geminiani*, that great musical genius, on hearing *Tallis's* anthem, "*I call and cry*," is said to have exclaimed, in rapture, "The man who made this must have "been inspired!" No less eminent was *Birde*, the scholar of Tallis, and several others mentioned by *Morley*, in his Introduction to Practical Music, in the number of which Morley himself may be ranked. From that time a continued succession of very eminent composers in the church stile, through the reigns of Queen Elisabeth, King James, and Charles I., have flourished.

* It is curious to observe, that the state of music in England, at the same period, appears to have been precisely similar to that in Italy, that is, purely *harmonic*, as may be seen from the compositions of Marbeck, Tallis, Birde, &c.; and, after them, of Henry Lawes, Lanere, and Campion, down to the Restoration.

other of our old ſongs about that age, muſt touch the heart of every genius, of whatever country, and might enrich the compoſition of the greateſt foreign maſter.

Purpureus late qui ſplendeat unus et alter
Adſuitur pannus. HOR.

I hope we ſhall no longer hear the abſurd tale, that the Scottiſh muſic was either invented or improved by an *Italian*, when we ſee it proved, by ſo great an authority as *Taſſoni*, that the Scottiſh melodies, above two centuries ago, and in *his time*, had been adopted into the fineſt vocal compoſitions of one of the greateſt maſters and reformers of Italian muſic, the *Prince of Venoſa*.

It cannot be doubted, that, under ſuch a genius in poetry and muſic as King James I. the national muſic muſt have greatly improved. One great ſtep to the improvement of the ſcience of muſic, was the introduction of *organs*, by that Prince, into the cathedrals and abbies of Scotland, and, of courſe, the eſtabliſhment of a choral ſervice of church muſic. We have ſeen, that he had compoſed ſeveral anthems, or vocal pieces of *ſacred muſic* *, which ſhews, that his ſkill in the ſcientific parts of muſic muſt have been very high; and he eſtabliſhed a full choir of ſingers in the church ſervice, which was brought by him to ſuch a degree of perfection, as to fall little ſhort of the Engliſh †, who, at that time, were thought to excel all other nations in church muſic.

King James is ſaid to have been a fine performer on the lute and harp, with which he accompanied his own ſongs ‡. Playing on theſe inſtruments muſt, by the Prince's example, have become faſhionable; and, of courſe, a more regular and refined modulation in the Scottiſh ſongs muſt have been introduced. The ſimple ſcale of the pipe, by the introduction of the ſtringed inſtruments, became, in conſequence, much enlarged, not only by a greater extent of notes, but by the diviſion of them into ſemitones.

The great *æra* of poetry, as of muſic, in Scotland, I imagine to have been from the beginning of the reign of King James I. down to the end of King James V.'s ‖. The old cathedrals and abbeys, thoſe venerable monuments of Gothic grandeur, with the choriſters belonging to them,

* Che coſe ſacre compoſe in canto. *Taſſoni.*

† *Boeth. Hiſt. lib.* 17.

‡ In ſono vocis, et in tactu Citharae (natura) dulciter et dilectabiliter illum praedotavit. *Fordun, vol.* 1, *c.* 28.

‖ Within this æra flouriſhed *Gavin Douglas*, Biſhop of Dunkeld, whoſe excellent tranſlation of Virgil's Æneis may compare with Chaucer, the firſt poet of that age; *Bellenden*, arch-deacon of Murray; *Dunbar*, *Henryſon*, *Scott*, *Montgomery*, *Sir D. Lindſay*, and many others, whoſe fine poems have been preſerved in Banatyne's excellent collection, of which ſeveral have been publiſhed by Allan Ramſay in his *Evergreen*.

according

according to the ſplendour of their ritual church ſervice, were ſo many ſchools or ſeminaries for the cultivation of muſic. It muſt be owned, however, that, altho' the ſcience of harmonic muſic was cultivated by the church compoſers, yet as the merit of the church muſic, at that time, conſiſted in its harmony only, the fine flights and pathetic expreſſion of our ſongs could borrow nothing from thence.

This was likewiſe the æra of chivalry: the feudal ſyſtem was then in its full vigour.

The Scottiſh nobility, poſſeſſed of great eſtates, hereditary juriſdictions, and a numerous vaſſalage, maintained, in their remote caſtles, a ſtate and ſplendour little inferior to the court of their kings. Upon ſolemn occaſions, *tilts* and *tournaments* were proclaimed, and *feſtivals* held with all the Gothic grandeur and magnificence of *chivalry*, which drew numbers of knights and dames to theſe ſolemnities.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thouſand torches flam'd aloof,
From maſſy cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red Metheglin's ſtream:
To grace the gorgeous feſtival,
Along the lofty windowed hall
The ſtoried tapeſtry was hung,
With minſtrelſy the rafters rung;
Of harps, that, with reflected light,
From the proud gallery glittered bright.
To crown the banquet's ſolemn cloſe,
Themes of *Britiſh* glory roſe;
And, to the ſtrings of various chime,
Attempered the *heroic* rhime.

WARTON'S ODE *on the Grave of King Arthur.*

James IV. and V. were both of them magnificent Princes: they kept ſplendid courts, and were great promoters of thoſe heroic entertainments *. In the family of every chief, or head of a clan, the *Bard* was a very conſiderable perſon: his office, upon ſolemn feaſts, was to ſing or rehearſe the ſplendid actions of the heroes, anceſtors of the family, which he accompanied with the harp. At this time, too, there were *itinerant* or *ſtrolling minſtrels*, performers on the harp, who went about the country, from houſe to houſe, upon ſolemn occaſions, reciting *heroic ballads*, and other popular epiſodes.

Theſe *wandering harpers* are mentioned thus by *Major*: '*In Cithara, Hibernenſes et ſilveſtres Scoti, qui in illa arte praecipui ſunt*'—To theſe ſylvan minſtrels I imagine we are indebted

* Pitſcottie's Hiſtory of James IV., Leſlie, &c.

for

for many fine old ſongs, which are more varied in their melody, and more regular in their compoſition, as they approach nearer to modern times, though ſtill retaining ‘ their wood-notes wild *.’

To the wandering harpers we are certainly indebted for that ſpecies of muſic, which is now ſcarcely known; I mean *the Port*. Almoſt every great family had a *Port* that went by the name of the family. Of the few that are ſtill preſerved are, *Port Lennox*, *Port Gordon*, *Port Seton*, and *Port Athole*, which are all of them excellent in their kind. The *Port* is not of the martial ſtrain of the *march*, as ſome have conjectured; thoſe above named being all in the plaintive ſtrain, and modulated for the harp.

The *Pibrach*, the march or battle tune of the *Highland Clans*, with the different ſtrains introduced of the *coronich*, &c. is fitted for the *bagpipe* only: Its meaſure, in the *pas grave* of the *Highland piper*, equipped with his flag and military enſigns, when marching up to battle, is ſtately and animating, riſing often to a degree of fury.

To claſs the old Scottiſh ſongs, according to the ſeveral æras in which we may ſuppoſe them to have been made, is an attempt which can ariſe from conjecture only, except as to ſuch of them as carry more certain marks, to be afterwards taken notice of.

* To frame an idea of the heaven-born genius of the ancient minſtrel or wandering harper, in a rude age, ſee Dr. Beattie's fine poem, the *Minſtrel.*

——Song was his favourite, and firſt purſuit,
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languiſh'd to his breaſt the plaintive flute;
His infant muſe, though artleſs, was not mute.——

Meanwhile, whate'er of *beautiful*, or *new*,
Sublime, or *dreadful*, in earth, ſea, or ſky,
By chance or ſearch, was offered to his view,
He ſcanned with curious and romantic eye,
Whate'er of lore tradition could ſupply,
From Gothic tale, or ſong, or fable old,
Rous'd him, ſtill keen to liſten, and to pry;
At laſt, though long by penury controll'd
And ſolitude, his ſoul her graces 'gan unfold.

Minſtrel, Part I.

The laſt of theſe ſtrolling harpers was *Rory* or *Roderick Dall*, who, about fifty years ago, was well known and much careſſed by the Highland gentry, whoſe houſes he frequented. His chief reſidence was about Blair in Athole and Dunkeld. He was eſteemed a good compoſer, and a fine performer on the harp, to which he ſung in a pathetic manner. Many of his ſongs are preſerved in that country.

Of our moſt ancient melodies, I have, in the beginning of this eſſay, given a few, ſuch as *Gil Morice*, &c., with what I imagine to be the ſignatures of their antiquity. To what æra theſe can be referred, I do not pretend to ſay: My conjecture, however, is, that, from their artleſs ſimplicity, they belong to an age prior to James I. The inveſtigation of other pieces of our oldeſt muſic, by the ſame ſtandard, may be an agreeable amuſement to the curious.

From the genius of King James, his profound ſkill in the principles of muſic, and great performance on the harp, we may eſteem him the inventor and reformer of the Scottiſh vocal muſic. Of his age (ſome of them very probably of his compoſition) may be reckoned the following ſimple, plaintive, and antient melodies *Jockey and Sandie — Waly waly up the bank — Ah waking Oh! — Be conſtant ay — Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion?*

From theſe, by an inſenſible gradation, we are led to what I conjecture may be called the *ſecond epoch* of our ſongs, that is, from the beginning of the reign of *King James IV. James V.* and to the end of that of *Queen Mary*, within which period may be reckoned the following ſongs, the old tragic ballads *Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride*, and *Hero and Leander — Willie's rair and Willie's fair — Cromlet's Lilt — The flowers of the Foreſt — Gilderoy — Balow my boy — The Gaberlunye Man — The bonnie Earle of Murray — Leeder Haughs in Yarrow — Abſence will never alter me — Tak' your auld cloak about ye* — and the old melody lately revived, called *Queen Mary's Lamentation*, which, I am well aſſured, belongs to, and bears the ſignatures of that age. In the preceding airs beſides a more varied melody, there is likewiſe an artful degree of modulation, obſervable in ſeveral of them, in the introduction of the ſeventh of the key, as in *Waly Waly — The Flowers of the Foreſt — Queen Mary's Lament — The bonny Earle of Murray*. This ſtrain is peculiarly characteriſtic of the ancient Scottiſh ſongs, and has a fine pathetic effect, which muſt give pleaſure to the moſt refined ear. As, in the foregoing obſervation, it is remarked by Taſſoni, on the new-invented muſic of King James I., that it '*was plaintive and melancholy, and different from all other muſic**,' it may, with probability, be conjectured, from James's ſkill and maſterly performance on the ſtringed inſtruments, that this peculiar mode of modulation into the ſeventh of the key, may have been firſt invented and introduced into our old muſic by that Prince.

In the third æra, which comprehends the ſpace of time from Queen Mary to the Reſtoration, may be claſſed the following ſongs, *Through the lang muir I followed my Willie — Pinky Houſe — Etrick Banks — I'll never leave thee — The Broom of Cowdenknows — Down the burn Davie — Auld Rob Morris — Where Helen lies — Fie on the wars — Thro' the wood, laddie — Fie let us a' to the wedding — Muirland Willie.*

From theſe we are led to the laſt æra, that is, from the *Reſtoration, to the Union*. Within this period, from their more regular meaſure and more modern air, we may almoſt, with certainty,

* Il trouva da ſe ſteſſo, un nuova muſica, lamentevole e meſta, *differente da tutte l'altre.*

tainty,

tainty, pronounce the following fine ſongs to have been made, *An' thou wert mine ain thing*—*O dear minnie, what ſal I do*—*The buſh aboon Traquair*—*The laſt time I came o'er the moor*—*Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow*—*The bonny boatman*—*Sae merry as we ha' been*—*My dearie an' thou die*—*She roſe and let me in*—*My apron, dearie*—*Love is the cauſe of my mourning*—*Allan water*—*There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee*—*The Highland laddie*—*Bonny Jean of Aberdeen*—*The laſs of Patie's mill*—*The yellow-hair'd laddie*—*John Hay's bonny laſſie*—*Tweed-ſide*—*Lochaber.*

We are not, however, to imagine, that, from this laſt period, the genius of Scottiſh muſic had taken flight: that is not the caſe. Indeed the number of Scottiſh ſongs has of late not much increaſed; it nevertheleſs is true, that, ſince that laſt period, ſeveral fine ſongs have been made, which will ſtand the teſt of time. Amongſt theſe are, *The birks of Invermay*—*The banks of Forth*—*Roſlin Caſtle*—*The braes of Ballendine.* The two laſt were compoſed by Oſwald, whoſe taſte in the performance of the Scottiſh muſic, was natural and pathetic.

In thus claſſing the ſongs, as above, it is obvious, that no fixed or certain rules can be preſcribed. Some of theſe old ſongs, it is true, aſcertain of themſelves the preciſe æra to which they belong; ſuch as, *The flowers of the Foreſt*, compoſed on the fatal battle of *Flowden*, where the gallant *James* IV. and the flower of the Scottiſh nobility and gentry fell;—*The Souters of Selkirk*, compoſed * on the ſame occaſion;—*Gilderoy*, made on the death of a famous outlaw hanged by James V.;—*Queen Mary's Lament*;—*The bonny Erle of Marray*, ſlain by Huntlie in 1592. In general, however, in making thoſe arrangements, beſides the characters which I have mentioned, as I know of no other diſtinguiſhing marks for a fixed ſtandard, the only rule I could follow was to ſelect a few of the moſt undoubted ancient melodies, ſuch as may be ſuppoſed to be the production of the ſimpleſt inſtrument, of the moſt limited ſcale, as the ſhepherd's reed; and thence to trace them gradually downward, to more varied, artful, and regular modulations, the compoſitions of more poliſhed manners and times, and ſuitable to inſtruments of a more extended ſcale.

If, in following this plan, I have been ſucceſsful, it will afford entertainment to a muſical genius, to trace the ſimple ſtrains of our rude anceſtors through different ages, from King James I., who truly may be ſtiled the Father of the Scottiſh ſongs, ſo diſtinguiſhed from the muſic of every other country, progreſſively downwards, to modern times. This, to a muſical genius, may afford the ſame amuſement it has given to me, in conſidering the melodies thus ſelected

* This ballad is founded on the following incident:—Previous to the battle of Flowden, the town clerk of Selkirk conducted a band of eighty *ſouters*, or ſhoemakers, of that town, who joined the royal army; and the town clerk, in reward of his loyalty, was created a Knight-banneret by that Prince. They fought gallantly, and were moſt of them cut off. A few who eſcaped found, on their return, in the foreſt of Lady-wood edge, the wife of one of their brethren lying dead, and her child ſucking her breaſt. Thence the town of Selkirk obtained, for their arms, a woman ſitting upon a ſarcophagus, holding a child in her arms; in the back ground, a wood; and on the ſarcophagus, the arms of Scotland

and

and arranged, trying them by the ſignatures above pointed out, and adding others to the above number.

A ſecond point I alſo had in view: It was, from the number of our Scottiſh ſongs, to ſelect a few of thoſe which I imagine to be the fineſt, and moſt diſtinguiſhed, for originality of air, agreeable modulation, and expreſſion of the ſubject for which they have been compoſed. Upon a review of theſe airs, thus far I may venture to ſay, that, for genuine flight of fancy, pleaſing variety, and originality, they will ſtand the teſt of compariſon with the muſic of any country, and afford entertainment to the moſt refined taſte.

I have hinted that our Scottiſh ſongs owe nothing to the *church-muſic* of the cathedrals and abbeys before the Reformation; for, although muſic made a conſiderable part of the ritual church ſervice, yet, from ſome of their books, which have eſcaped the rage of the Reformers, we find their muſic to have conſiſted entirely of harmonic compoſitions, of four, five, often of ſix, ſeven, and eight parts, all in ſtrict counterpoint. Such were perfectly ſuitable to the ſolemnity of religious worſhip; and, when performed by a full choir of voices, accompanied by the organ, muſt undoubtedly have had a ſolemn and awful effect upon a mind diſpoſed to devotion. The ſtile of ſuch compoſition is to calm the mind, and inſpire devotion, ſuitable to the majeſty of that *Being* to whom it is addreſſed. Nothing, however, can be more oppoſite than ſuch harmonic compoſitions to the genius of love-ſongs, which conſiſt in the ſimple melody of one ſingle part.

It is a common tradition, that, in ridicule of the cathedral-ſervice, ſeveral of their hymns were, by the wits among the Reformed, burleſqued, and ſung as profane ballads. Of this there is ſome remaining evidence. The well-known tunes of *John, come kiſs me now*—*Kind Robin lo'es me*—and *John Anderſon my jo*—are ſaid to be of that number.

At the eſtabliſhment of the Reformation, one of the firſt pious works of the Reformed clergy was, to tranſlate, into Scottiſh metre, the Pſalms of David, and to introduce them into the kirks, to be ſung to the old church-tunes. John Knox's book of pſalms, called *The Common Tunes*, is ſtill extant, and ſung in the churches, and conſiſts of four parts; a treble, tenor, counter-alt, and baſs. The harmony of theſe tunes is learned and full, and proves them to be the work of very able maſters in the counterpoint.

In order, however, to enlarge the pſalmody, the clergy ſoon after were at pains to tranſlate, into Scottiſh metre, ſeveral parts of ſcripture, and ſome old Latin hymns, and other pieces. At the ſame time, as they had no objections to the old muſic, they made an effort to reclaim ſome of thoſe tunes from the profane ballads into which they had been burleſqued, and ſung by the vulgar.

A collection of theſe pieces was printed at Edinburgh about the year 1590, by Andro Hart, in old Saxon, or black letter, under the title of *A compendious book of godly and ſpiritual ſongs,*

collectit

collectit out of sundry parts of the scripture, with sundrie of other ballats changed out of prophaine sanges, for avoiding of sinne and harlotrie, &c.

Among these ballads, *John come kiss me now* makes *his* appearance; stripped, indeed, of *his prophane dress,* which had promoted *sinne and harlotrie;* but, in exchange, so strangely equipped in *his penitential habit,* as to make a more ridiculous figure than *his* brother Jack, in the *Tale of a Tub.* As a curiosity, I shall give two or three of the stanzas of this new-converted godly ballad.

John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

The Lord thy God I am,
That (John) does thee call;
John represents man
By grace celestial.

My prophets call, my preachers cry,
John come kiss me now;
John come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

'*To laugh were want of godliness and grace,*
'*And to be grave exceeds all power of face.*' POPE.

If the other tunes, preserved of the old church-music, were in the same stile of *John come kiss me now,* our fine old melodies, I think, could borrow nothing from them.

I shall conclude this essay with a few general observations on the Scottish songs.

The Scottish melodies contain strong expression of the passions, particularly of the melancholy kind; in which the air often finely corresponds to the subject of the song. In this, I conjecture, the excellency of the ancient Greek music consisted, of which we are told such wonderful effects. The Greek musicians were also poets, who accompanied their own verses on the harp. Such, likewise, was the Saxon Alfred; and in the same light we may see our James I. who both of them accompanied their own poems on the lute or harp. Terpander is said to have composed music for the Iliad of Homer; Timotheus played and sung his own lyrical poems; and the poet Simonides his own elegies:

' Quid moestius lacrymis Simonidis!'

exclaims Catullus; and, inspired with the genius of music, in this fine apostrophe, cries out our great poet!

And, O ſad Virgin, could thy power
But raiſe Muſeus from his bower!
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing,
Such notes as warbled on the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And make *hell* grant what *love* did ſeek.

Let us acknowledge the excellency of the Greek muſic; yet as the principles of harmony, or compoſition in parts, ſeem not to have been known to them, at leaſt as far as has yet been diſcovered, this excellency of their muſic muſt have reſulted from the natural melody of their airs, expreſſive of the words to which they were adapted. In this light, therefore, we may run a parallel between the ancient Greek muſic and our Scottiſh melodies; and, in ſpite of the prejudiced fondneſs which we are apt to conceive in favour of the ancients, it is probable that we do the beſt of their muſic no hurt in claſſing it with our own.

What perſon of taſte can be inſenſible to the fine airs of, *I'll never leave thee—Allan Water—An' thou wer't mine ain thing—The Braes of Ballendine*, &c. when ſung with taſte and feeling!

Love, in its various ſituations of *hope*, *ſucceſs*, *diſappointment*, and *deſpeir*, is finely expreſſed in the natural melody of the old Scottiſh ſongs. How naturally does the air correſpond with the following deſcription of the reſtleſs languor of a maid in love!

Ay wa'king oh!
Wa'king ay and wearie;
Sleep I canna get,
For thinking o' my dearie.
When I ſleep, I dream;
When I wake, I'm irie*;
Reſt I canna get,
For thinking o' my dearie.

The ſimple melody of the old ſong *Waly! Waly!* is the pathetic complaint of a forſaken maid, bemoaning herſelf along the late-frequented haunts of her and her lover. The old Scottiſh word *waly* ſignifies *wail*, or heavy ſorrow, and lamentation.

Waly! waly! up the bank,
And waly, waly! down the brae;
And waly! waly! on yon burn ſide,
Where I and my true love did gae.

Thus *Petrarch* in one of his beautiful ſonnets:

Valle, che de lamenti miei ſe' piena,
Fiume, che ſpeſſo del mio pianger creſci.—
Colle che mi piaceſti, hor mi rincreſci,
Ov' ancor per uſanza amor mi mena—
Quinci vedea 'l mio bene!—*&c.*

* *Irie* is a Scottiſh word that has no correſpondent term in Engliſh. It implies that ſort of fear which is excited in a perſon apprehenſive of apparitions.

How

How soothing and plaintive is the lullaby of a forsaken mistress over her child, expressed in *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament!* How romantic the melody of the old love-ballad of *Hero and Leander!* What a melancholy love story is told in the old song of *Jockey and Sandy!* and what frantic grief expressed in *I wish I were where Helen lies!*

It were endless to run through the many fine airs expressive of sentiment, and passion, in the number of our Scottish songs, which, when sung in the genuine natural manner, must affect the heart of every person of feeling, whose taste is not vitiated and seduced by *fashion* and *novelty*.

As the Scottish songs are the *flights of genius*, devoid of art, they bid defiance to artificial graces and affected cadences. To a sweet, liquid, flowing voice, capable of swelling a note from the softest to the fullest tone, and what the Italians call a *voce di petto*, must be joined *sensibility* and *feeling*, and a perfect understanding of the subject, and *words* of the song, so as to know the *significant word* on which to *swell* or *soften* the tone, and lay the force of the note. From a want of knowledge of the language, it generally happens, that, to most of the foreign masters, our melodies, at first, must seem wild and uncouth; for which reason, in their performance, they generally fall short of our expectation. We sometimes, however, find a foreign master, who, with a genius for the pathetic, and a knowledge of the subject and words, has afforded very high pleasure in a Scottish song.

It is a common defect in some who pretend to sing, to affect to smother the words, by not articulating them, so as we scarce can find out either the subject or language of their song. This is always a sign of want of feeling, and the mark of a bad singer; particularly of Scottish songs, where there is generally so intimate a correspondence between the air and subject. Indeed there can be no good vocal music without it.

The accompaniment of a Scottish song ought to be performed with delicacy. The fine breathings, those *heart-felt touches*, which *genius* alone can express, in our songs, are lost in a noisy accompaniment of instruments. The full chords of a thorough bass should be used sparingly, and with judgement, not to overpower, but to support and raise the voice at proper pauses.

Where, with a fine voice, is joined some skill in instrumental music, the air, by way of symphony, or introduction to the song, should always be first played over; and, at the close of every stanza, the last part of the air may be repeated, as a relief to the voice. In this *symphonic part*, the performer may shew his taste and fancy on the instrument, by varying it *ad libitum*.

A Scottish song admits of no cadence; I mean, by this, no fanciful or capricious descant upon the close of the tune. There is one embellishment, however, which a fine singer may easily ac-

quire; that is, an eaſy *ſhake*. This, while the organs are flexible in a young voice, may, with practice, be eaſily attained.

A Scottiſh ſong, thus performed, is among the higheſt of entertainments to a *muſical genius*. But is this genius to be acquired either in the performer or hearer? It cannot. *Genius in muſic, as in poetry, is the gift of Heaven.*

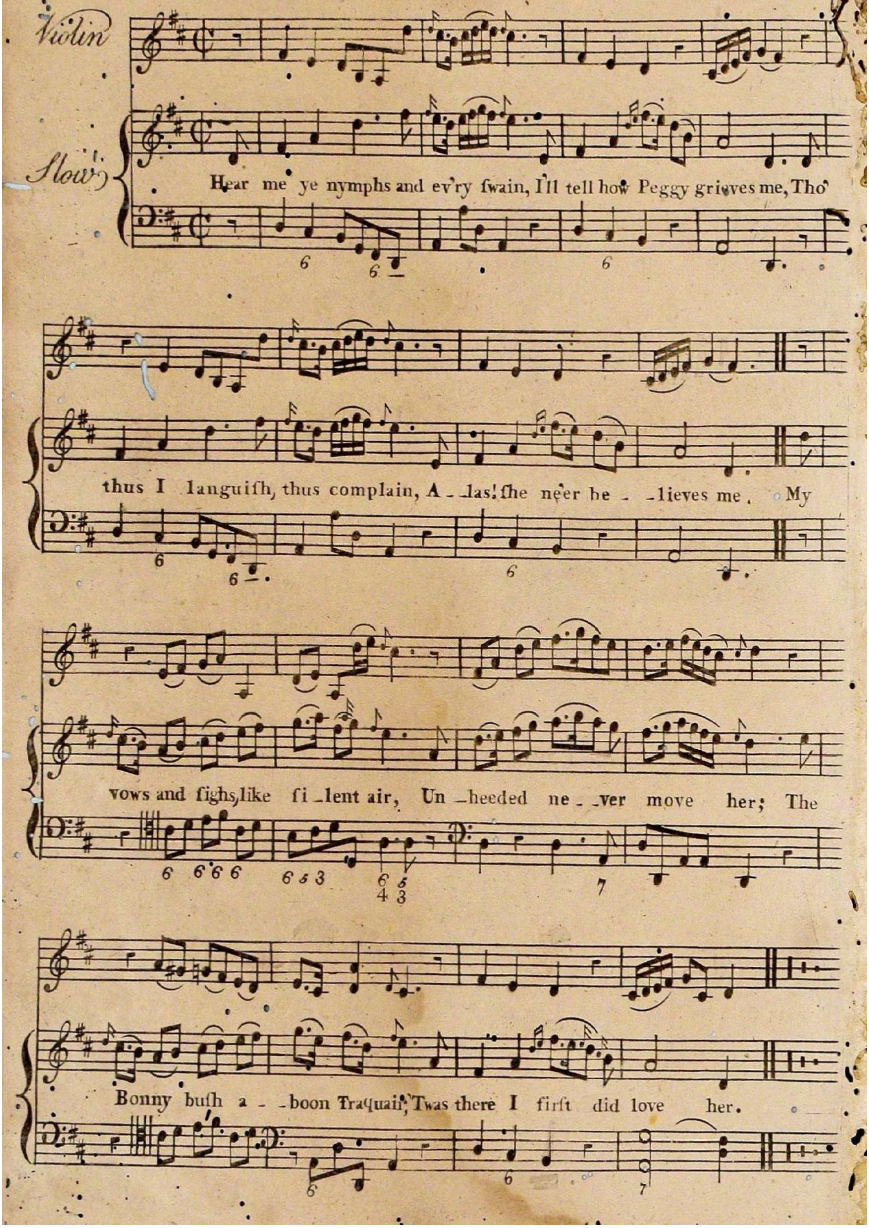
An artiſt on the violin may diſplay the magic of his fingers in running from the top to the bottom of the finger-board, in various intricate *capriccios*, which, at moſt, will only excite ſurpriſe: while a very middling performer, of taſte and feeling, in a ſubject that admits of the *pathos*, will touch the heart in its fineſt ſenſations. The fineſt of the Italian compoſers, and many of their ſingers, poſſeſs this to an amazing degree. The opera-airs of theſe great maſters, *Pergoleſe, Jomelli, Galuppi, Perez*, and many others of the preſent age, are aſtoniſhingly pathetic and moving. Genius, however, and feeling, are not confined to country or climate. *A maid at her ſpinning-wheel*, who knew not a note in muſic, with a ſweet voice, and the force of a native genius, has oft drawn tears from my eyes. That gift of Heaven, in ſhort, is not to be defined: It can only be felt.

I cannot better conclude this eſſay, than in the words of one who poſſeſſed it in the moſt exalted degree. Addreſſing himſelf to a young compoſer, he ſpoke thus: 'Seek not to know what is *genius*. 'If thou haſt it, thy feelings will tell thee what it is. If thou haſt it not, thou never wilt 'know it. The genius of the muſician ſubjects the univerſe to its power. It draws its pictures by 'ſounds. It expreſſes ideas by feelings, and feelings by accents. We feel in our hearts the 'force of the paſſions which it excites. Through the medium of genius, *pleaſure* aſſumes additional charms, and the *grief* which it excites breaks forth into cries. But, alas! to thoſe who 'feel not in themſelves the ſpring of genius, its expreſſions convey no idea. Its prodigies are 'unknown to thoſe who cannot imitate them. Wouldſt thou know if thou art animated with one 'ſpark of that bright fire? Run, fly to *Naples*, and there liſten to the maſter-pieces of *Leo, Durante, Jomelli, Pergoleſe*, If thine eyes are filled with tears, thy heart palpitates, thy whole frame 'is agitated, and the oppreſſion of tranſport ariſes almoſt to ſuffocation; take up *Metaſtaſio*, his 'genius will inflame thine own, and thou wilt compoſe after his example. Theſe are the operations of genius, and the tears of others will recompenſe thee for thoſe which thy maſters have 'cauſed thee to ſhed. But, if thou art calm and tranquil amidſt the tranſports of that great 'art; if thou feeleſt no delirium, no *ecſtaſy*; if thou art only moved with pleaſure, at what 'ſhould tranſport thee with rapture, doſt thou dare to aſk what *genius* is? Profane not, vulgar 'man, that name ſublime! What does it import thee to know what thou caſt never feel?*'

* Rouſſeau, ſous le mot *genie*.

THE END.

The Bush aboon Traquair



THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry ſwain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me;
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny buſh aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder:
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews diſdain;
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
Its ſweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her ſmiles relieve me;
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
My paſſion no more tender.
I'll leave the Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

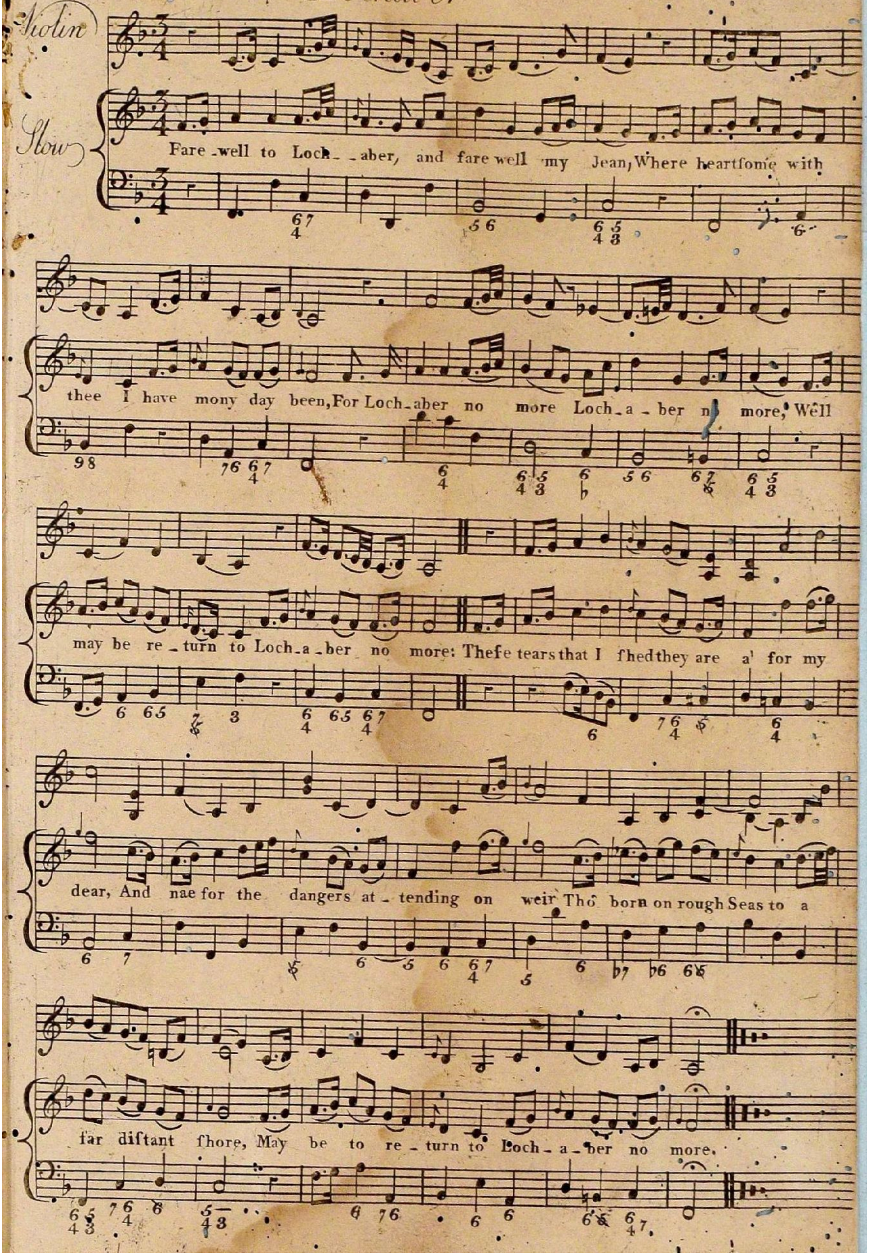
LOCHABER.

FAREWEL to *Lochaber*, and farewel my *Jean*,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony days been!
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
Wee'l may he return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on war.
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

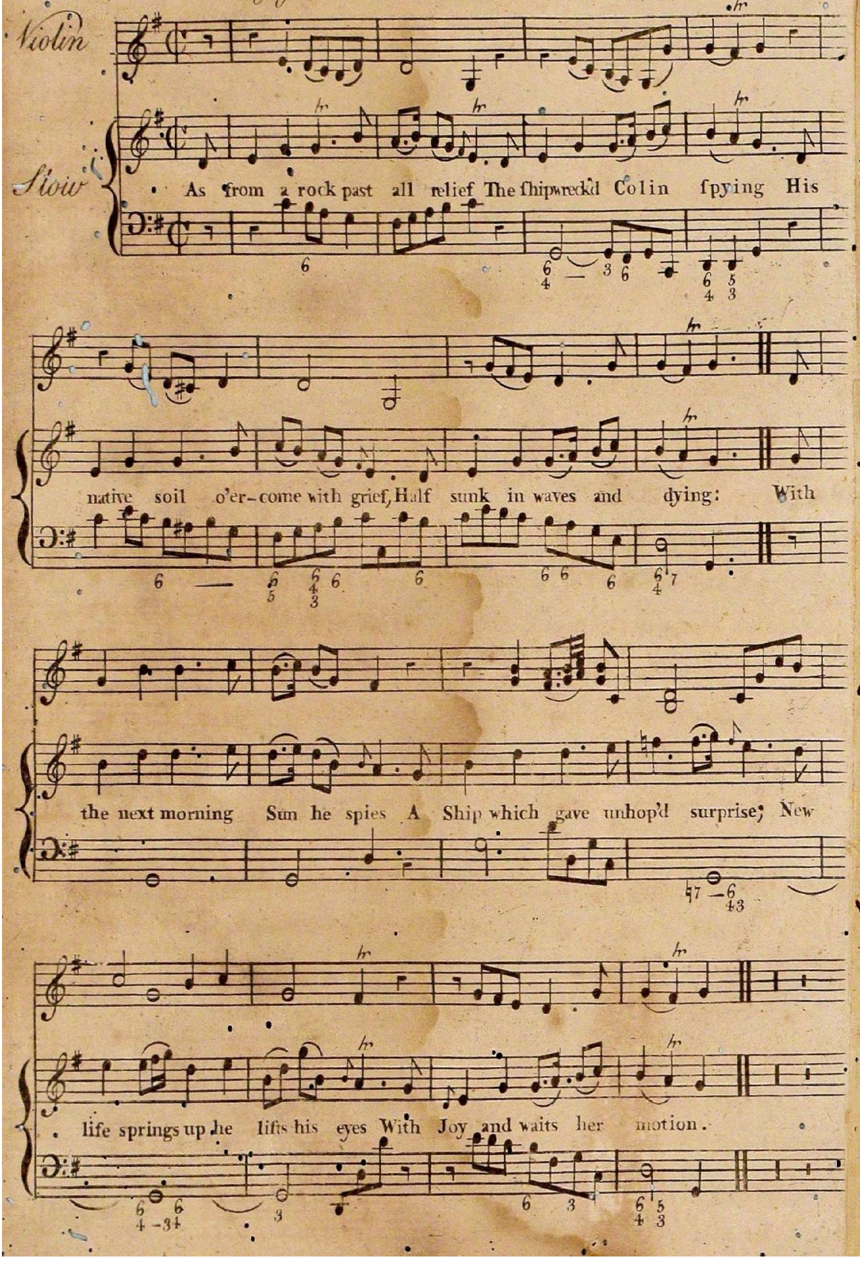
The hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's nothing like leaving my love on the shore:
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jenny*, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be:
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
And should I but chance to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with Love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

Lochaber


Violin
Slow
Fare_well to Loch__aber, and fare well my Jean, Where heartſome with
thee I have mony day been, For Loch_aber no more Loch_a_ber no more, Well
may be re_turn to Loch_a_ber no more: Theſe tears that I ſhed they are a' for my
dear, And nae for the dangers at_tending on weir Tho' born on rough Seas to a
far diſtant ſhore, May be to re_turn to Loch_a_ber no more.

Peggy I must love thee



PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

As from a rock, paſt all relief,
The ſhipwreck'd Colin ſpying
His native ſoil, o'ercome with grief,
Half ſunk in waves, and dying:
With the next morning ſun he ſpies
A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe:
New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted;
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now, ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying:
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe:
Why ſhould we happy minutes loſe,
Since, Peggy, I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a lover's duty
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my caſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear,
Falſe Betty's charms now diſappear,
Since Peggy's far outſhine them.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

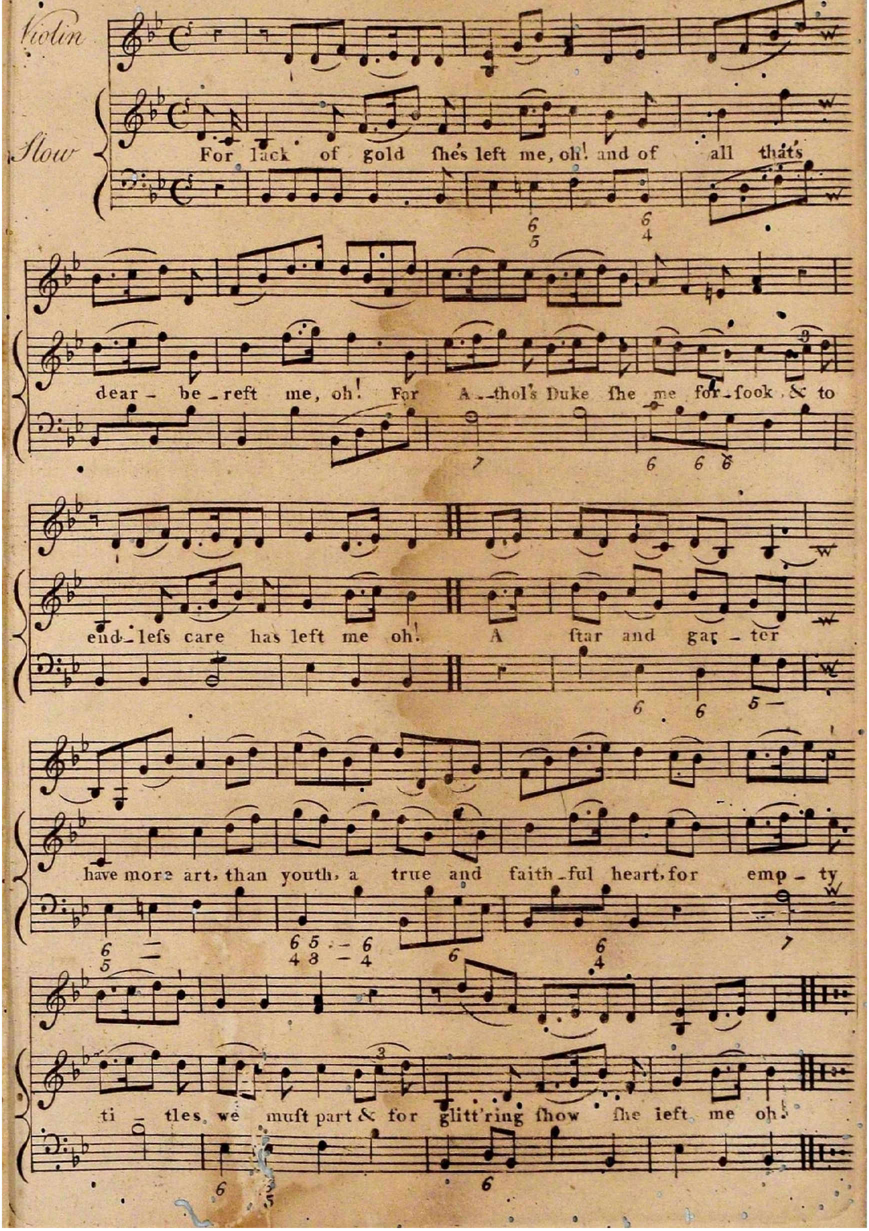
FOR lack of gold ſhe's left me, oh!
And of all that's dear bereft me, oh!
For Athol's Duke ſhe me forſook,
And to endleſs care has left me, oh!

A ſtar and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we muſt part,
And for glitt'ring ſhow ſhe left me, oh!

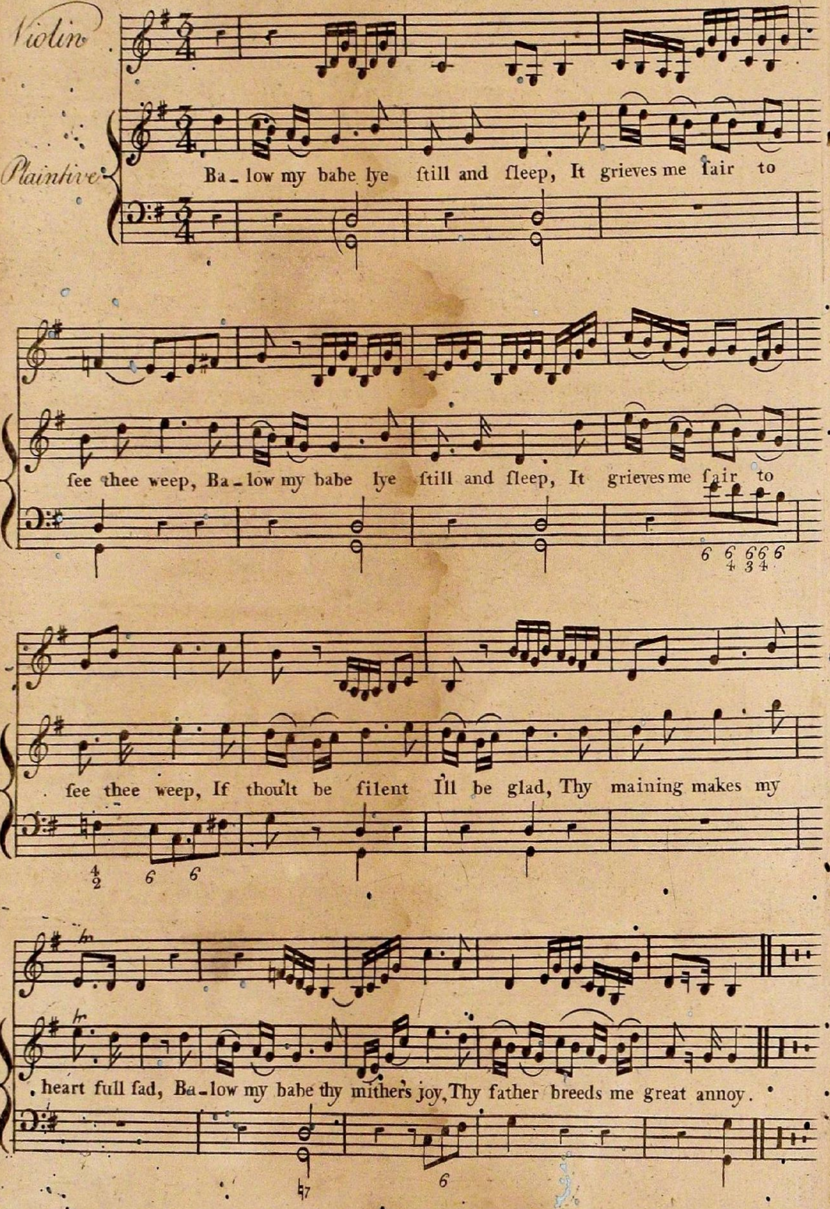
No cruel fair ſha[l]l ever move
My injur'd hear[t a]gain to love;
Thro' diſtant clim[ate]s I muſt rove,
Since *Jeanie* ſhe [ha]s left me, oh!

Ye Pow'rs above, I to [y]our care
Commit my lovely, cha[r]ming fair;
Your choiceſt bleſſings o[n] her ſhare,
Tho' ſhe's for ever left me, oh!

For lack of Gold



Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament



LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

From Pinkerton's Select Scottish Ballads.

BALOW, my babe, lie ſtill and ſleip,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weip;
If thou'lt be ſilent, I'll be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart full ſad;
Balow, my babe, thy mither's joy,
Thy father breids me great annoy.

When he began to ſeik my luve,
And wi' his ſucred words to muve;
His feining fauſe, and flattering cheir,
To me that time did nocht appeir;
But now I ſee that cruel he
Cares neither for my babe nor me.

Lye ſtill, my darling, ſleip a while,
And whan thou wakeſt ſweitly ſmile;
But ſmile nae as thy father did
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid,
What yet I feir, that thou ſold leir
Thy father's heart and face to beir!

Be ſtill, my ſad one: ſpare thoſe teirs,
To weip whan thou haſt wit and yeirs;
Thy griefs are gathering to a ſum,
God grant thee patience when they cum;
Born to proclaim a mother's ſhame,
A mother's fall, a baſtard's name.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

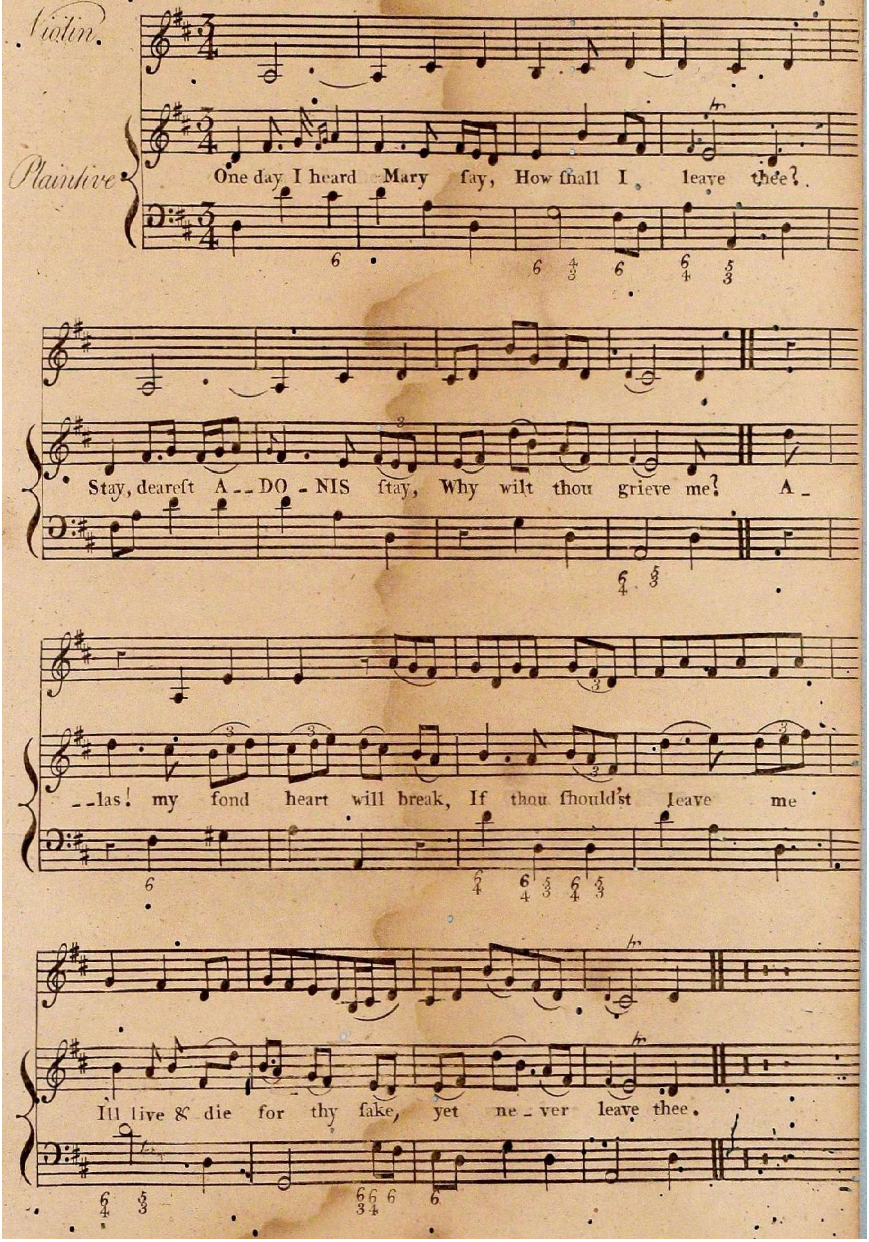
ONE day I heard Mary ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay, deareſt Adonis, ſtay;
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou ſhouldſt leave me;
I'll live and die for thy ſake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love that has griev'd thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou mayſt believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

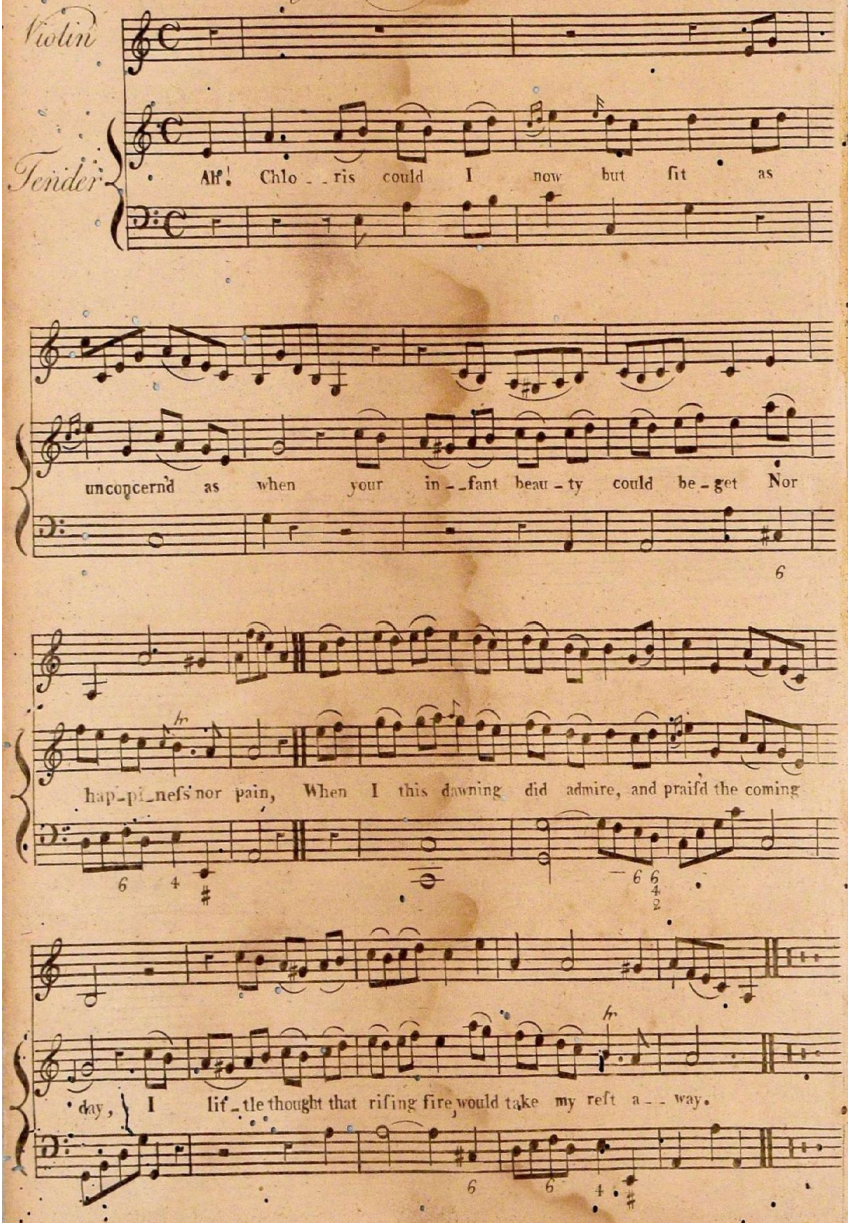
Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguiſh ſooth?
This breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee;
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad!
How ſhall I leave thee?
Oh! that thought makes me ſad;
I'll never leave thee!
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart would die,
If I ſhould leave thee!

I'll never leave thee



Gilderoy


Violin
Tender
Ah! Chlo - - ris could I now but ſit as
uncopcern'd as when your in - - fant beau - ty could be - get Nor
hap - pi - neſs nor pain, When I this dawning did admire, and praiſ'd the coming
day, I lit - tle thought that riſing fire, would take my reſt a - - way.

GILDER ROY.

AH! Chloris, could I now but ſit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happineſs or pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Wou'd take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine:
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfections preſt;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;
To make a beauty, ſhe.

TWEED SIDE.

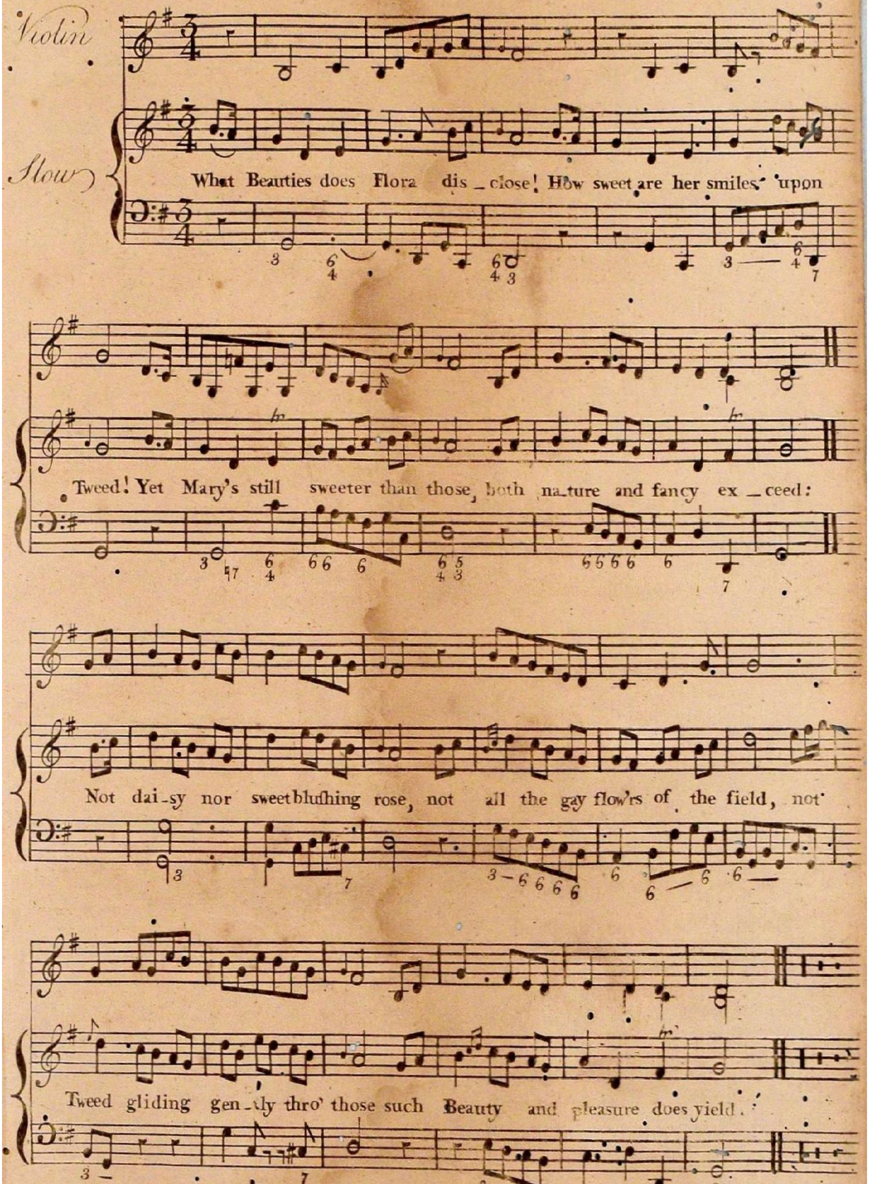
WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe!
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through thoſe
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird, and ſweet-cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

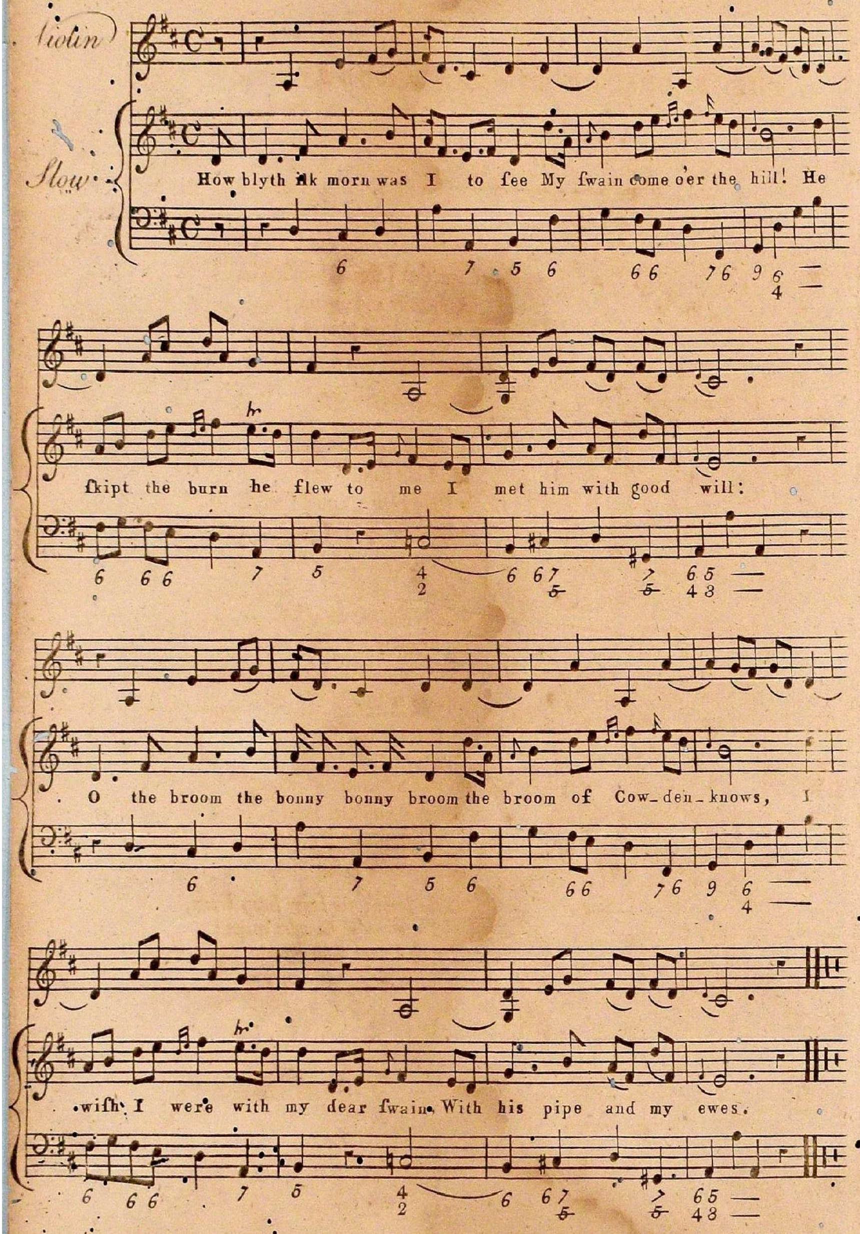
How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhou'd lull her to reſt,
Kind nature indulging my bliſs;
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed.
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

Tweed Side


Violin
Slow
What Beauties does Flora dis_close! How sweet are her smiles upon
Tweed! Yet Mary's still sweeter than those, both na_ture and fancy ex_ceed:
Not dai_sy nor sweet blushing rose, not all the gay flow'rs of the field, not
Tweed gliding gen_tly thro' those such Beauty and pleasure does yield.

The Broom


Violin
Slow
How blyth ilk morn was I to see My swain come o'er the hill! He
skipt the burn he flew to me I met him with good will:
O the broom the bonny bonny broom the broom of Cow_den_knows, I
wish I were with my dear swain With his pipe and my ewes.

THE BROOM OF COWDEN KNOWS.

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to fee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He ſkipt the burn, he flew to me:
I met him with good will.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowden knows;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay:
He gathered in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day,

O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſae ſweet,
The flocks ſtood liſtening by:
E'en the dull cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.

O the broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play:
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' ne'er ſae rich and gay.

O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I ſhou'd baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.

O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He ſtaw my heart: Cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?

O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
That held my wee ſoup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked ſtick,
May now ly uſeleſs by.

O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' pleaſures there;
Ye gods, reſtore me to my ſwain,
Is a' I crave or care.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowden knows;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with ſcars?
Theſe are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my *Varo*, to my breaſt,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
As I was lang ſyne.

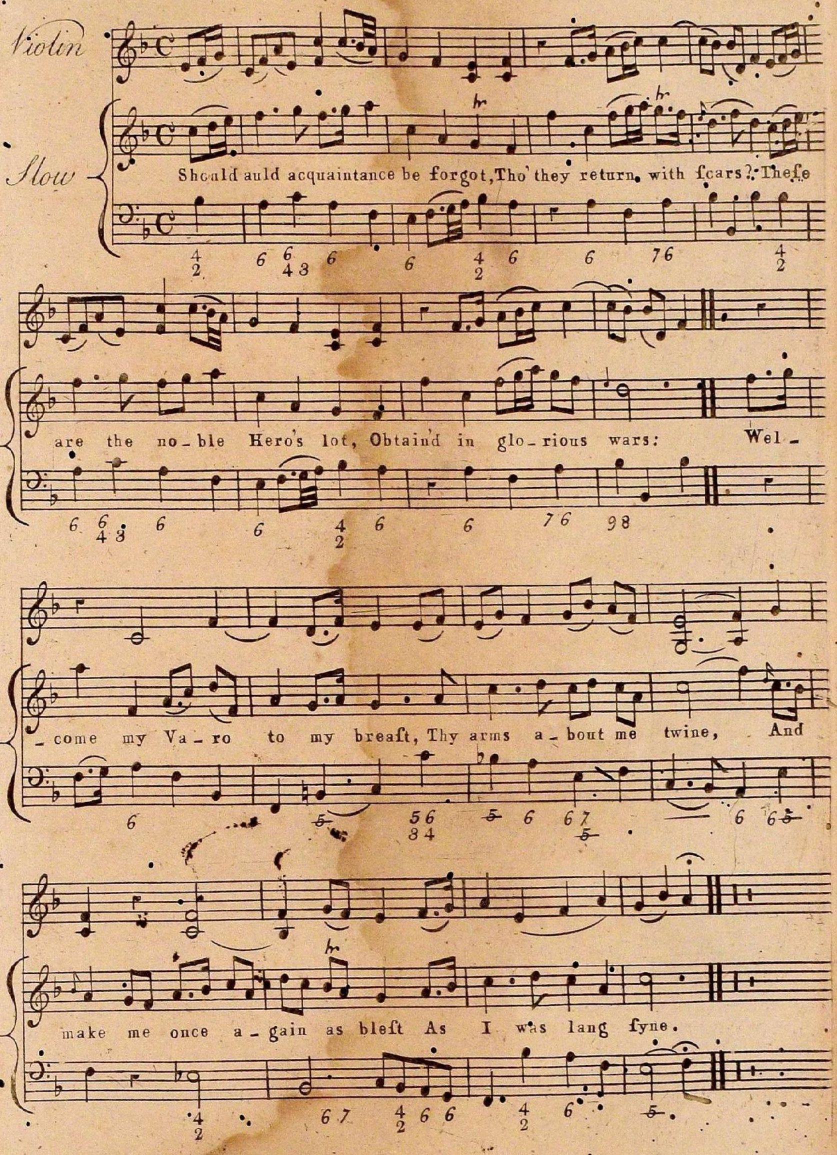
Methinks around us on each bough,
A thouſand Cupids play,
Whilſt thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay:
Since your return the ſun and moon
With brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate;
Let that to their ſhare fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

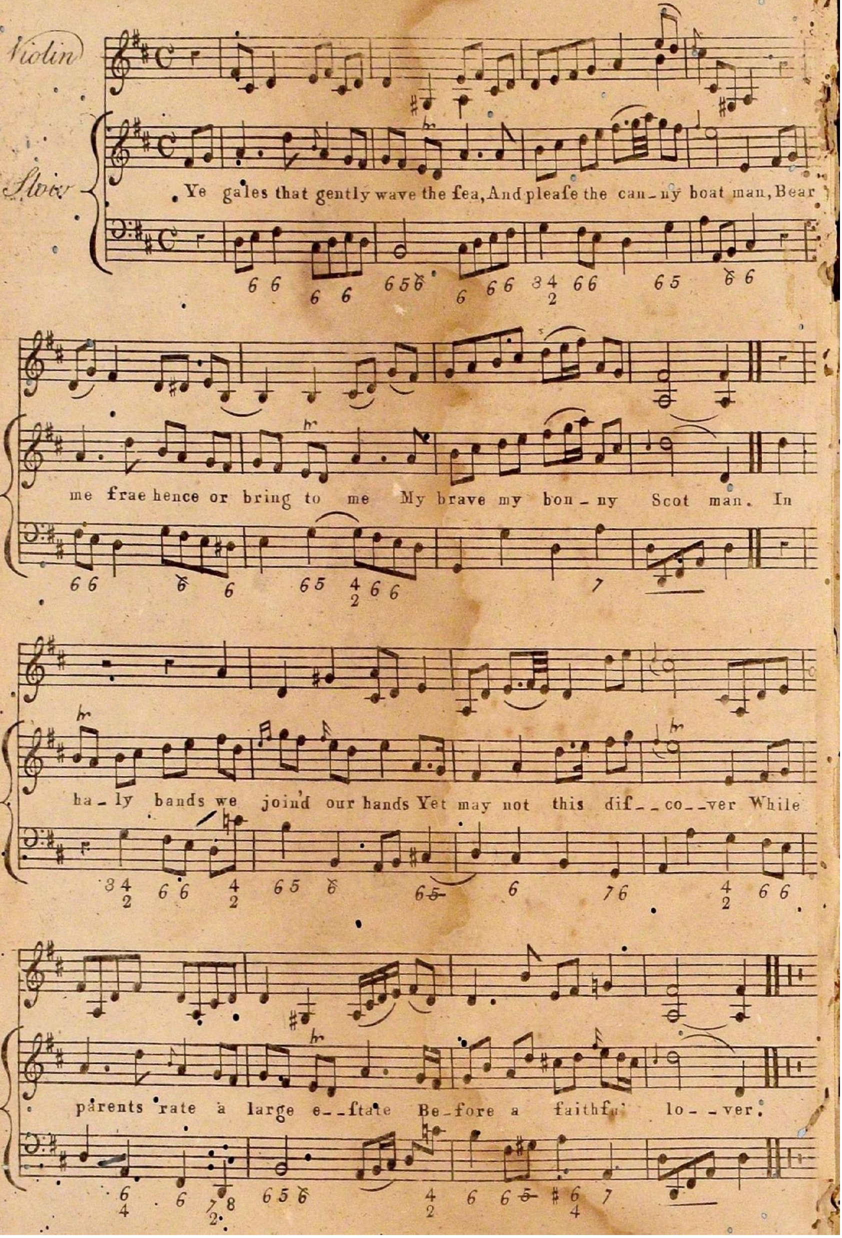
O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may purſue the chace,
And, after a briſk bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll gar the hours glide ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The hero, pleas'd with the ſweet air,
And ſigns of generous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above:
Next day, with glad conſent and haſte,
Th' approach'd the ſacred ſhrine;
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſt,
And put them out of pine.

Auld lang Syne



The Boatman


Violin
Voice
Ye gales that gently wave the fea, And pleafe the can_ny boat man, Bear
me frae hence or bring to me My brave my bon_ny Scot man. In
ha_ly bands we joind our hands Yet may not this dif_ _co_ _ver While
parents rate a large e_ftate Be_fore a faithful lo_ _ver.

THE BOATMAN.

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot—man;
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet dar na this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat—man,
Ere I cou'd for ſae little ends
Refuſe my bonny Scot—man.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy langing laſſie,
Who pants to preſs thy ba'my mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

JOHNY FA'.

THE gypsies came to our lord's gate,
And wow but they sang sweetly ;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very compleat,
That down came the fair lady.

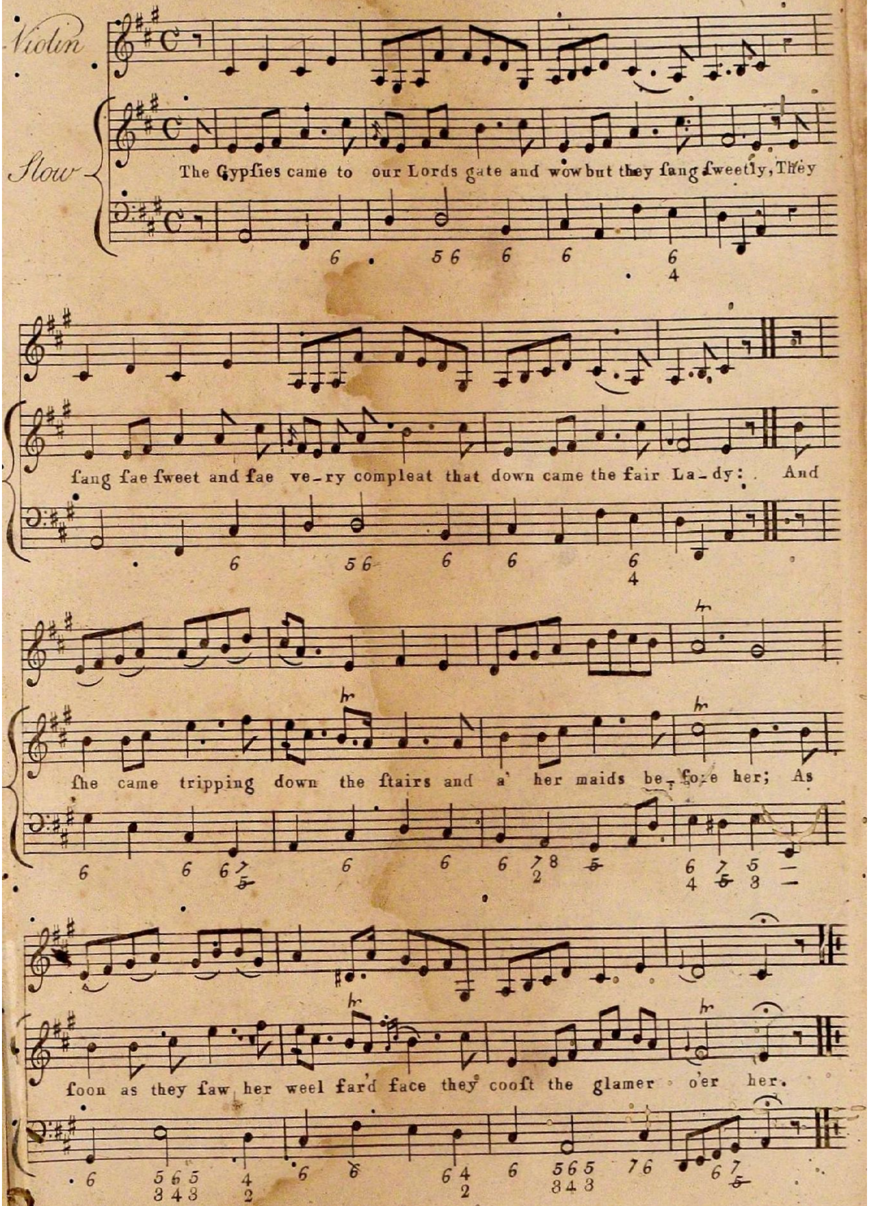
And she came tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her ;
As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,
They coost the glamer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

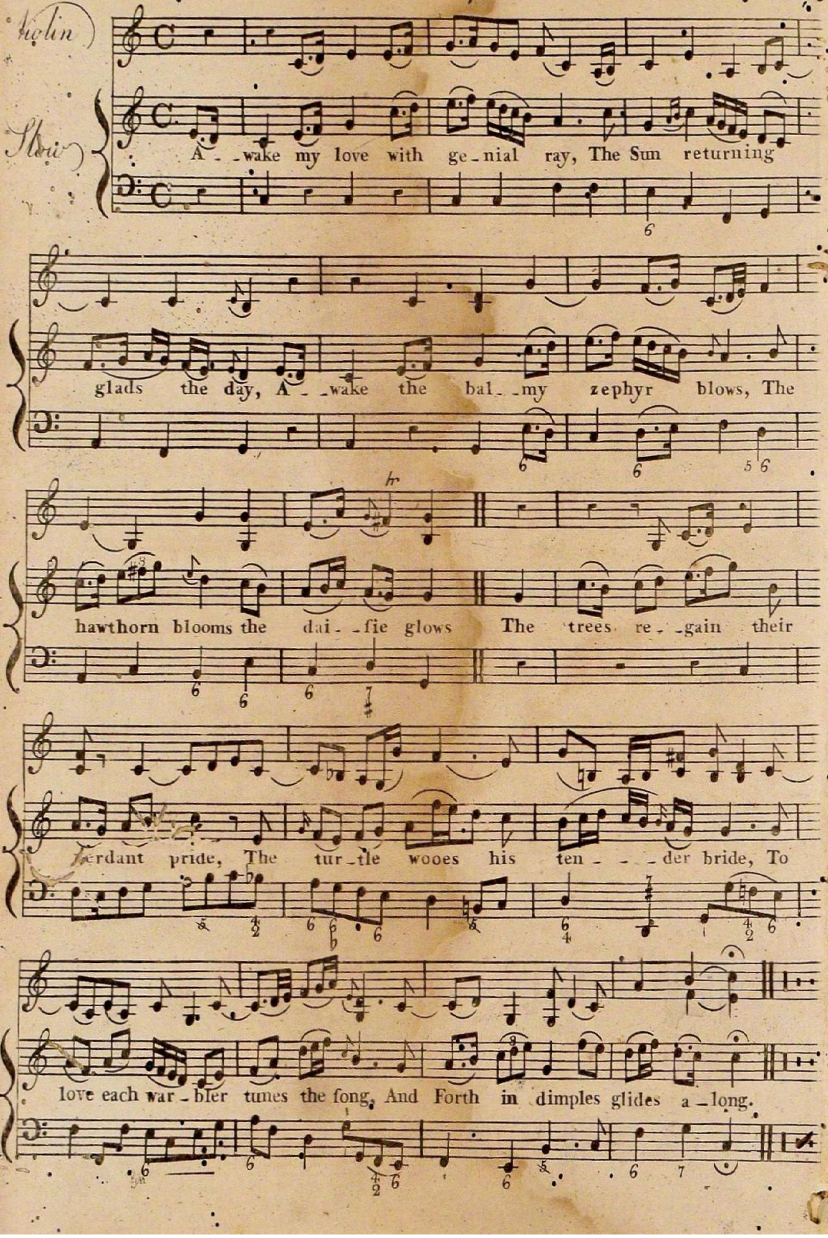
Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beside me ;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me.

And when our lord came hame at een,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's awa with the gypsie laddie.

Johny Fa'


Violin
Slow
The Gypsies came to our Lords gate and wow but they sang sweetly, They
sang sae sweet and sae ve_ry compleat that down came the fair La_dy: And
she came tripping down the stairs and a' her maids be_fore her; As
soon as they saw her weel fard face they coost the glamer o'er her.

The Banks of Forth



THE BANKS OF FORTH.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray,
The ſun returning glads the day;
Awake, the balmy zephyr blows;
The hawthorn blooms, the daiſy glows;
The trees regain their verdant pride;
The turtle wooes his tender bride;
To love each warbler tunes the ſong,
And Forth in dimples glides along.

Oh more than blooming daiſies fair!
More fragrant than the vernal air!
More gentle than the turtle dove,
Or Streams that murmur thro' the grove!
Bethink thee all is on the wing,
Theſe pleaſures wait on waſting ſpring;
Then come, the tranſient bliſs enjoy,
Nor fear what fleets ſo faſt [illegible] by.

Tune, *I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

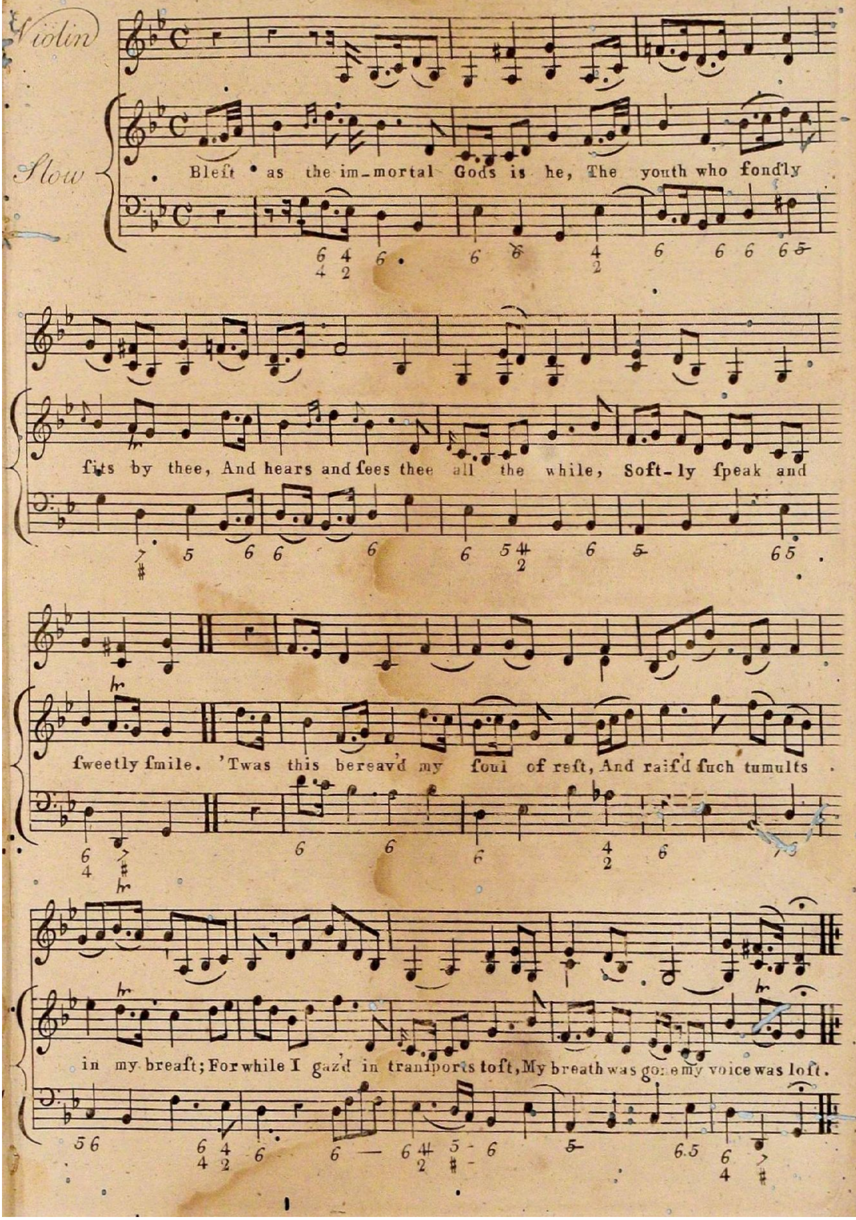
BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost!

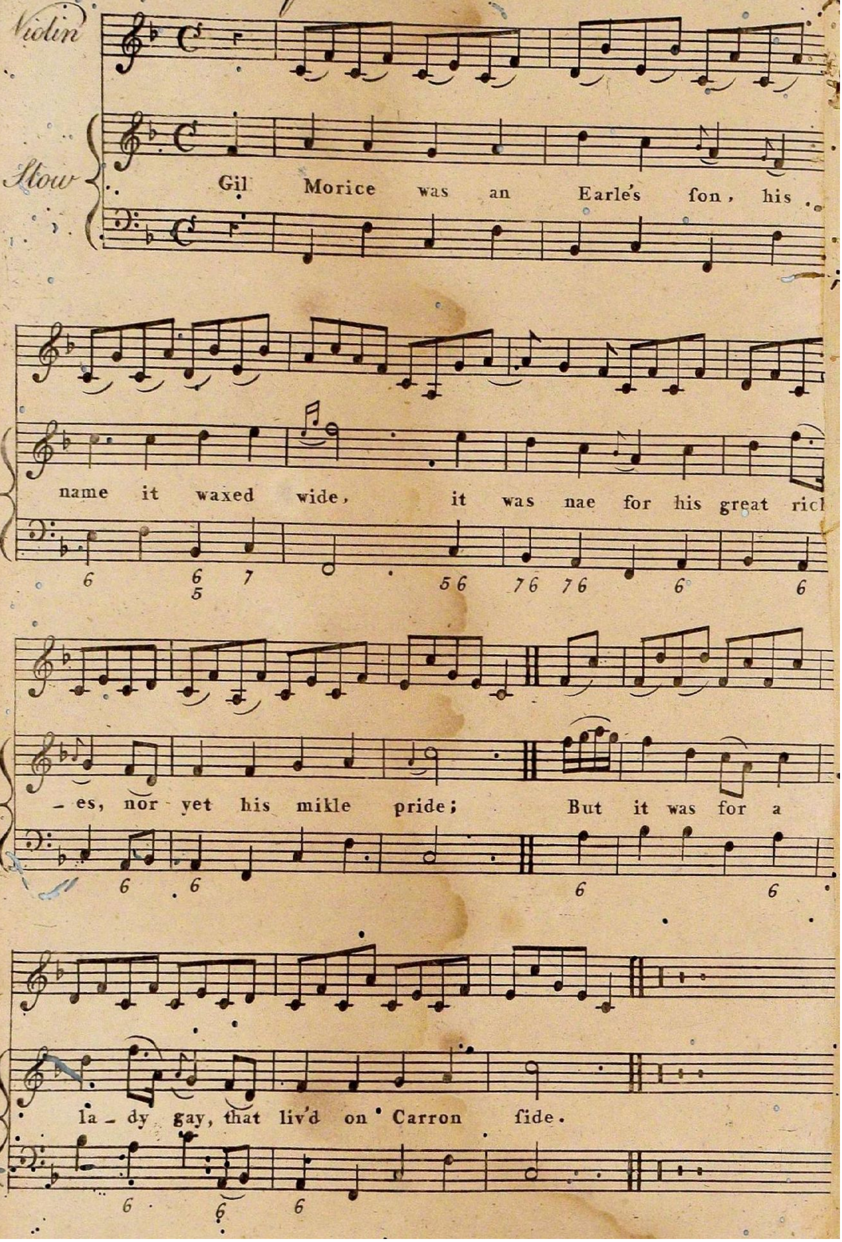
My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

I wish my Love were in a Myre



Gil Morice


Violin
Slow
Gil Morice was an Earle's fon, his
name it waxed wide, it was nae for his great rich
-es, nor yet his mikle pride; But it was for a
la-dy gay, that liv'd on Carron fide.
6 6 5 7 56 76 76 6 6
6 6 6 6
6 6 6

GIL MORICE.

From Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

GIL Morice was an erlès ſon,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great richès,
Nor zet his mickle pride;
Bot it was for a lady gay,
That liv'd on Carron ſide.

Quhair ſall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoſe and ſhoen;
That [illegible] to lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin errand Willie;
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horſeback ze ſall ride.

O no! Oh no! my maſter dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to trieſt furth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie;
My dear Willie, he ſayd,
How can ze ſtrive againſt the ſtream?
For I will be obeyd.

Bot, O my maſter dear! he cryd,
In grene wod ze're zour lain;
Gi owre ſic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze ſhould be tain.
Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' ſpeid:
If ze refuſe my heigh command,
I'll gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain:
And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
Hir ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
And bid hir cum to Gil Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour coſt;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze ſall find froſt.
The baron he's a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will ſee before its nicht,
How ſma' ze hae to vaunt.

And ſen I maun zour errand rin
Sae ſair againſt my will,
I'ſe mak a vow and keip it trow,
It ſall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And quhen he came to graſs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',
Would neither chap nor ca';
Bot ſet his bent bow to his breiſt,
And lichtly lap the wa'.
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he ſtude at the gait;
Bot ſtraiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were ſet at meit.

Hail! hail! my gentle ſire and dame!
My meſſage winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wode
Before that it be late.
Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your ſale alane.

And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
Your ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
Ze maun gae ſpeik to Gil Morice;
Speir nae bauld barons leave.
The lady ſtamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' hir ee;
Bot a' that ſhe could ſay or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its ſurely to my bowr-womàn;
It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;
I trow that ze be ſhe.
Then up and ſpack the wylie nurſe,
(The bairn upon hir knee)
If it be cum frae Gil Morice,
It's deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ye filthy nurſe,
Sae loud's I heire ze lee;
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;
I trow ze be nae ſhee.
Then up and ſpake the bauld baròn,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi's knee;
Till ſiller cup and ezar diſh
In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And ſpeik wi' zour lemmàn.
O bide at hame, now lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane.

Gil Morice ſate in gude grene wode,
He whiſtled and he ſang:
O what mean a' the folk coming,
My mother tarries lang.

His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minervas loome:
His lipps like roſes drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain ſnae
Gilt by the morning beam:
His cheeks like living roſes glow:
His een like azure ſtream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant ſpring:
And like the mavis on the buſh,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he firſt ſpied Gil Morice
Kameing his zellow hair:
That ſweetly wav'd around his face,
That face beyond compare;
He ſang ſo ſweet it might diſpel,
A' rage but fell diſpair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
My lady loed thee weel,
The faireſt part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the leſs now, Gil Morice,
For a' thy great bewty,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born;
That head ſall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his truſty brand,
And ſlaited on the ſtrae;
And thro' Gil Morice' fair body
He's gar cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gill Morice' head
And ſet it on a ſpeir:
The meaneſt man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gil Morice up,
Laid him acroſs his ſteid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr
And laid him on a bed,
The lady ſat on caſtil wa',
Beheld baith dale and doun;
And there ſhe ſaw Gil Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Bot and that zellow hair,
Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.
And ſhe has tain hir Gil Morice,
And kiſs'd baith mouth and chin:
I was once as fow of Gil Morice,
As the hip is o' the ſtean.

I got ze in my father's houſe,
Wi' mickle ſin and ſhame;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain:
Oft have I by thy cradel ſitten,
And fondly ſeen thee ſleip;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The ſaut tears for to weip.

And ſyne ſhe kiſsd his bluidy cheik,
And ſyne his bluidy chin:
O better I loe my Gil Morice
Than a' my kith and kin!
Away away, ze ill womàn,
And an il deith mait ze dee:
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour ſon,
He'd neir bin ſlain for mee.

Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
Obraid me not for ſhame!
Wi that ſaim ſpeir O pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gil Morice head
Thy jelous rage could quell,
Let that ſaim hand now take hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be ſaft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy ſighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blood by me's bin ſpilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather lourd it had been my ſel
Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint
Sair, ſair I rew the deid,
That eir this curſed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winſom dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze ſee his head upon the ſpeir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

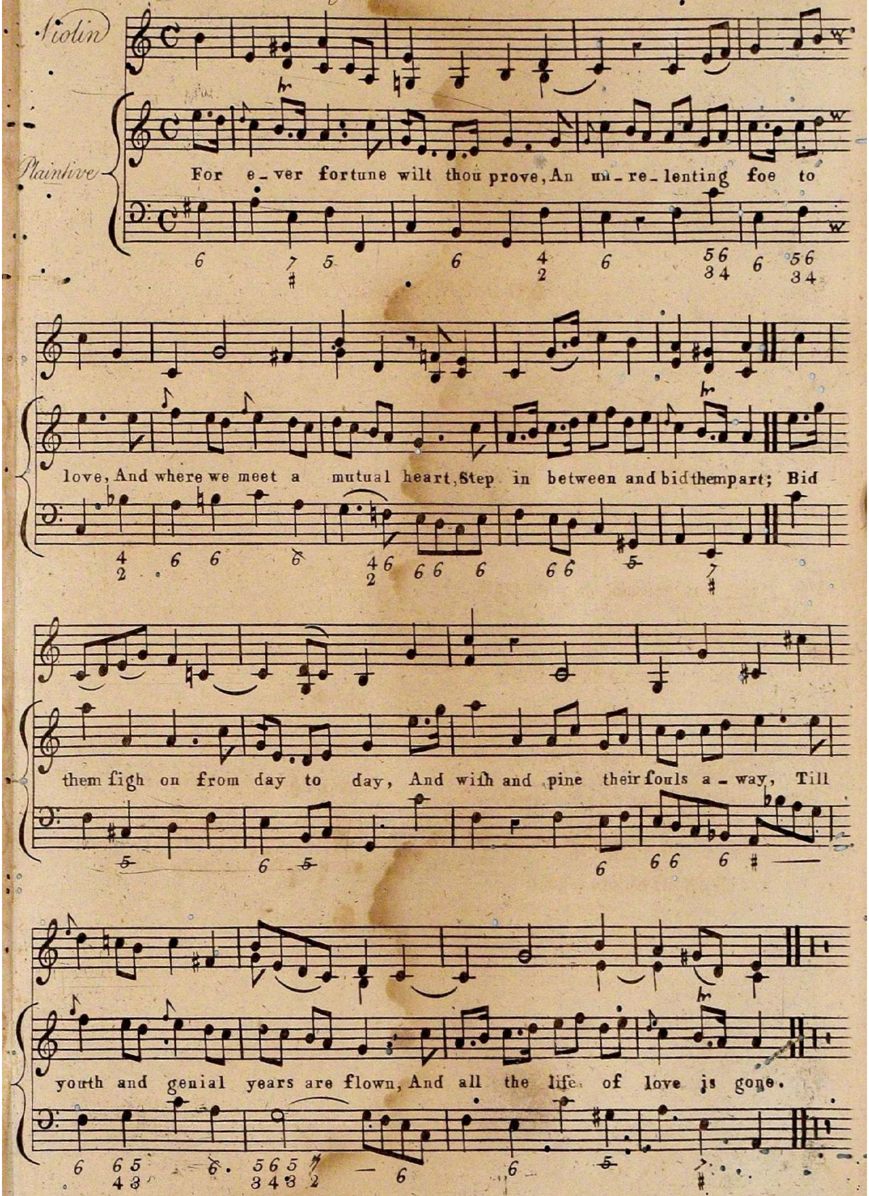
I curſe the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' ſik ſpeid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gil Morice,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll neir forget the driery day
On which the zouth was ſlain.

LOGAN WATER.

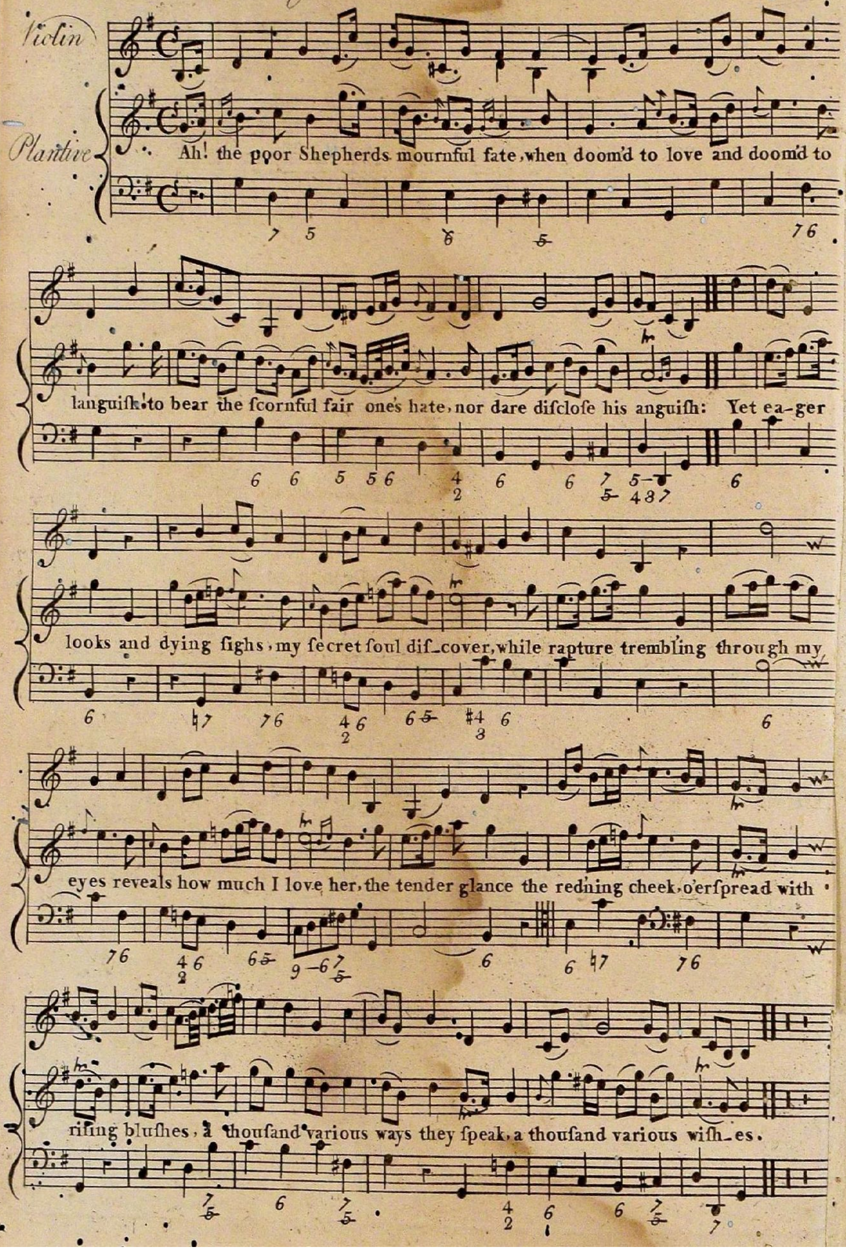
FOR ever, fortune, wilt thou prove,
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Step in between, and bid them part;
Bid them sigh on from day to day,
And wish and pine their souls away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone.

But busy, busy still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow;
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Logan Water


Violin
Plaintive
For e_ver fortune wilt thou prove, An un_re_lenting foe to
love, And where we meet a mutual heart, Step in between and bid them part; Bid
them sigh on from day to day, And wish and pine their souls a_way, Till
youth and genial years are flown, And all the life of love is gone.

Gala Shiells



GALASHIELLS.

AH! the ſhepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh!
Yet eager looks, and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſcover,
While rapture trembling, thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak,
A thouſand various wiſhes.

For oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes purſue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

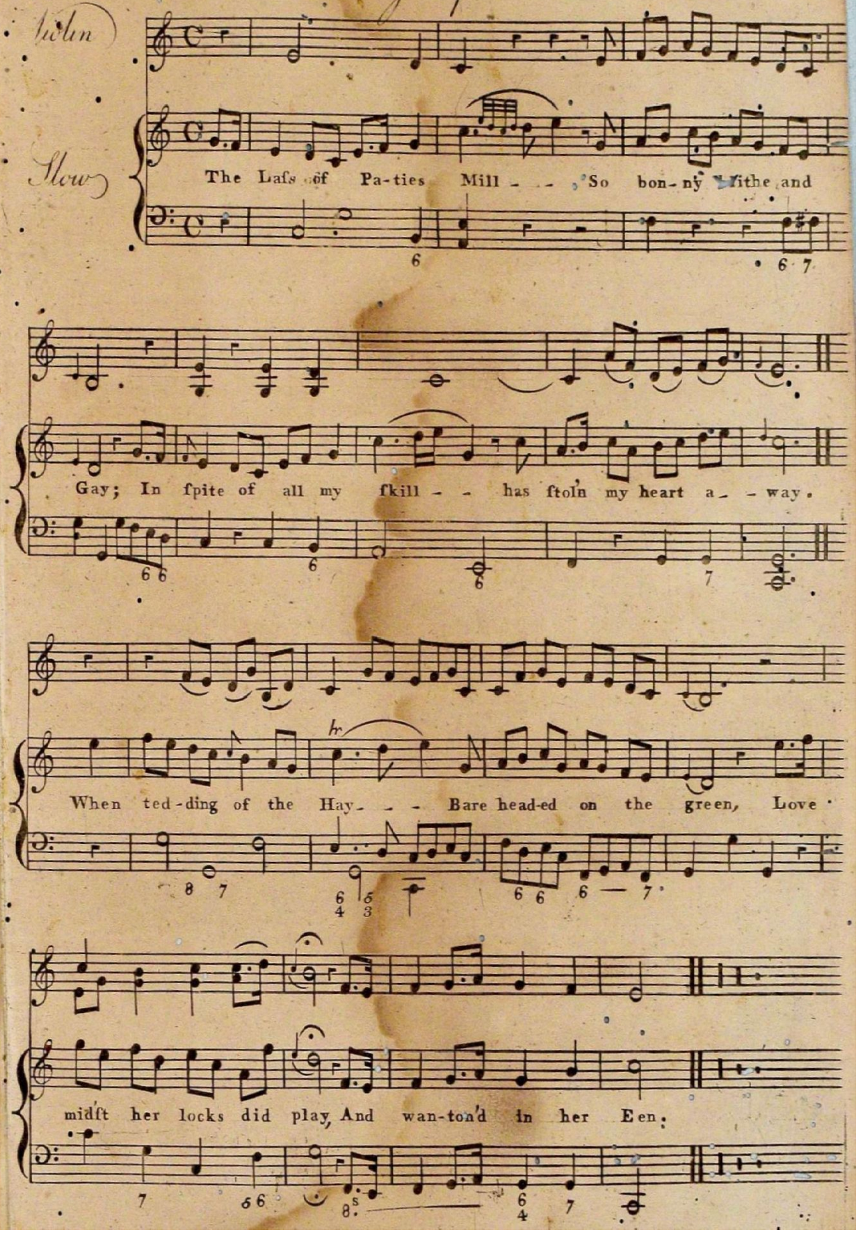
THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE laſs of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
Hath ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

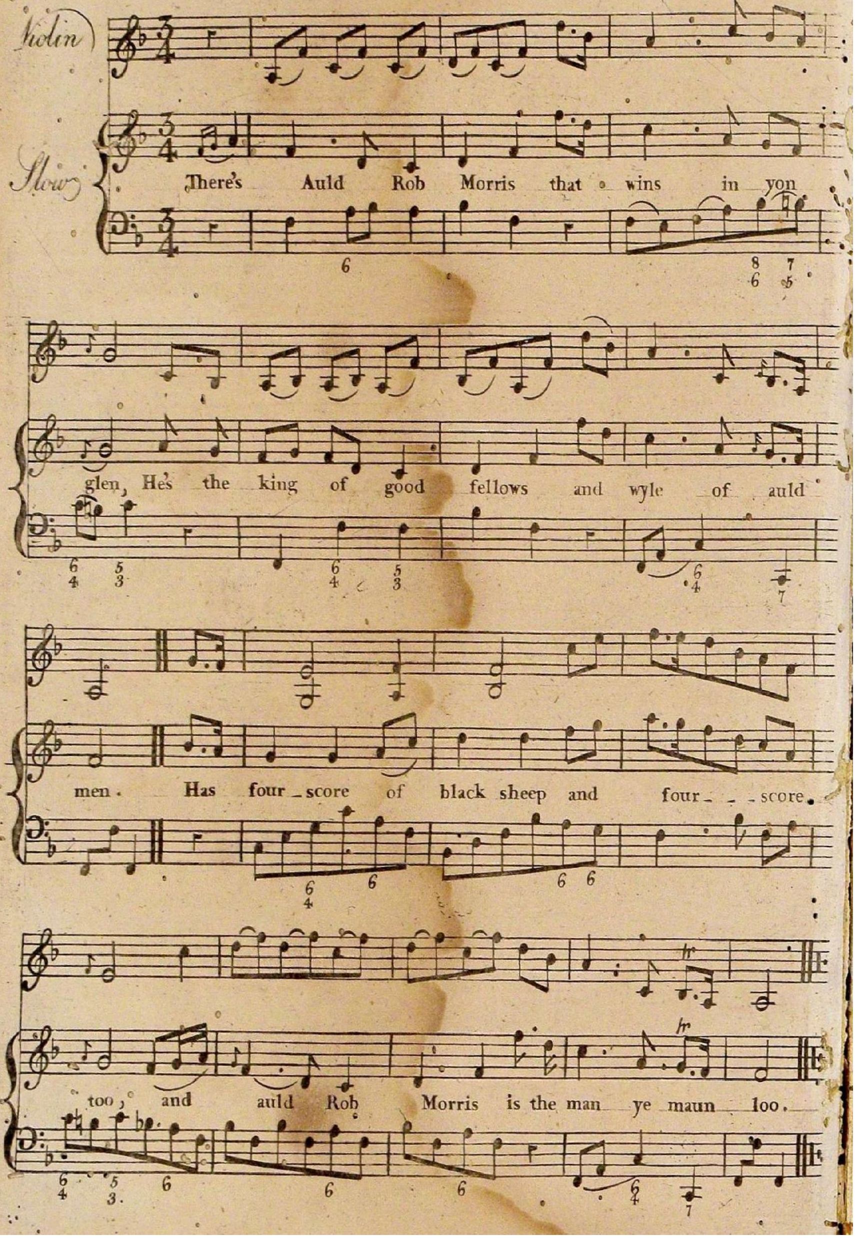
Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That nane but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Patie's mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

The Laſs of Paties Mill



Auld Rob Morris



AULD ROB MORRIS.

MITHER.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen,
He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld men;
Has fourſcore of black ſheep, and fourſcore too,
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

O had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild will never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen,
For he is fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Then had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
He ſhall lye by your ſide, and kiſs you too,
Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is ſo ſtiff, and his beard is grown gray;
I had rather die than live wi' him a year,
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow?
I got her where I durst not well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
And lang must I nair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I have slain the comeliest swain,
That ever pued birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What's yonder floats? O dole and sorrow.
O 'tis the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woful wise,
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How loe him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dole and sorrow,
But ere the toofal of the night,
He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful day,
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

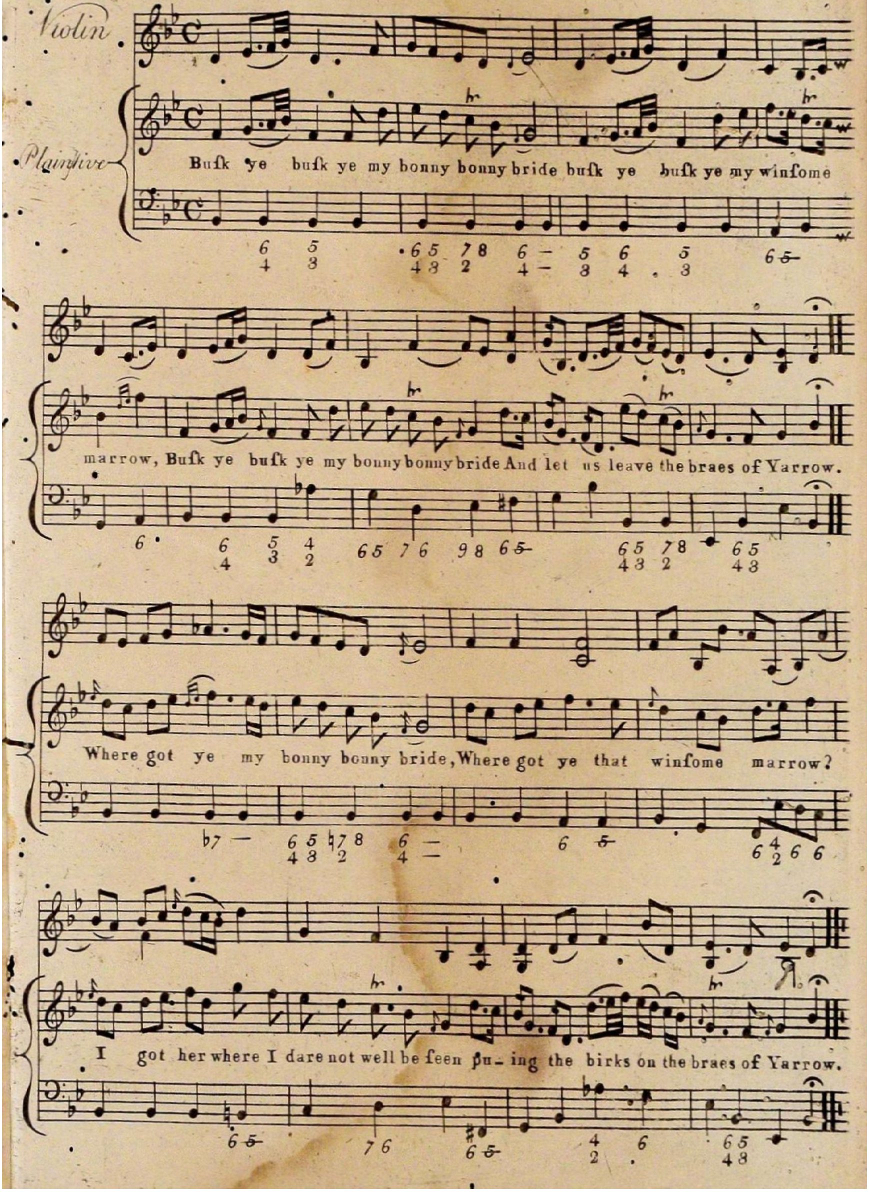
Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee;
Yet lie all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

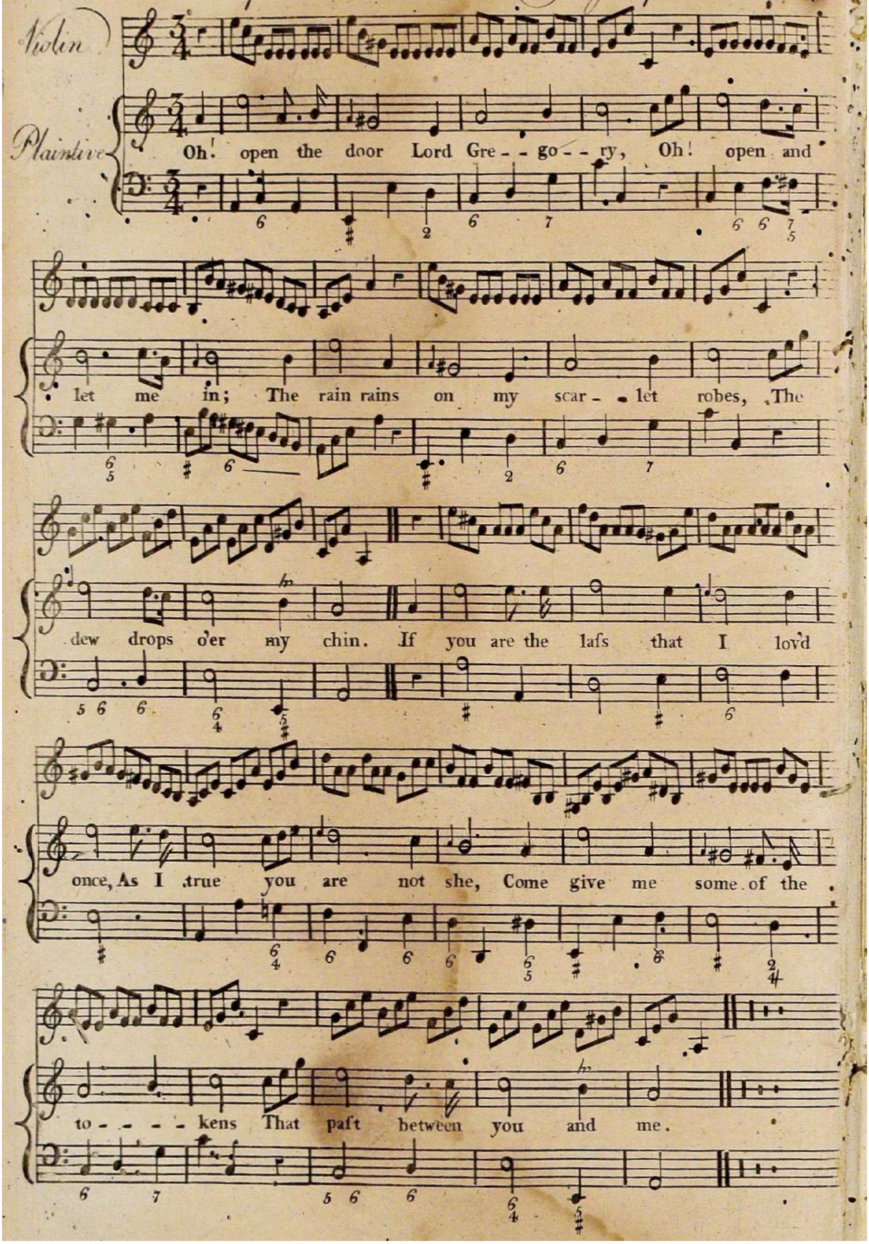
Pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corps in the braes of Yarrow.

Busk ye Busk ye



Oh Open the Door Lord Gregory.



OH! OPEN THE DOOR, LORD GREGORY.

OH ! open the door, Lord Gregory,
Oh open and let me in ;
The rain rains on my ſcarlet robes,
The dew drops o'er my chin.

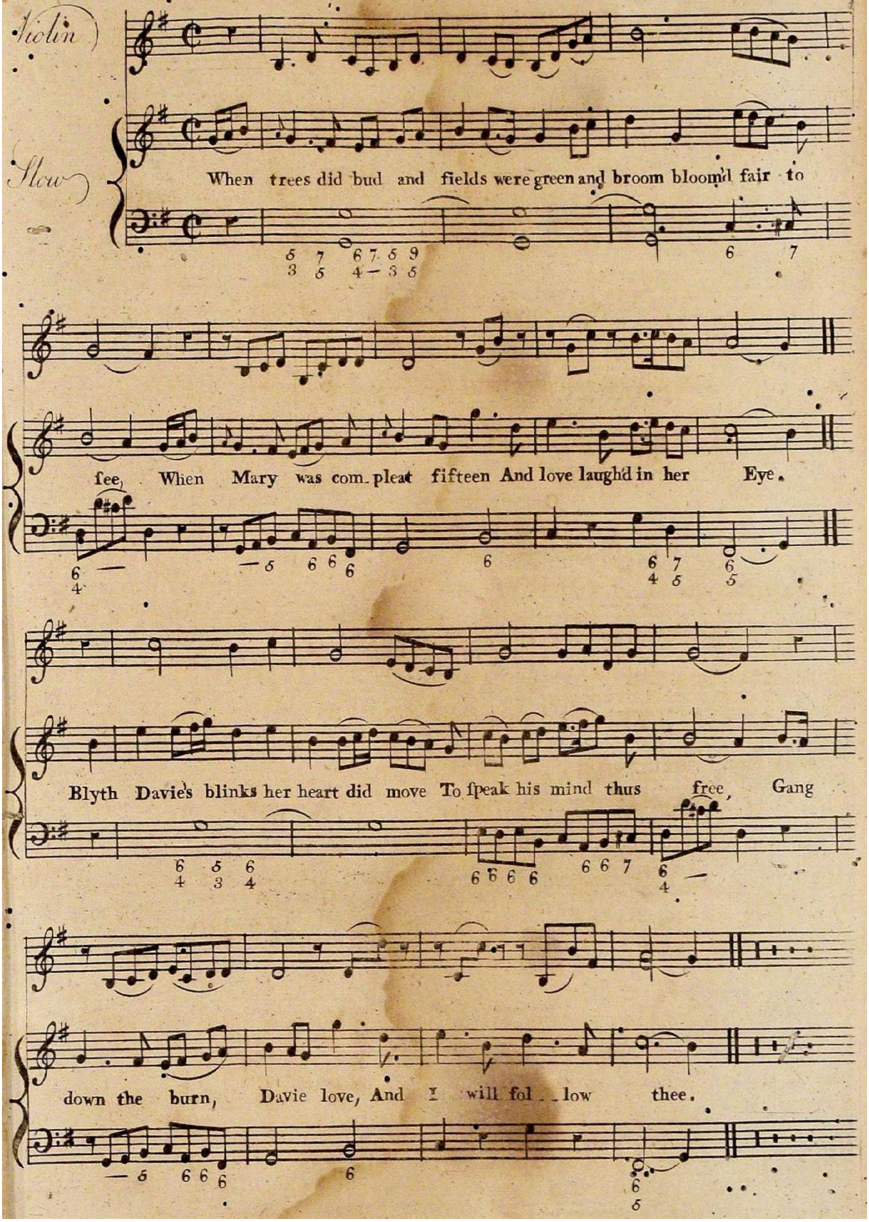
If you are the laſs that I lov'd once,
As I true you are not ſhe,
Come give me ſome of the tokens
That paſt between you and me.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

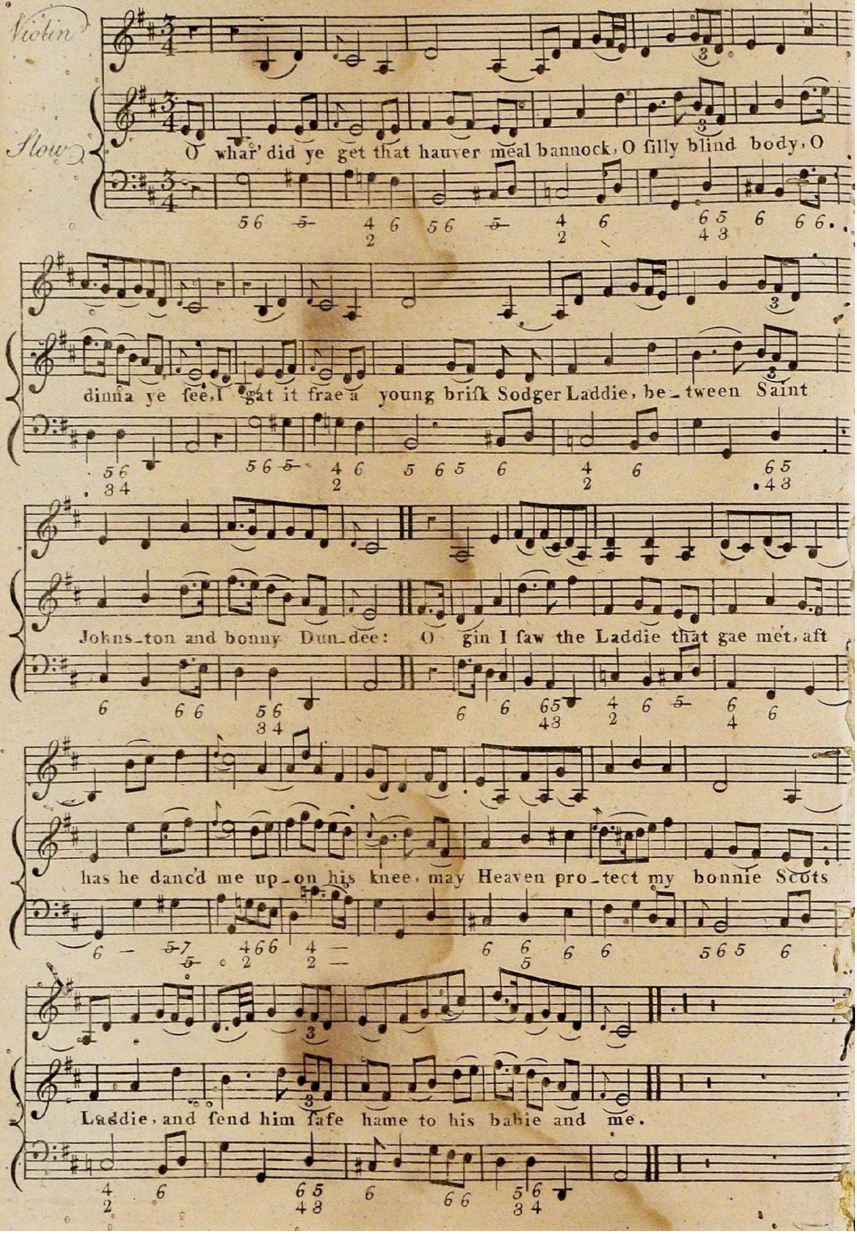
WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom blom'd fair to ſee;
When Mary was compleat fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this burnſide,
And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were roſie, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

Down the Burn Davie



Bonny Dundee



BONNY DUNDEE.

O Whar did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?
O filly blind body, O dinna ye fee,
I gat it frae a young brifk fodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnfton and bonny Dundee.
O gin I faw the laddie that gae me't!
Aft has he dandl'd me upon his knee;
May Heaven protect my bonny Scots laddie,
And fend him fafe hame to his babie and me.

My bleffins upon thy fweet wee lippie!
My bleffins upon thy bonny e'e brie!
Thy fmiles are fae like my blyth fodger laddie,
Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me!
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonny banks,
Whare Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan fae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.

NANCY'S TO THE GREEN WOOD GANE.

NANCY's to the Green Wood gane,
To hear the Gowdſpink chatt'ring,
And Willie he has follow'd her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And aye when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny or my aunty?
With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and ranty-tanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped ſtocks fou butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty;
He keep it aye a good kail-yard,
A ha' houſe and a pantry:
A good blew bonnet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his cragy;
And aye until the day he died,
He rade on good ſhanks nagy.

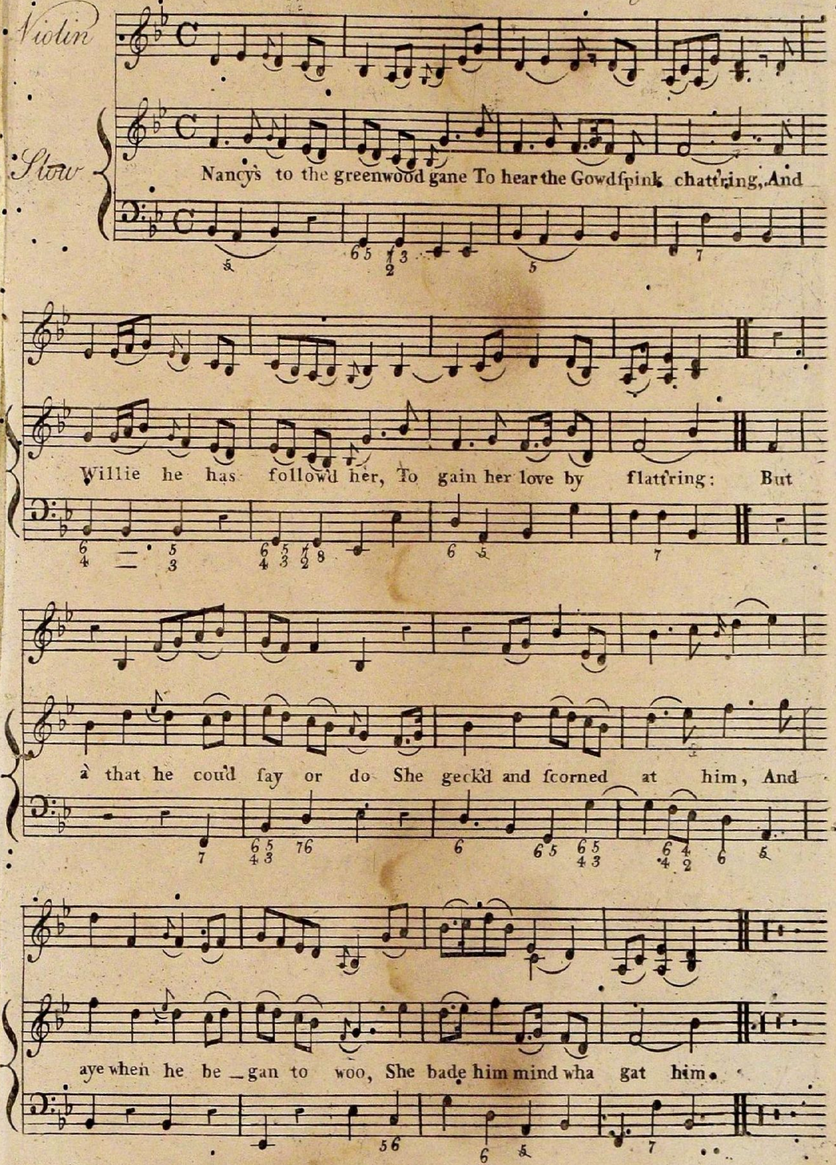
Now wae and wander on your ſnout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?
Wad ye compare ye'r ſell to me,
A docken till a tanſie?
I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is ſweet like ſugar-candy.

Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy:
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me your winſome Willie?

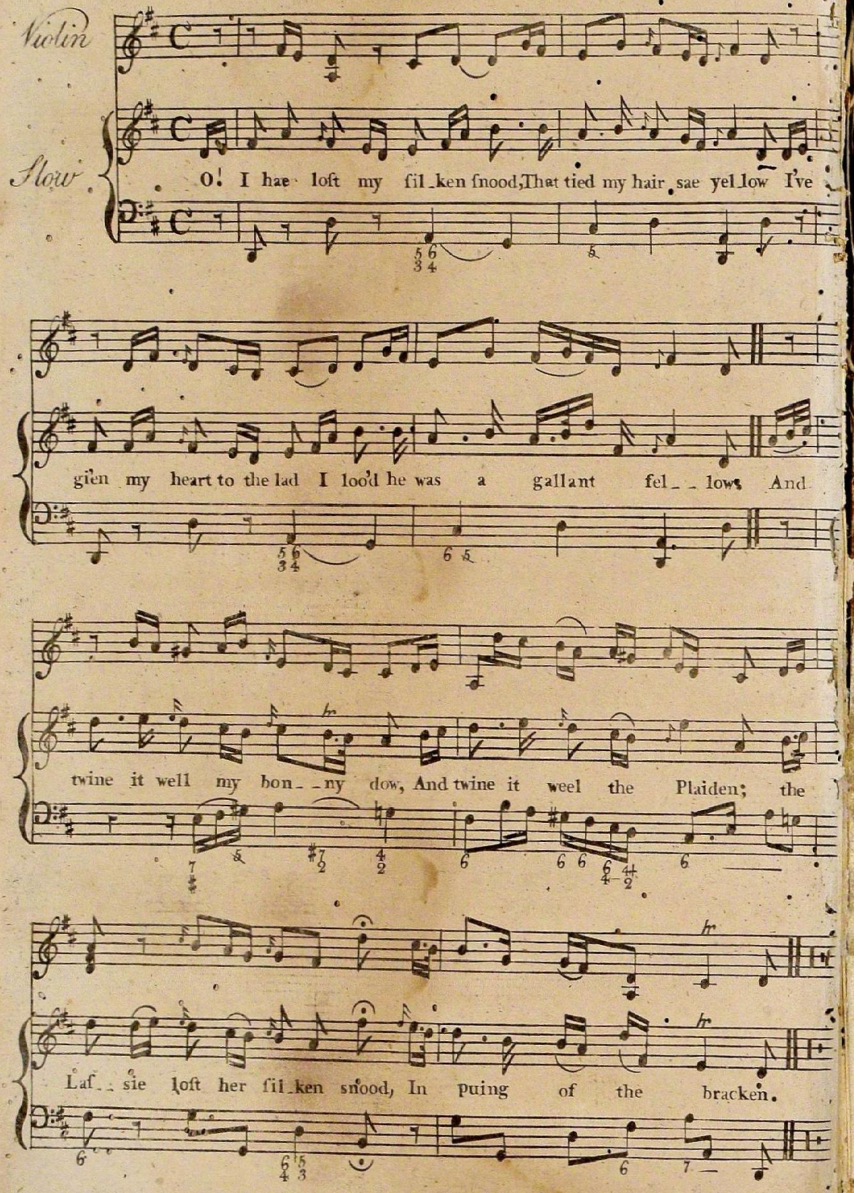
My gutcher left a good braid ſword,
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a clout,
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae had ye'r tongue and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get Nancy.

Nancy's to the Green wood gane



Twine weel the Plaiden



TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

OH! I hae loſt my ſilken ſnood,
That tied my hair ſae yellow,
I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd;
He was a gallant fellow.

And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
And twine it weel, the plaiden;
The laſſie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een ſae bonny blue,
Sae lily white my ſkin o',
And ſyne he prie'd my bonny mou,
And ſwore it was nae ſin o',

And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
And twine it weel the plaiden;
The laſſie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

But he has left the laſs he loo'd,
His ain true love forſaken,
Which gars me ſair to greet the ſnood,
I loſt among the bracken.

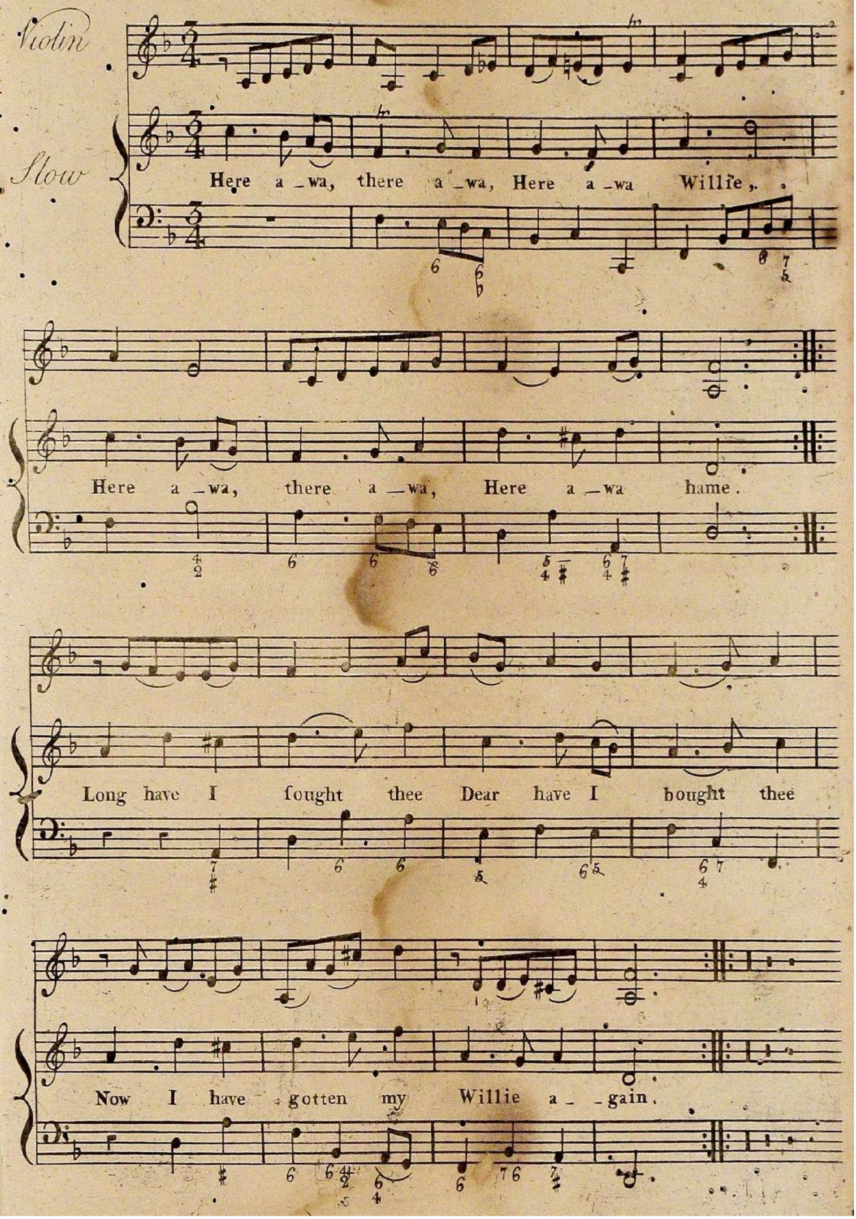
And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
And twine it weel, the plaiden;
The laſſie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

HERE AWA', WILLIE.

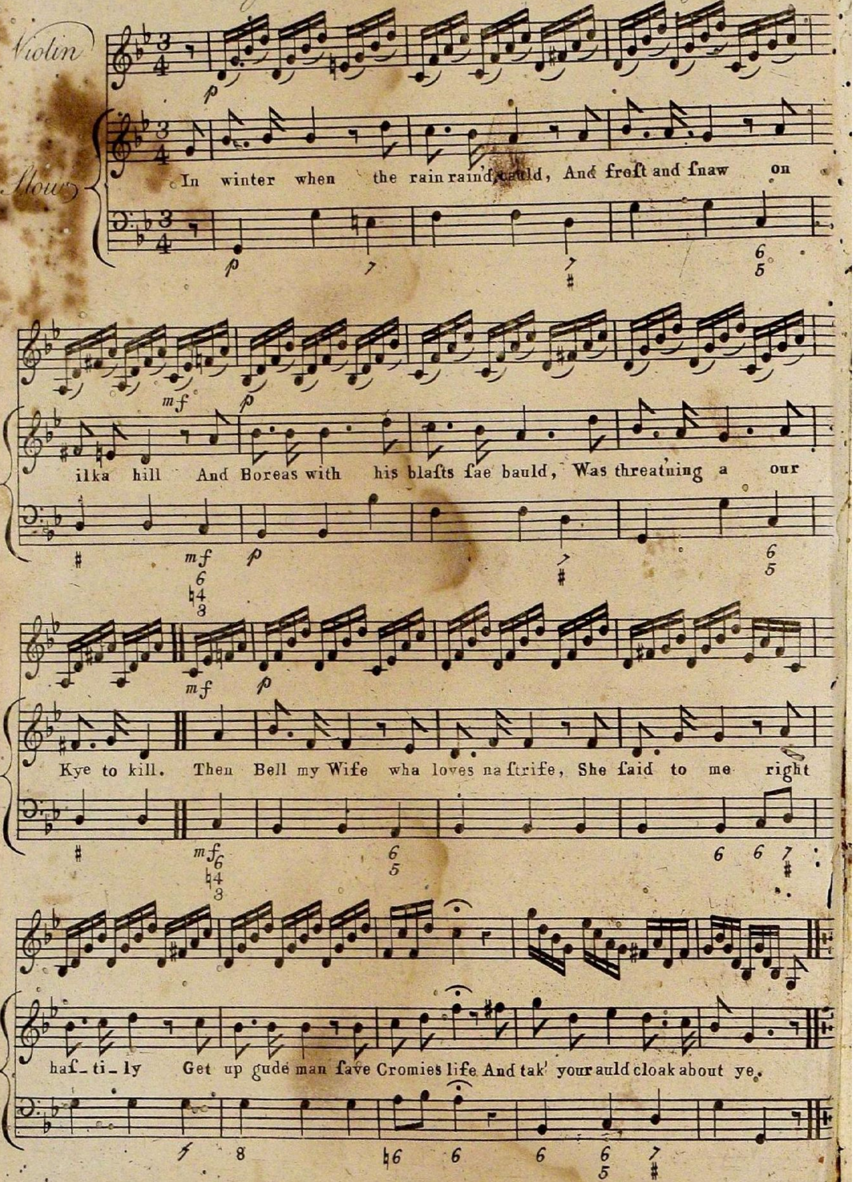
HERE awa', there awa', here awa', Willie;
Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame.
Lang have I ſought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame.

Whatever betide us, nought ſhall divide us,
Love now rewards all my ſorrow and pain.
Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie;
Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame.
Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleaſes while Willie's at hame.

Here awa Willie



Tak' your auld Cloak about ye



TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And froſt and ſnaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blaſts ſae bauld
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill:
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na ſtrife,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up, gudeman, ſave *Cromie*'s life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a good kyne;
Aſt has ſhe wet the bairnies' mou,
And I am laith that ſhe ſhould tyne;
Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king *Robert* rang,
His trews they coſt but half a crown;
He ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore the crown,
And thou a man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laigh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool.
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not ſee *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aiſe;
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you'd prove a good huſband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, ſhe loves na ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman;
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye give her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

MY APRON DEARIE.

MY ſheep I've forſaken and left my ſheep hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I've forſook ;
No more for Amynta freſh garlands I wove,
For Ambition I ſaid wou'd ſoon cure me of love.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheephook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

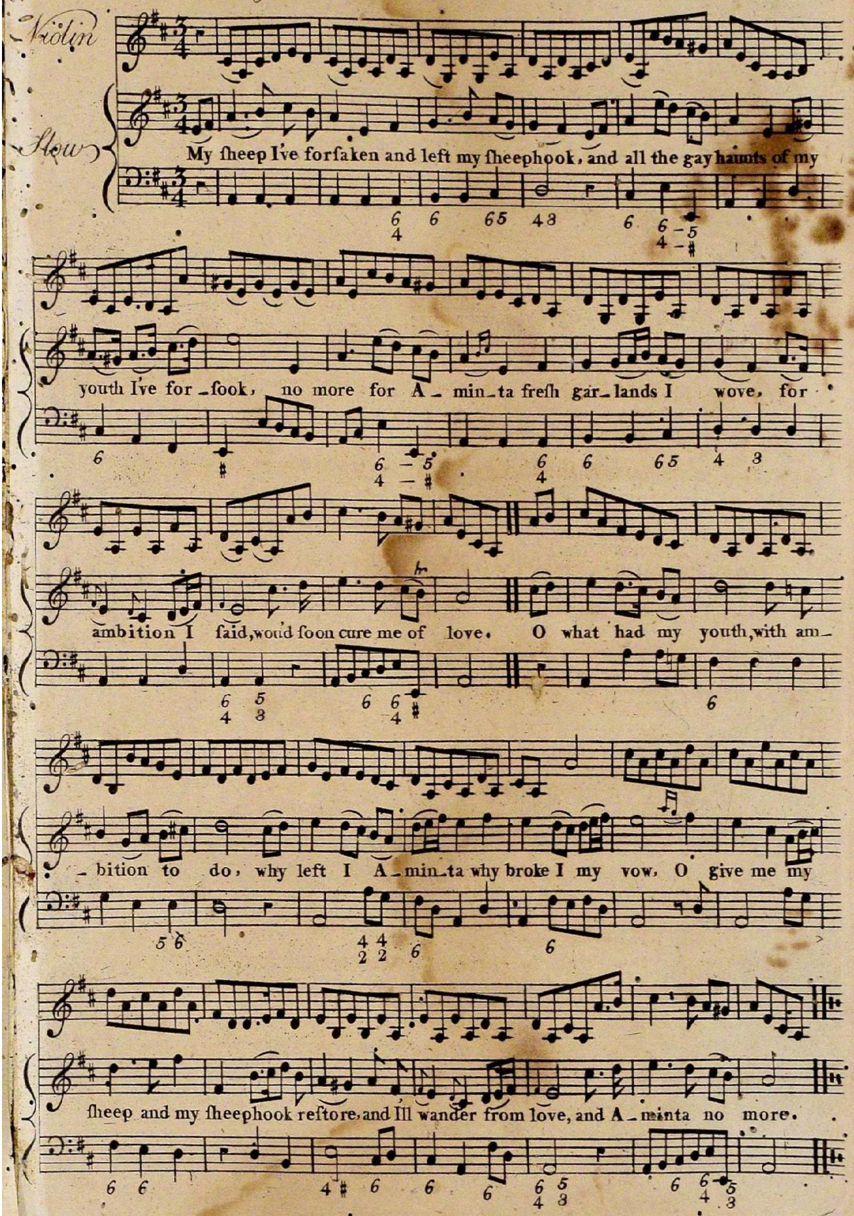
Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me from love;
O fool, to imagine that ought can ſubdue
A love ſo well founded, a paſſion ſo true.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheephook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

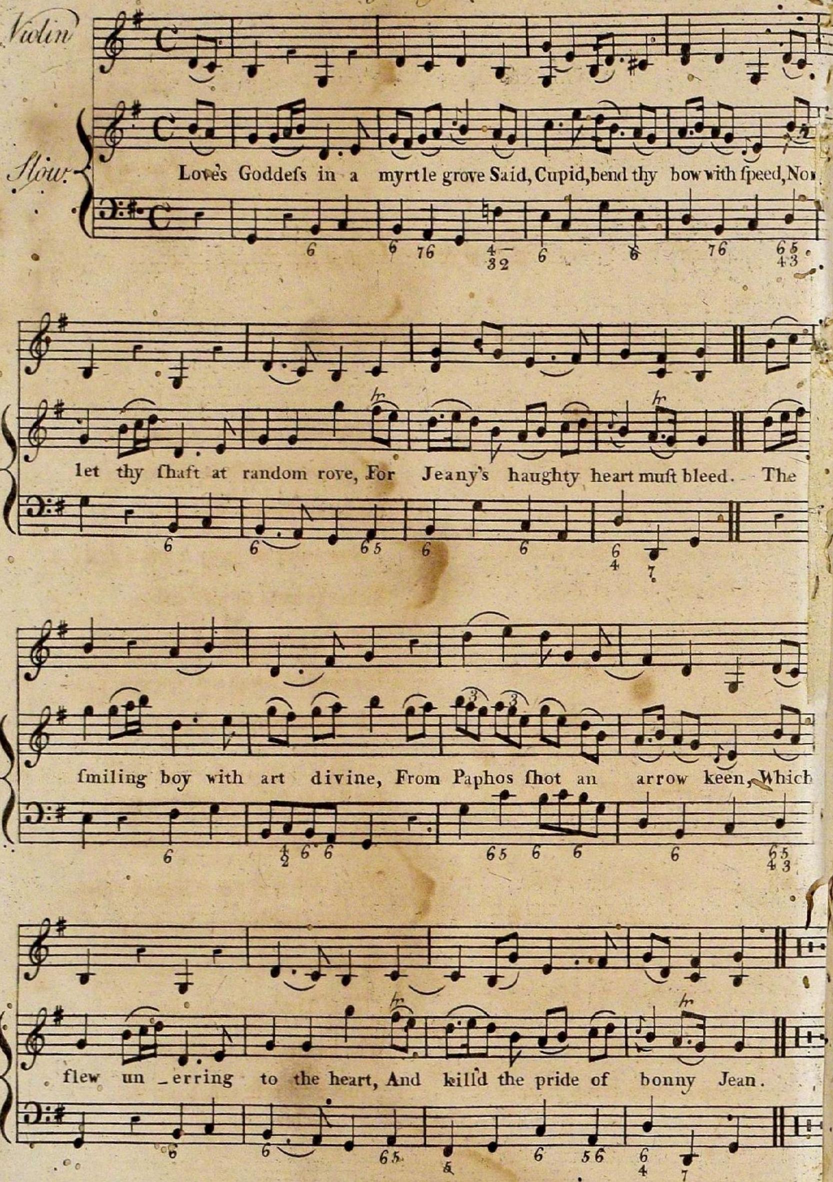
Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor ſhepherd! Amynta no more can be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain;
The moments neglected, return not again.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheephook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

My Apron Dearie



Bonny Jean


Violin
Slow
Love's Goddefs in a myrtle grove Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with fpeed, Nor
let thy fhaft at random rove, For Jeany's haughty heart muft bleed. The
fmiling boy with art divine, From Paphos fhot an arrow keen, Which
flew un_erring to the heart, And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's goddeſs in a myrtle grove,
Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
For Jeany's haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with art divine,
From Paphos ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes Willy's kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
While every day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charm in bonny Jean,

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny Jean.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which even in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in down, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen;
With breaking day he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

PINKIE HOUSE.

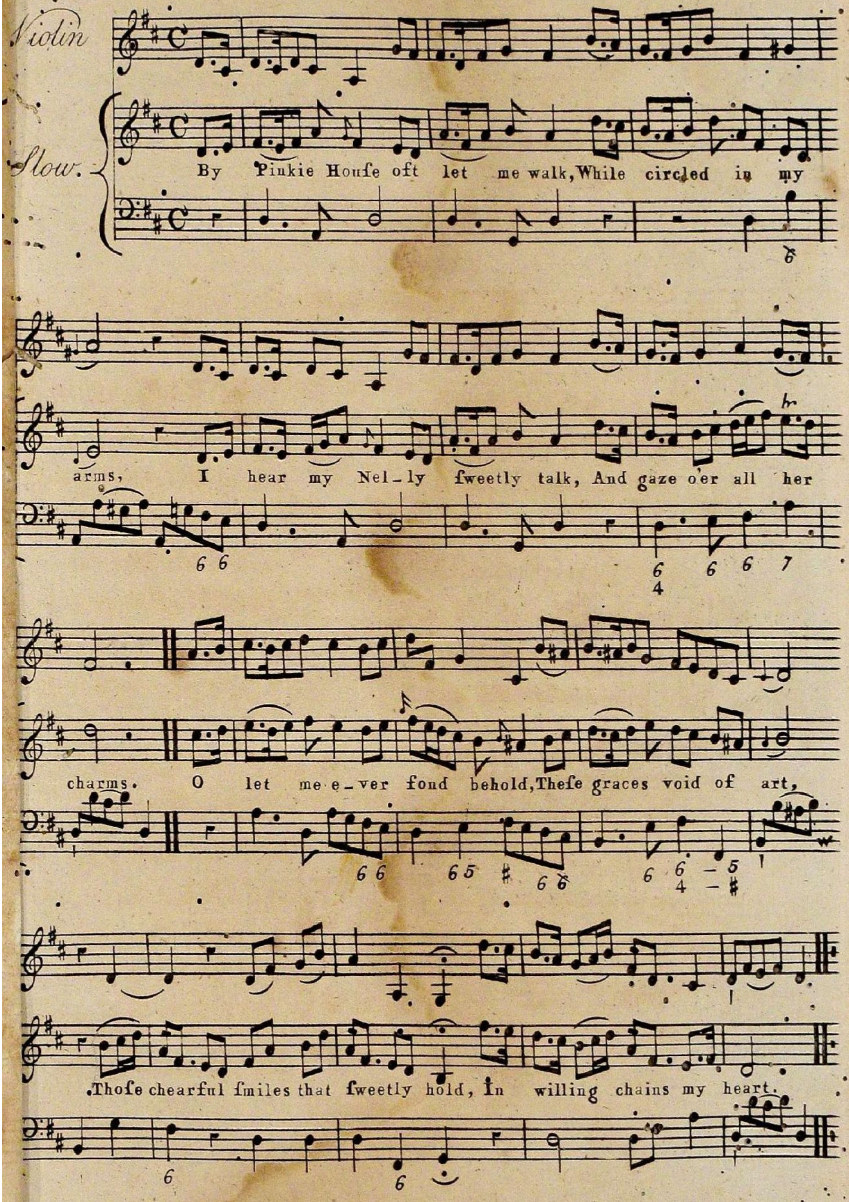
BY Pinkie Houſe oft let me walk,
While circled in my arms,
I hear my Nelly ſweetly talk,
And gaze o'er all her charms.
O let me, ever fond, behold
Thoſe graces void of art,
Thoſe chearful ſmiles that ſweetly hold
In willing chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulneſs of air, in you,
By nature's hand deſign'd;
That beauty, like the bluſhing roſe,
Firſt lighted up this flame;
Which, like the ſun, for ever glows
Within my breaſt the ſame.

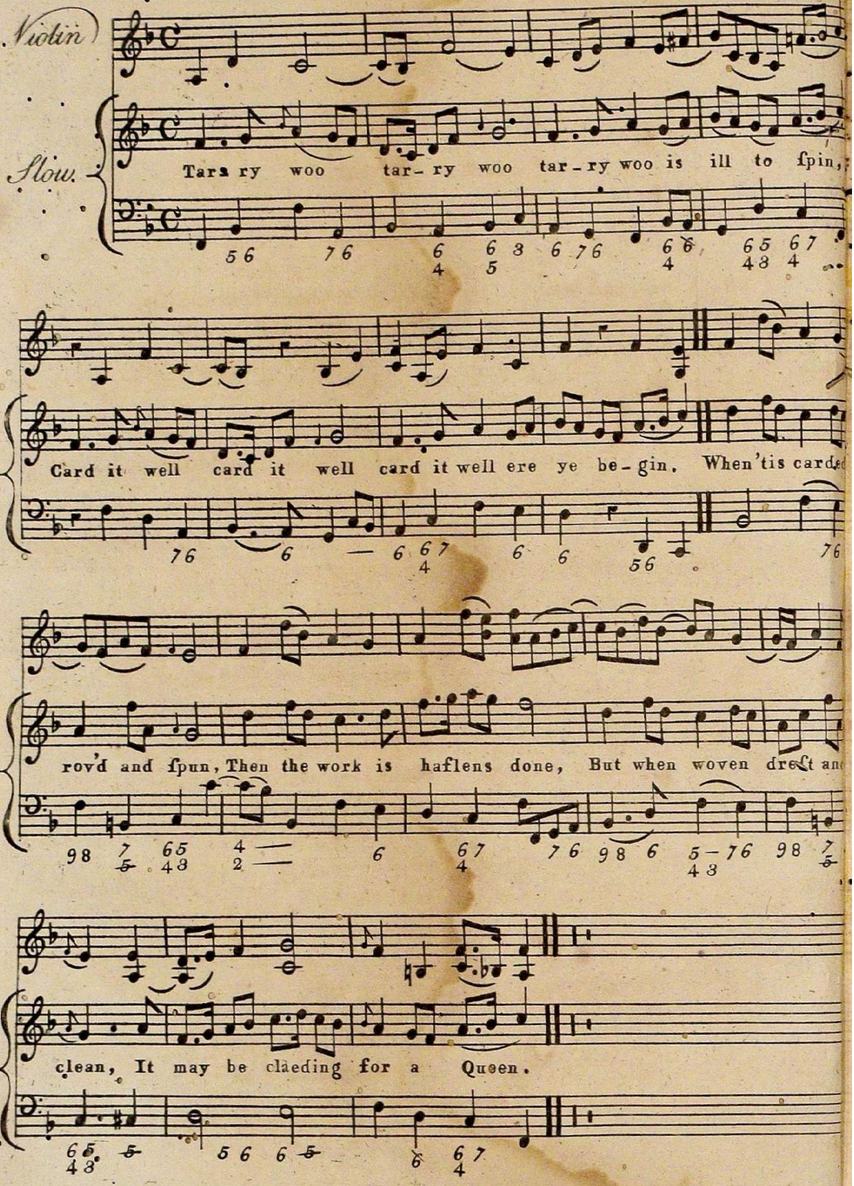
Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all yourt art!
How ſeldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O gather from my Nelly's charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe;
That bluſhing modeſty that warms;
That native art to pleaſe!

Come then, my love! O come along,
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inſpirer of my ſong,
O fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, ſo bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine!

Pinkie House



Tarry Woo


Violin
Slow.
Tar-ry woo tar-ry woo tar-ry woo is ill to ſpin,
Card it well card it well card it well ere ye be-gin. When 'tis carde
rov'd and ſpun, Then the work is haflens done, But when woven dreſt an
clean, It may be claeding for a Queen.

TARRY WOO'.

TARRY woo, tarry woo',
Tarry woo' is ill to ſpin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, rov'd and ſpun,
Then the work is haflens done;
But when woven, dreſt, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing my bonny harmleſs ſheep,
That feed upon the mountain's ſteep,
Bleeting ſweetly as ye go
Through the winter's froſt and ſnow.
Hart and hynd, and fallow deer,
Not be haff ſo uſeful are;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo'.

Up, ye ſhepherds, dance and ſkip,
O'er the hills and vallies trip,
Sing the praiſe of tarry woo',
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmleſs creatures without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leeſe me on the tarry woo'.

How happy is a ſhepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of ſtrife,
While the gimmers bleet and bae,
And the lambkins anſwer mae:
No ſuch muſic to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy Kent, and Colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo'.

He lives content and envies none,
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal ſcepter ſways,
Has not ſweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a ſhepherd ſings ſae well;
Sings ſae well, and pays his due,
With honeſt heart and tarry woo'?

ROSLIN CASTLE.

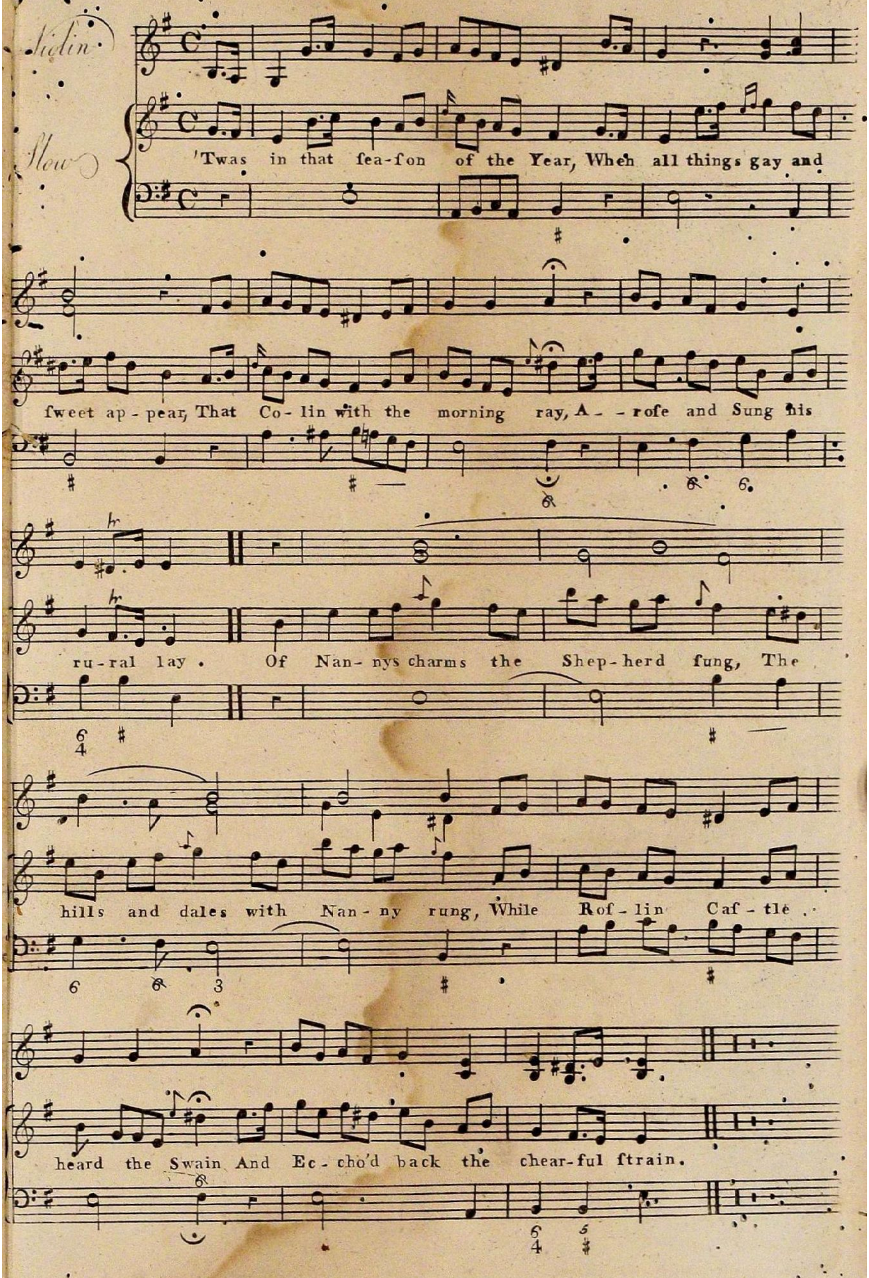
'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Colin with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay:
Of Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roſlin Caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the chearful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet muſe, the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms; awake and ſing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a ſong:
To Nanny raiſe the chearful lay;
O! bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

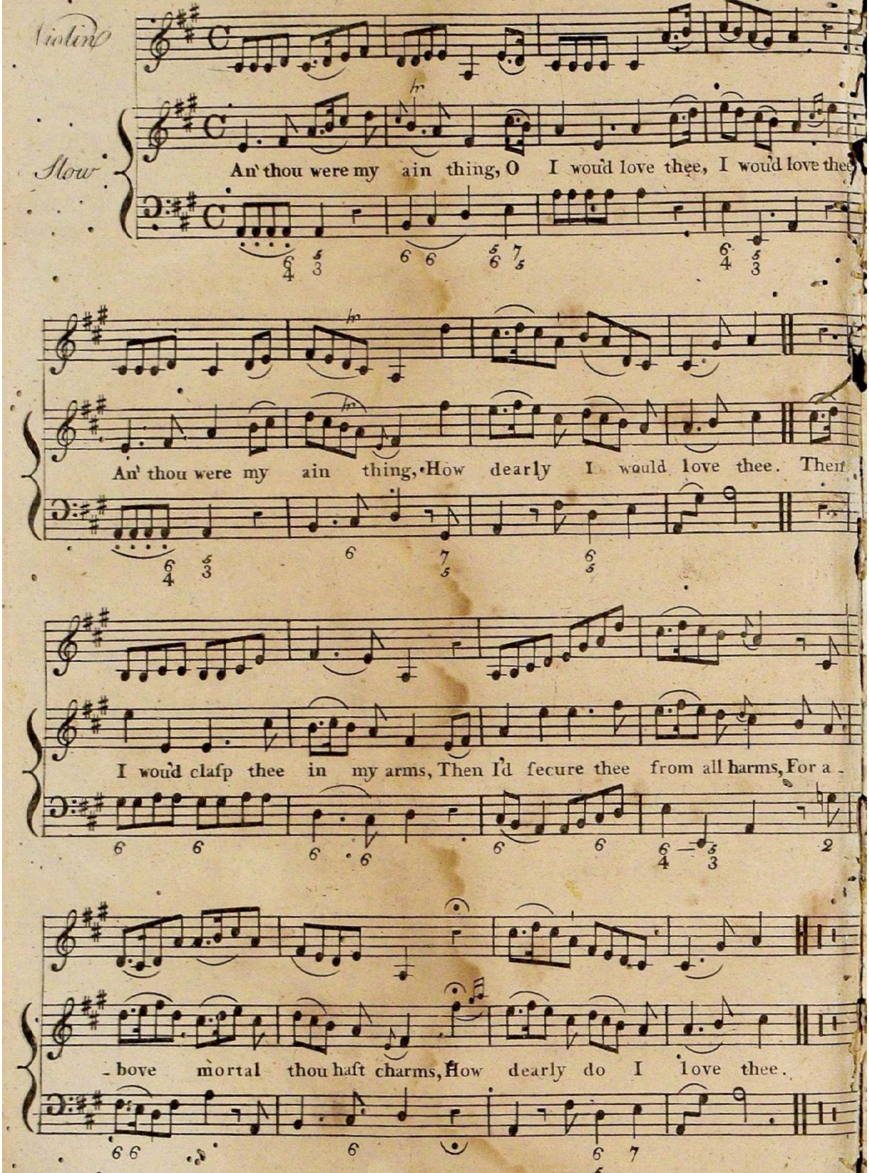
O hark, my love! on ev'ry ſpray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong:
Then let my raptur'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O, come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine:
O, hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the ſpring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd breaſt of mine.

Roslin Castle



An' thou were my ain thing



AN' THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

AN' *thou were my ain thing,*
O, I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee,
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly I wou'd love thee!

Then I wou'd clasp thee in my arms,
Then I'd secure thee from all harms,
For above mortal thou hast charms;
How dearly do I love thee!

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's sake then pity me,
Who only live to love thee.
An' thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
O, for their sake, support a slave,
Who ever on shall love thee.
An' thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and, for your sake,
What man can name I'll undertake;
So dearly do I love thee.
An' thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till Fate my thread of life hath spun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.
An' thou were, &c.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

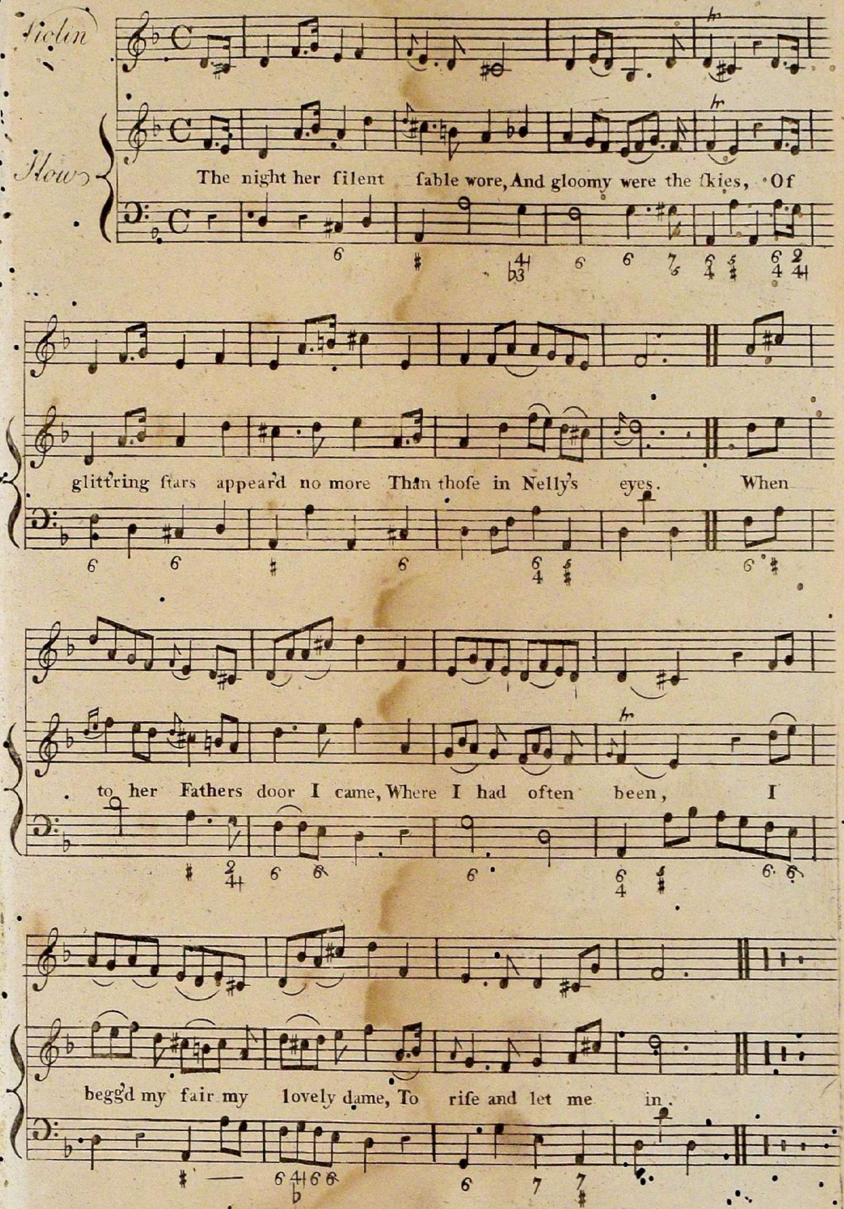
THE night her ſilent ſable wore,
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in *Nelly*'s eyes.
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To riſe and let me in.

But ſhe, with accents all divine,
Did my fond ſuit reprove;
And while ſhe chid my raſh deſign,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll:
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very ſoul.

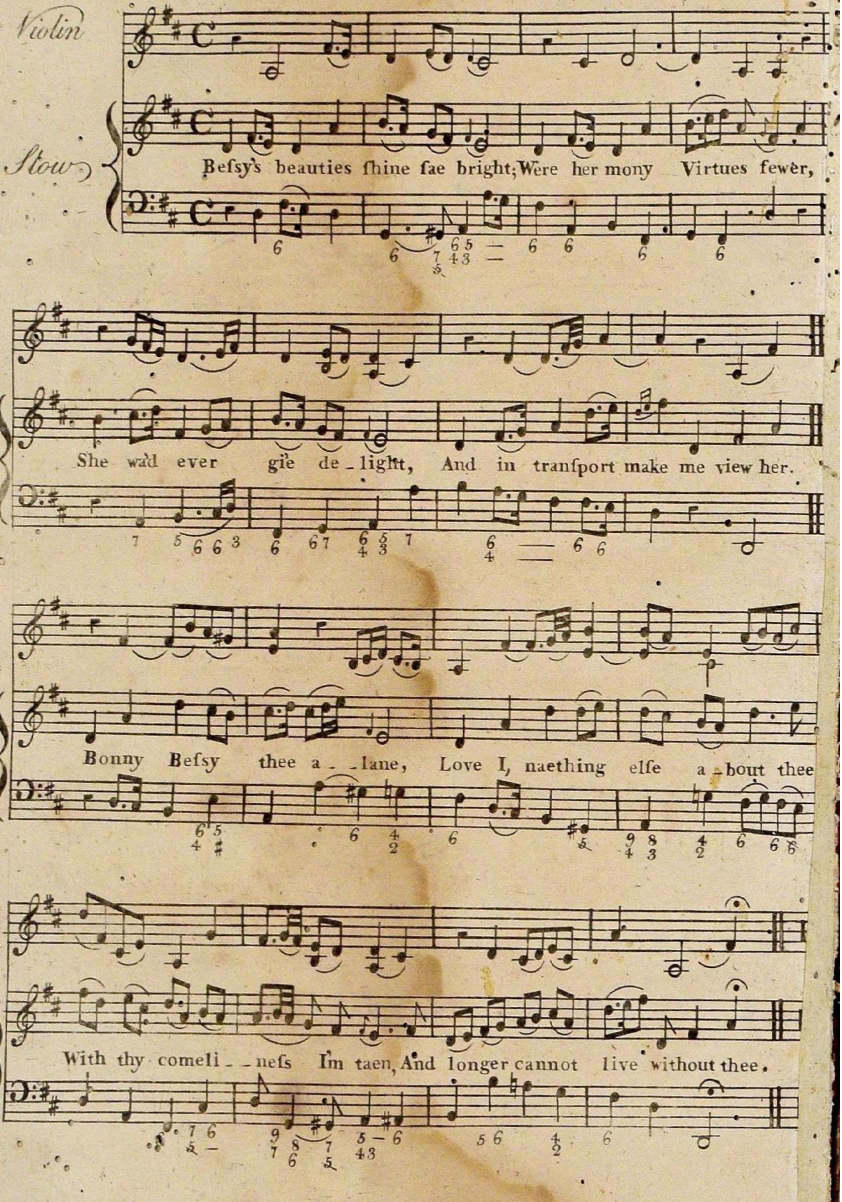
Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part!
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondneſs I obey'd,
Reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be mine,
Till *Hymen* to my arms convey'd
My treaſure ſo divine.

Now happy in my *Nelly*'s love,
Tranſporting is my joy;
No greater bleſſing can I prove;
So bleſs'd a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart.

She rose & let me in



Bonny Befsy


Violin
Stow
Befsy's beauties fhine fae bright, Were her mony Virtues fewer,
She wad ever gie de_light, And in tranfport make me view her.
Bonny Befsy thee a_lane, Love I, naething elfe a_bout thee
With thy comeli_nefs I'm taen, And longer cannot live without thee.

ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers ſhall the muſe repeat?
What verſe be found to praiſe my *Annie*?
On her ten thouſand graces wait;
Each ſwain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trod the happy plain,
She ſet each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her ſwain complain,
That *Annie* kindles new deſire.

This lovely darling deareſt care,
This new delight, this charming *Annie*,
Like ſummer's dawn, ſhe's freſh and fair,
When *Flora*'s fragrant breezes fan ye.
All the day the am'rous youths conveen,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the crowd *Amyntor* came;
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
His riſing ſighs expreſs'd his flame,
His words were few, his wiſhes many.
With ſmiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind ſhepherd, why ſhould I deceive ye?
Alas! your love muſt be deny'd,
This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid*'s art,
His wyles, his ſmiles, his charms beguiling;
He ſtole away my virgin heart;
Ceaſe, poor *Amyntor*, ceaſe bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are many,
Then chuſe ſome heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

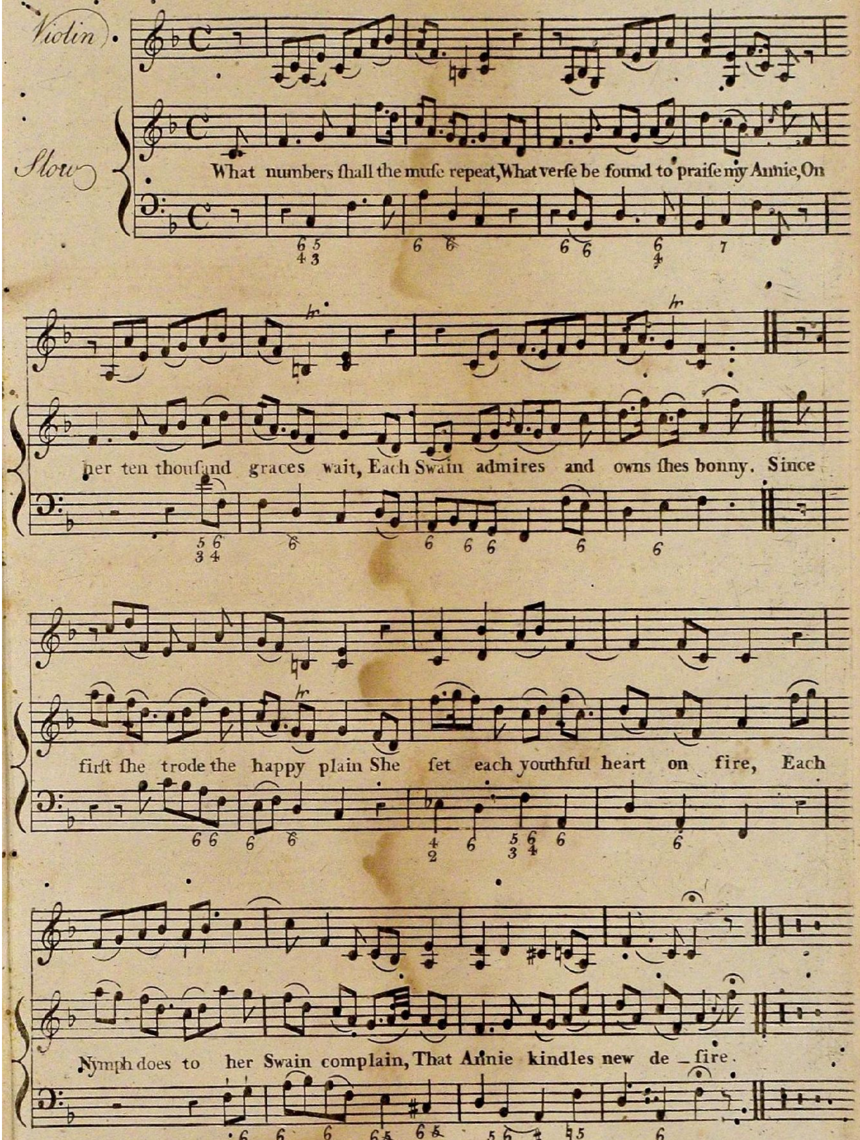
BONNY BESSY.

BESSY's beauties ſhine ſae bright,
Were her mony vertues fewer,
She wad ever gie' delight,
And in tranſport make me view her.
Bonny *Beſſy*, thee alane
Love I, naething elſe about thee;
With thy comlineſs I'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

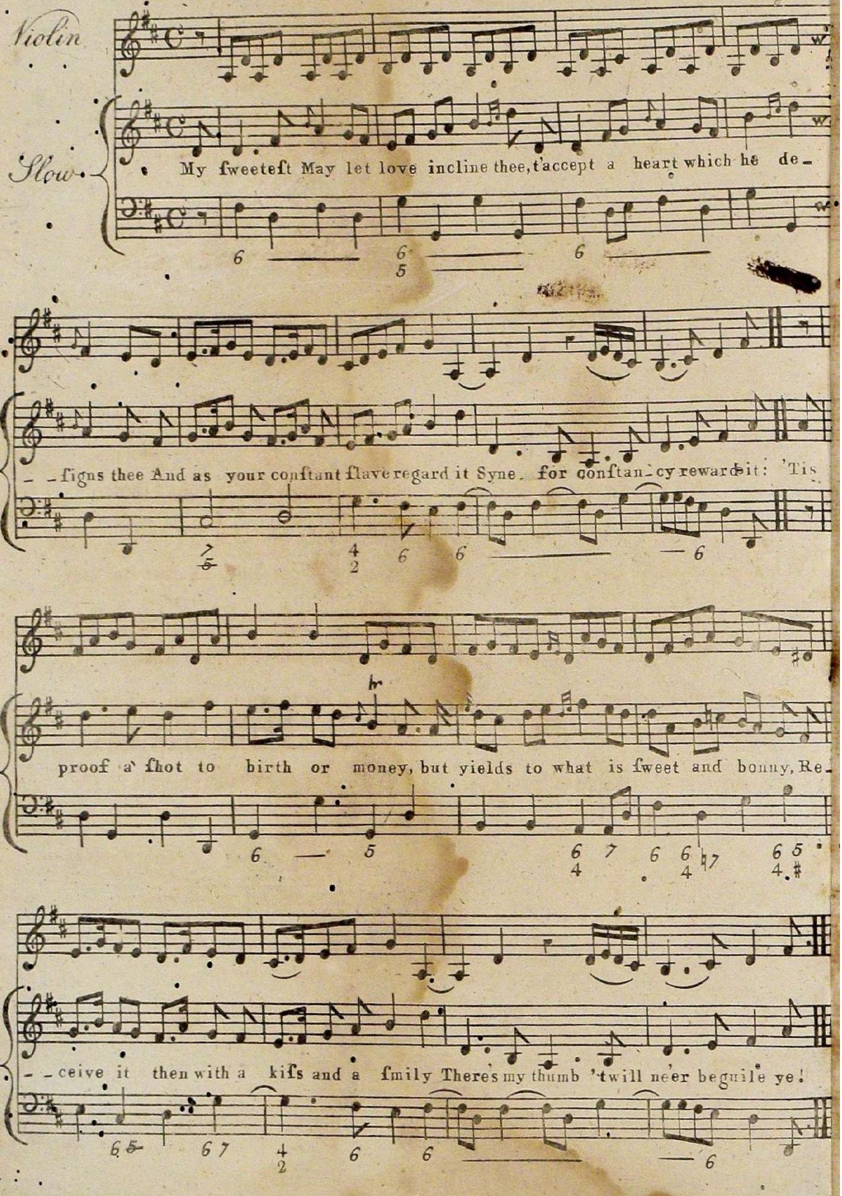
Beſſy's boſom ſaft and warm,
Milk-white fingers ſtill employ'd,
He who takes her to his arm,
Of her ſweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
My dear *Beſſy*, when the roſes
Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Vertue, which thy mind diſcloſes,
Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Beſſy's tocher is but ſcanty,
Yet her face and ſoul diſcovers
Theſe inchanting ſweets in plenty
Muſt intice a thouſand lovers.
It's not money, but a woman
Of a temper kind and eaſy,
That gives happineſs uncommon;
Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

Allan Water


Violin
Slow
What numbers ſhall the muſe repeat, What verſe be found to praiſe my Annie, On
her ten thouſand graces wait, Each Swain admires and owns ſhes bonny. Since
firſt ſhe trode the happy plain She ſet each youthful heart on fire, Each
Nymph does to her Swain complain, That Annie kindles new de_ſire.

There's my Thumb



THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

MY ſweeteſt *May*, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant ſlave, regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it:
'Tis proof a' ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiſs and a ſmily,
There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks leſt they ſhould wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaily,
And gie my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear laſſie! it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin;
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely;
O ſay yes! and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

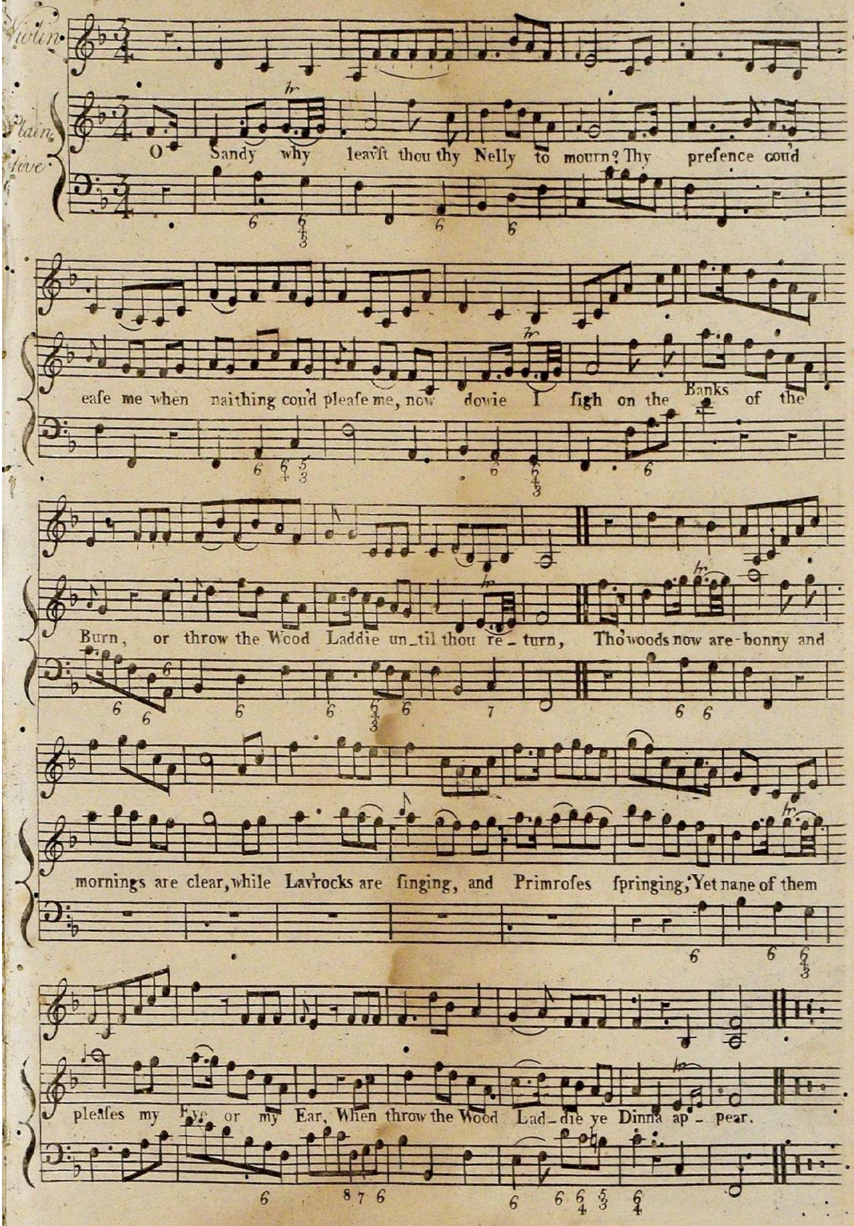
O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy preſent could eaſe me,
When naething can pleaſe me.
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the burn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When through the wood, laddie, you dinna appear.

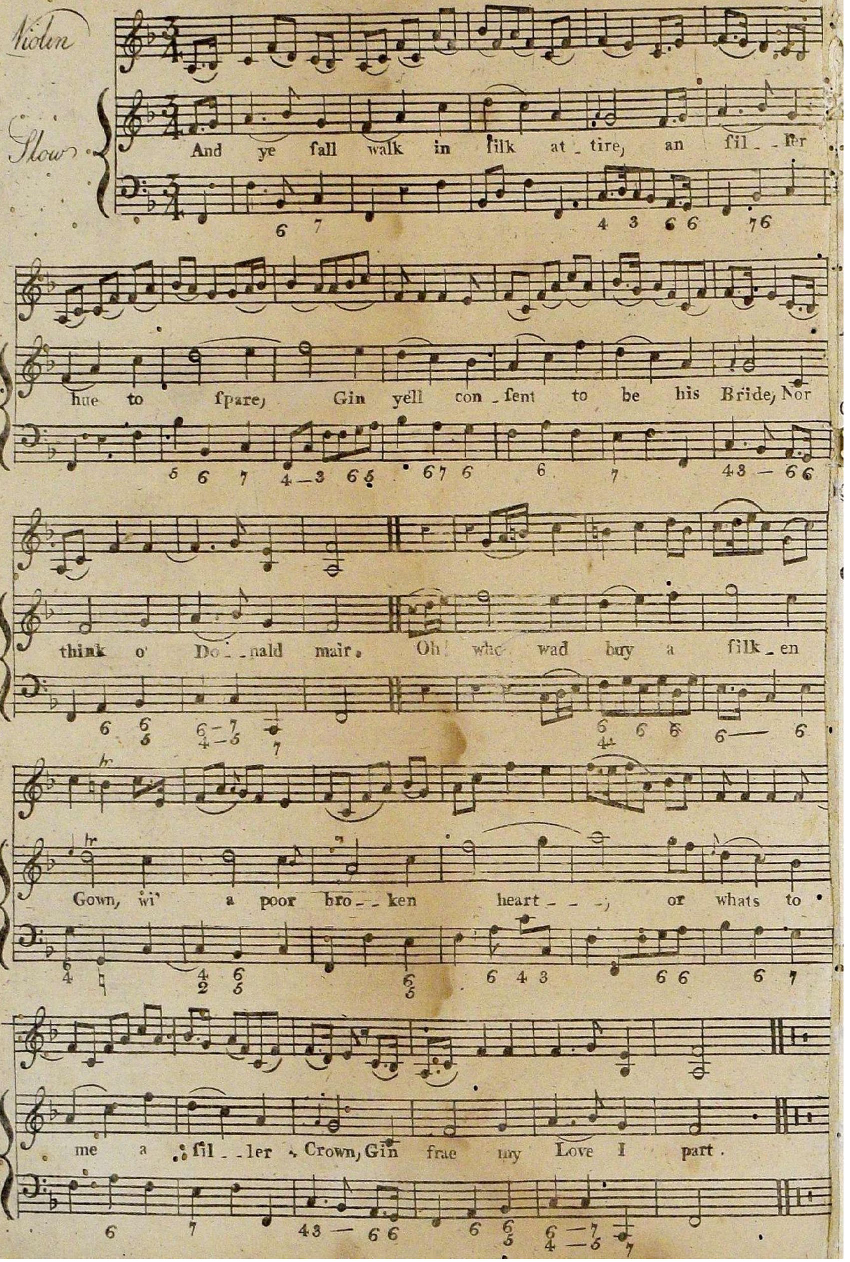
That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith evening and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When through the wood, laddie, I wander myſel.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, nae longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing, and play.

Thro' the Wood Laddie



The Siller Crown



THE SILLER CROWN.

AND ye ſall walk in ſilk attire,
And ſiller hae to ſpare,
Gin ye'll conſent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.
Oh ! wha wad buy a ſilken gown,
Wi' a poor broken heart ;
Or what's to me a ſiller crown,
Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whaſe every wiſh is pure,
Far dearer is to me ;
And ere I'm forc'd to brake my faith,
I'll lay me down and die.
For I hae pledged my virgin troth,
Brave Donald's fate to ſhare ;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift ;
Cou'd I but think to ſeek it back,
It wou'd be war than thift.
For langeſt life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me ;
And ere I'm forc'd to brake my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, goodwife, for your courtiſie,
Will you lodge a ſilly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he ſat;
My doughter's ſhoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

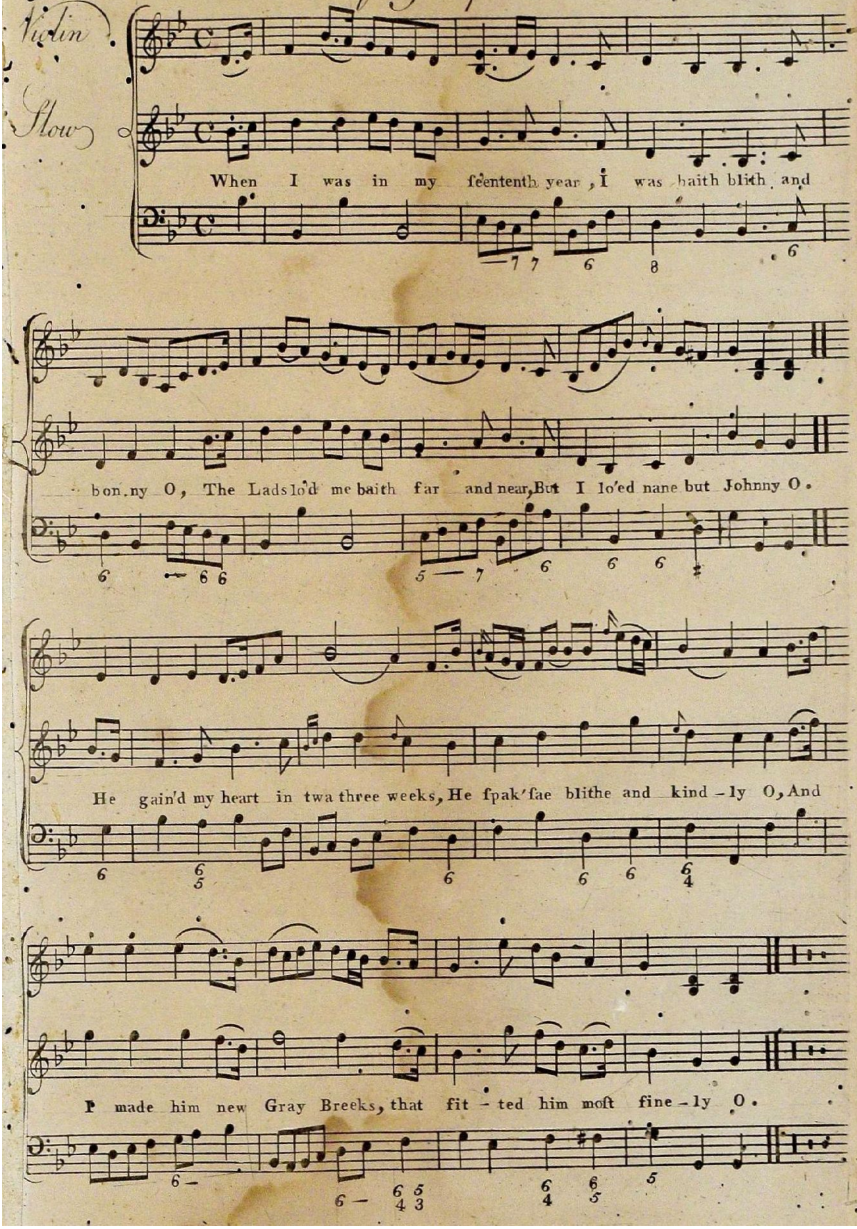
O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blithe and merry would I be!
And I would never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa togither were ſay'ng,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raiſe a wee before the cock,
And willily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure put on her claiſe,
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

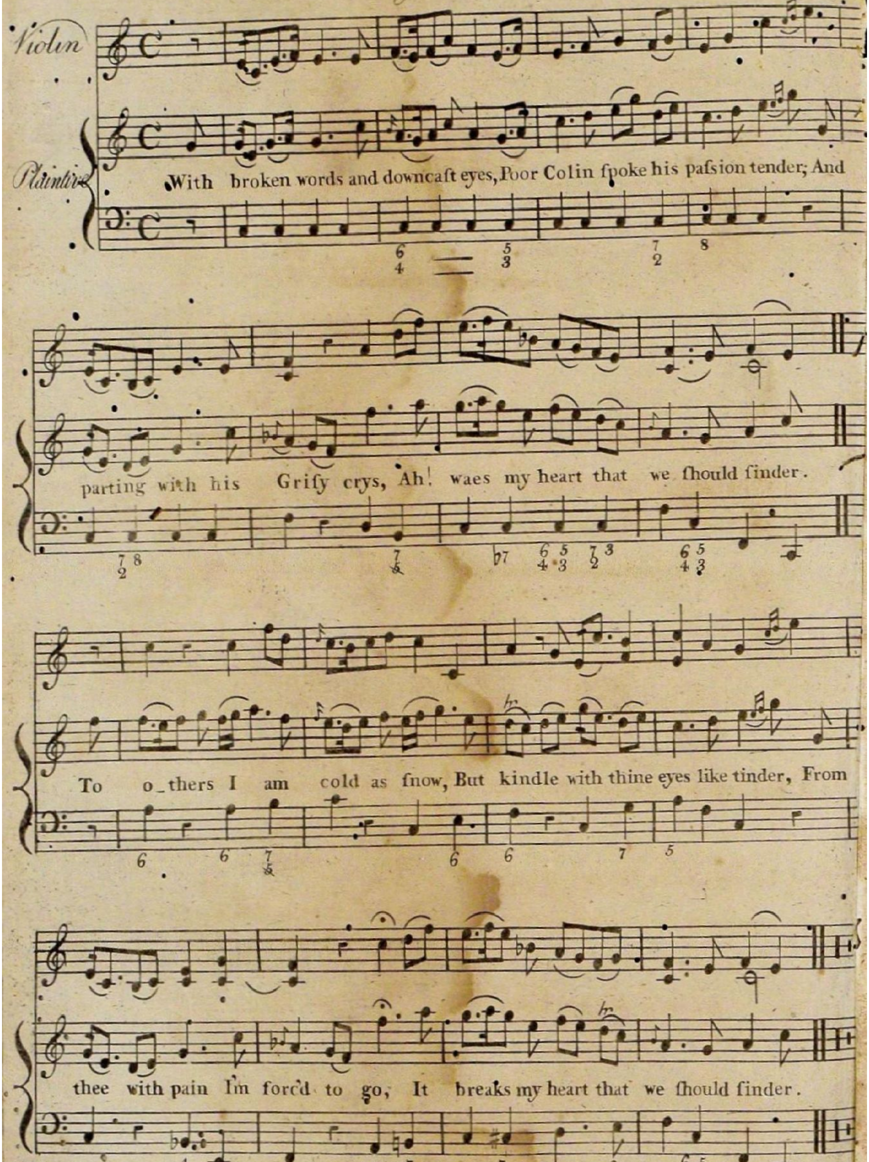
She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd, waladay,
For ſome of our gear will be gane!
Some ran to coffers and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that could be miſt;
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt!
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, the milk to yern,
Gae but the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The ſervant gaed where the doughter lay,
The ſheets were cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife did ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie man.

Johnny's Gray Breeks



Woe's my Heart



WOE'S MY HEART.

WITH broken words and down-caſt eyes,
Poor Colin ſpoke his paſſion tender;
And parting with his Griſy cries,
Ah! woe's my heart that we ſhould ſinder.

To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſinder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder;
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſinder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder;
Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſinder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a hear that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me, tho' we ſinder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her;
When that bleſs'd time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet and never ſinder.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWEL.

FAREWEL, ye dungeons dark and ſtrong,
The wretch's deſtinie!
M'Pherſon's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows tree.
Sae rantingly, ſae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gae'd he,
He play'd a ſpring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

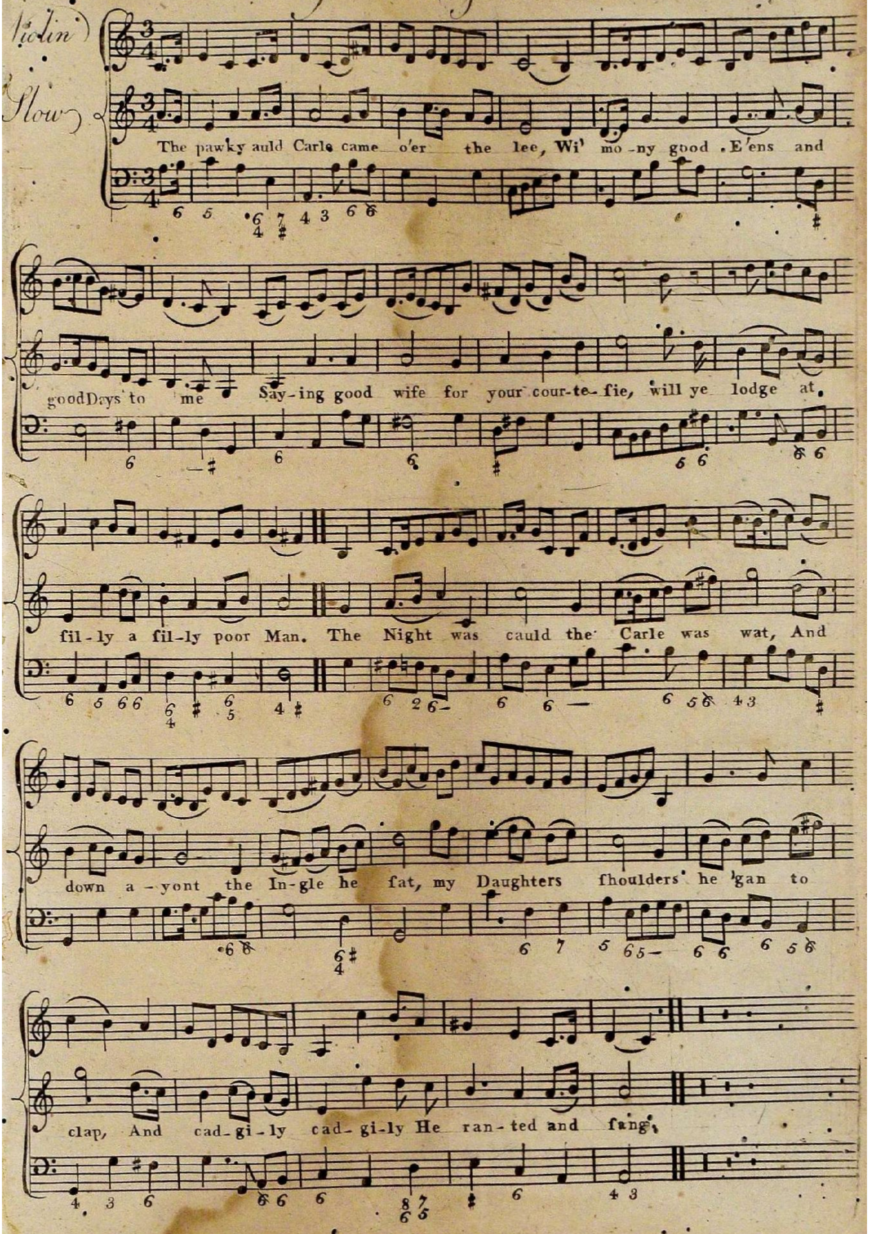
Oh, what is death but parting breath!
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I ſcorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie theſe bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my ſword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

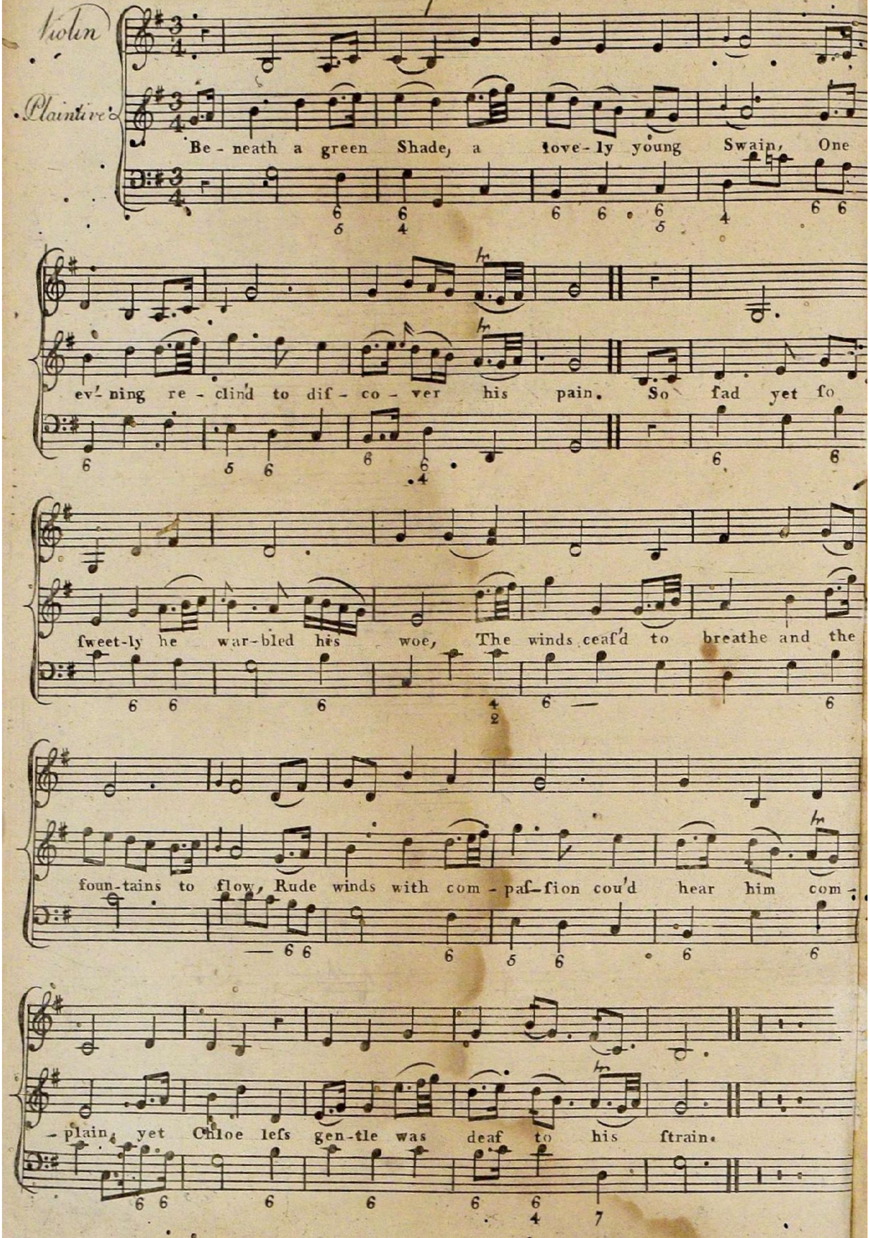
I've liv'd a life of ſturt and ſtrife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart, I muſt depart,
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewel, light, thou ſunſhine bright,
And all beneath the ſky!
May coward ſhame diſdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

The Gaberlunzie Man



Braes of Ballendine



BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

BENEATH a green ſhade, a lovely young ſwain
One evening reclin'd to diſcover his pain;
So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly, he warbl'd his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
Rude winds, with compaſſion, could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
Ere Chloe's bright charms firſt flaſh'd on my view;
Thoſe eyes then, with pleaſure, the dawn could ſurvey,
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more chearful than they:
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight,
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure, and languiſh in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I purſue,
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew;
From ſunſhine to zephyrs and ſhades we repair,
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame,
No Winter can cool it, no Summer inflame.

But ſee the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's deſires:
I fly from the dangers of tempeſt and wind,
Yet nouriſh the madneſs that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens deſpair!

JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

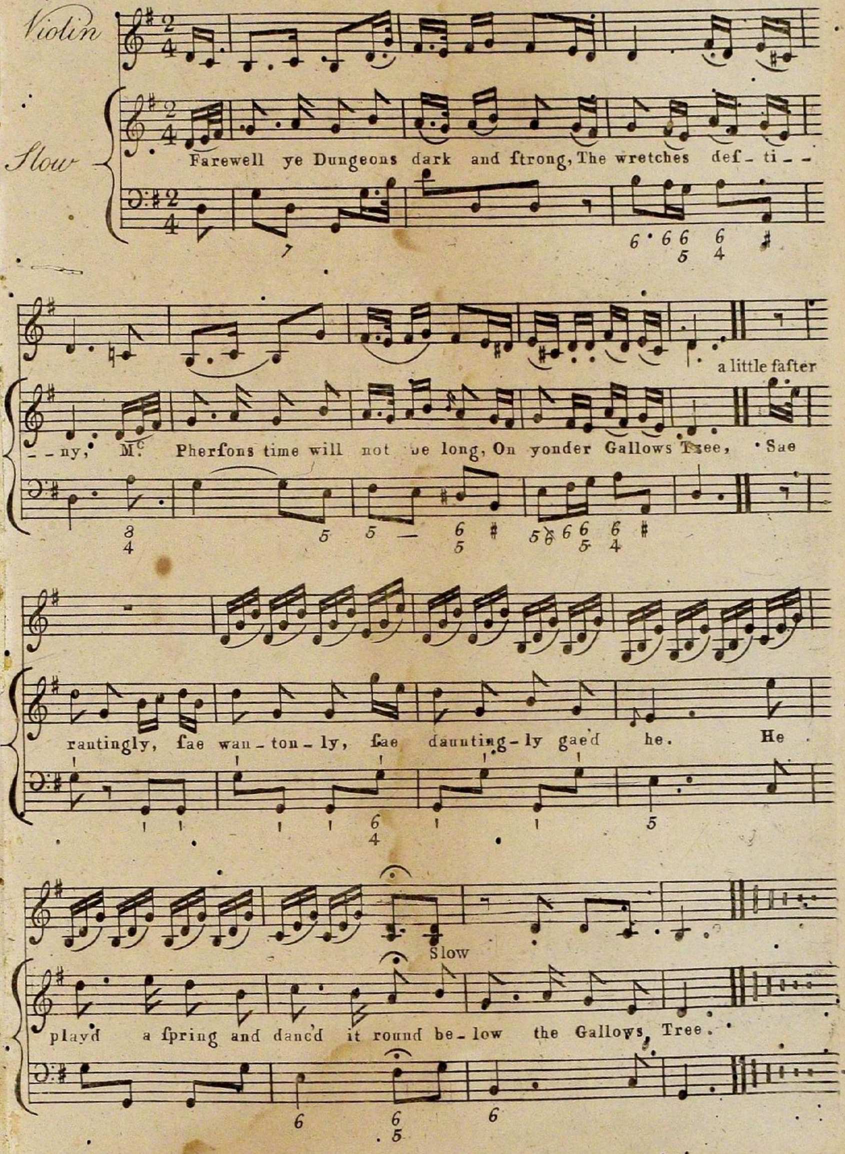
WHEN I was in my ſe'enteenth year,
I was baith blythe and bonny, O;
The lads lo'ed me baith far and near,
But I lo'ed nane but Johnny, O.
He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
He ſpak' ſae blythe and kindly, O;
And I made him new gray breeks
That fitted him moſt finely, O.

He was a handſome fellow——
His humour was baith frank and free,
His bonny locks ſae yellow,
Like gou'd they glitter'd in my ee;
His dimpled chin and roſy cheeks,
And face ſo fair and ruddy, O;
And, then a-day, his gray breeks
Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

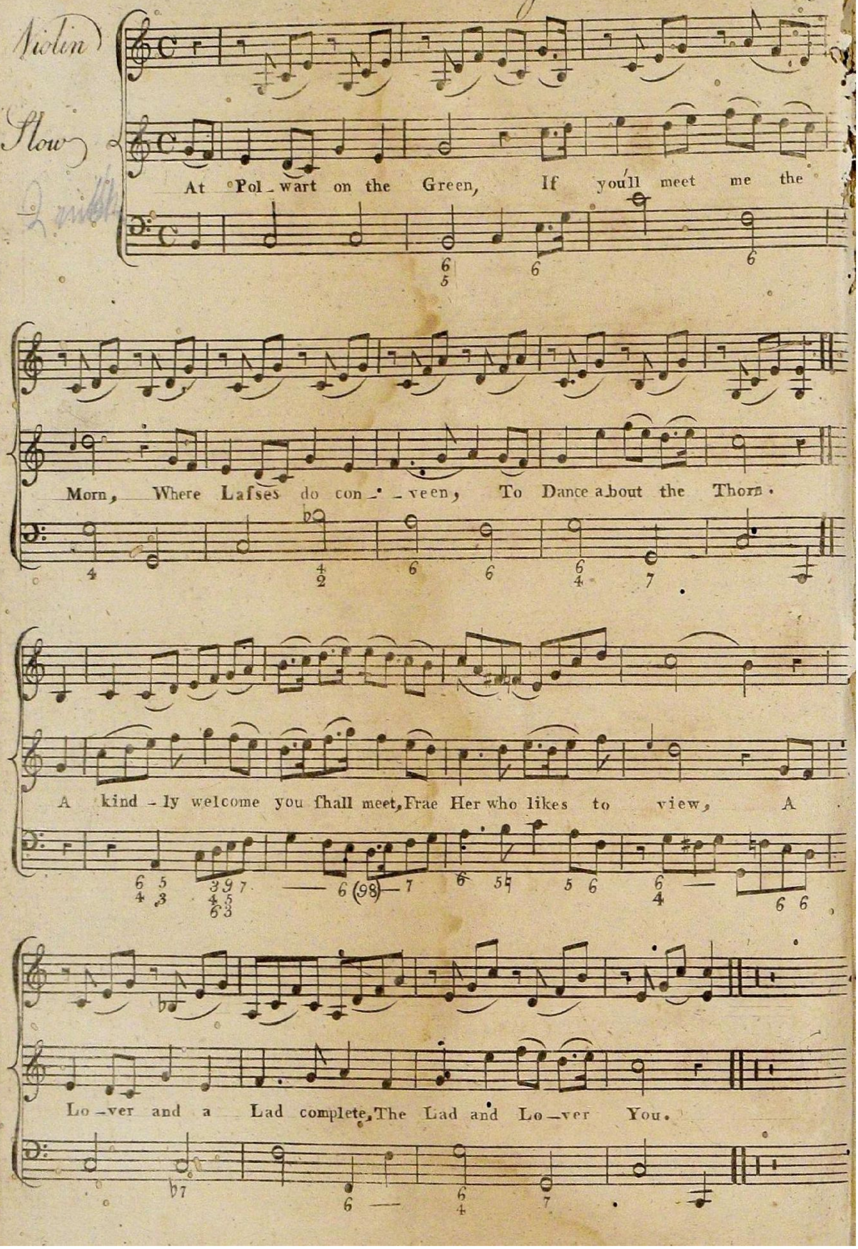
But now they are thread-bare worn,
They're wider than they wont to be;
They're taſhed like and torn,
And clouted ſair on ilka knee.
But gin I had a Summer's day,
As I have had right mony, O,
I'll mak' a web o' new gray,
To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
And better gin I had to gi'e,
And I'll tak' pains upon them,
Frae faults I'll ſtrive to keep them free.
To clad him weel ſhall be my care,
And pleaſe him a' my ſtudy, O;
But he maun wear the auld pair
A wee, tho' they be duddy, O.

Mc Pherson's Farewell



Polwart on the Green



POLWART ON THE GREEN.

AT Polwart on the green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where laſſes do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you ſhall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames ſay *Na*,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the ſnaw',
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green
Amang the new-mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing Spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from the ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day,
Among the Birks of Invermay.

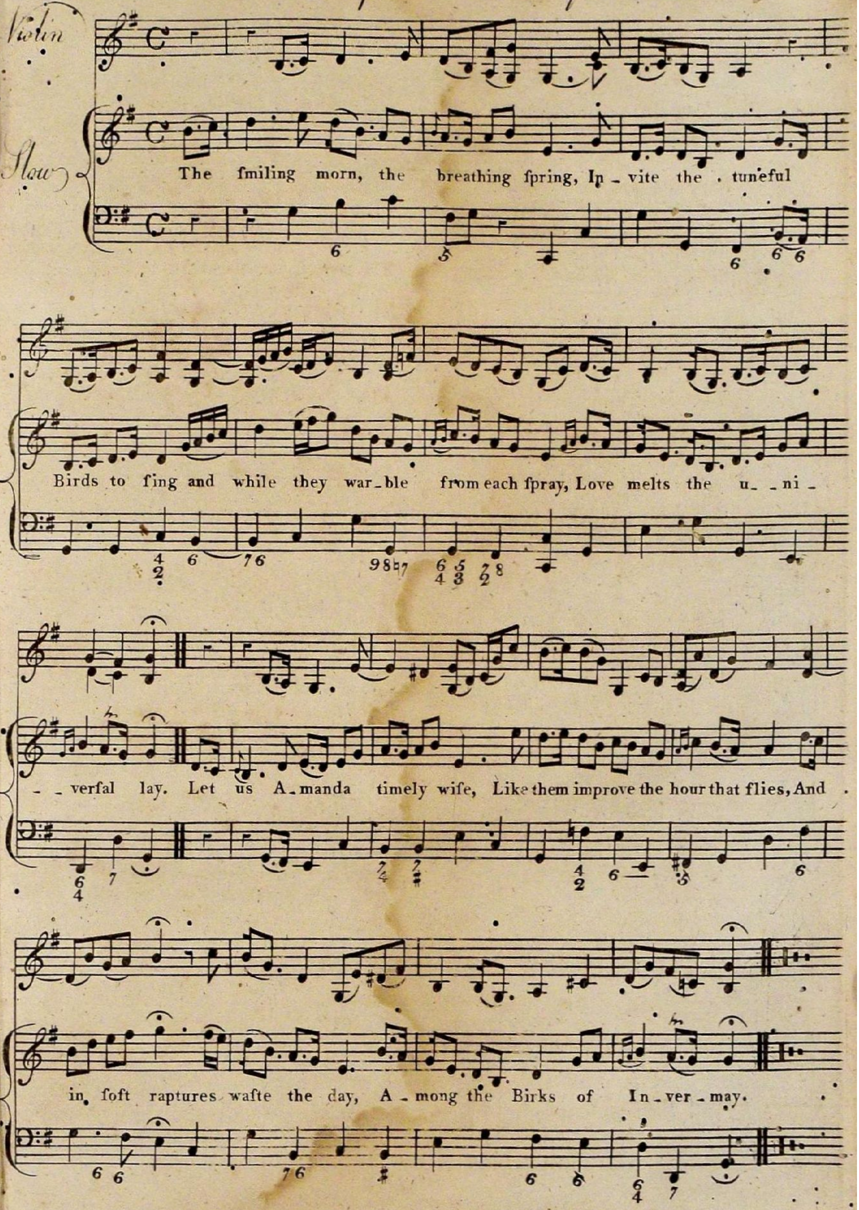
For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of Invermay!

The lavrock now and lintwhite ſing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the blackbird vie,
In tuneful ſtrains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their ſummer ſuits;
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blythſome then and gay
Among the Birks of Invermay.

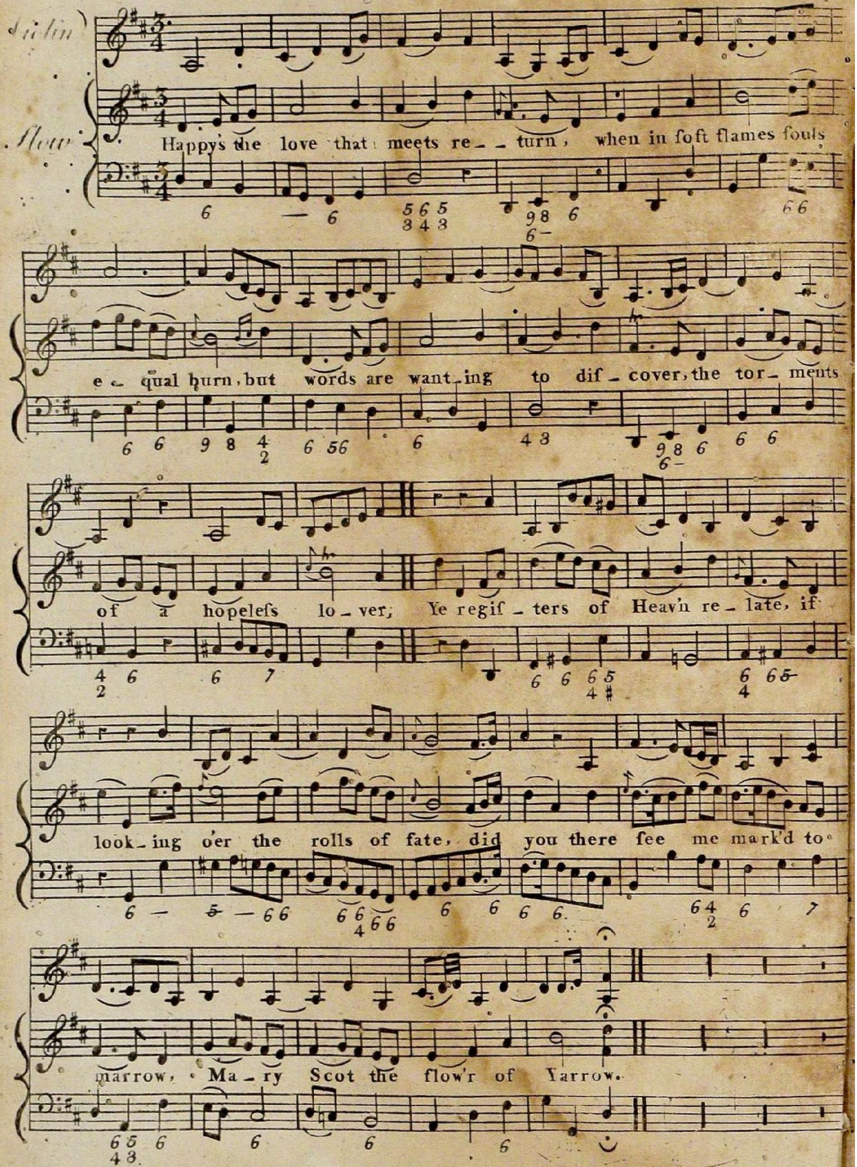
Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then ſing and play,
Among the Birks of Inyermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly, my love, to gladneſs call;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they,
Among the Birks of Invermay.

The Birks of Invermay



Mary Scott


Violin
Flute
Happy's the love that meets re_turn, when in ſoft flames ſouls
e_qual burn, but words are want_ing to diſ_cover, the tor_ments
of a hopeleſs lo_ver; Ye regiſ_ters of Heav'n re_late, if
look_ing o'er the rolls of fate, did you there ſee me mark'd to
marrow, Ma_ry Scot the flow'r of Yarrow.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love that meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot, the flow'r of Yarrow?

Ah, no! her form's too heavenly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare;
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at a diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be huſh, ye fears, I'll not deſpair,
My Mary's tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe in Yarrow.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

WHEN I think on this warld's pelf,
And the little wee ſhare I hae o't to myſelf,
And how the laſs that wants it, is by the lads forgot;
May the ſhame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gow'd and gear eneugh;
He thinks na meir of me that weirs the plaiden coat:
May the ſhame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

Jenny was the laſſie that mucked the byre,
But now ſhe is clad in her ſilken attire,
And *Jockie* ſays he loes her, and ſwears he's me forgot:
May the ſhame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

But all this ſhall never danton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's ſae inconſtant he is na worth a groat;
May the ſhame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

CROMLET'S LILT.

SINCE all thy vows, falſe maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To ſad deſpair,
Into ſome wilderneſs,
My grief I will expreſs,
And thy hard heartedneſs,
O cruel fair!

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree
In yonder ſpreading groves,
Tho' falſe thou be?
Was not a ſolemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Conſtant to be?

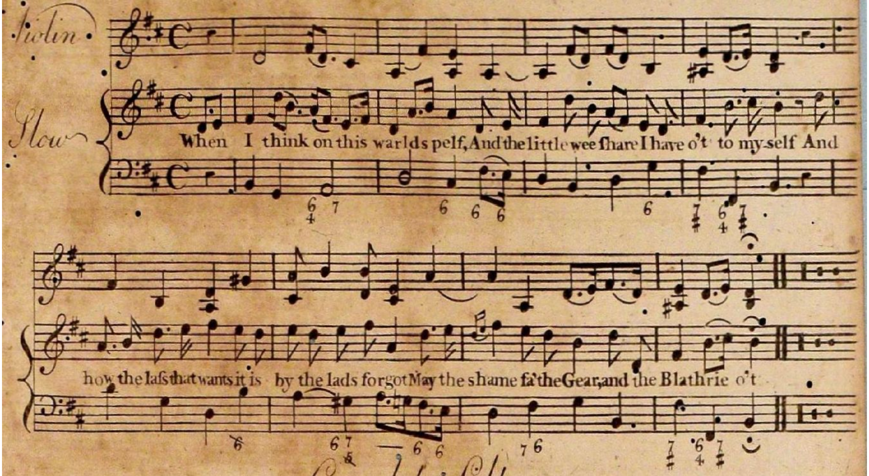
Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful ſhade,
Where neither ſun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There I will ſigh and rave,
Becauſe thou doſt behave
So faithleſſly.

Wild fruit ſhall be my meat,
I'll drink the ſpring,
Cold earth ſhall be my ſeat:
For covering
I'll have the ſtarry ſky
My head to canopy,
Until my ſoul on high
Shall ſpread its wing.

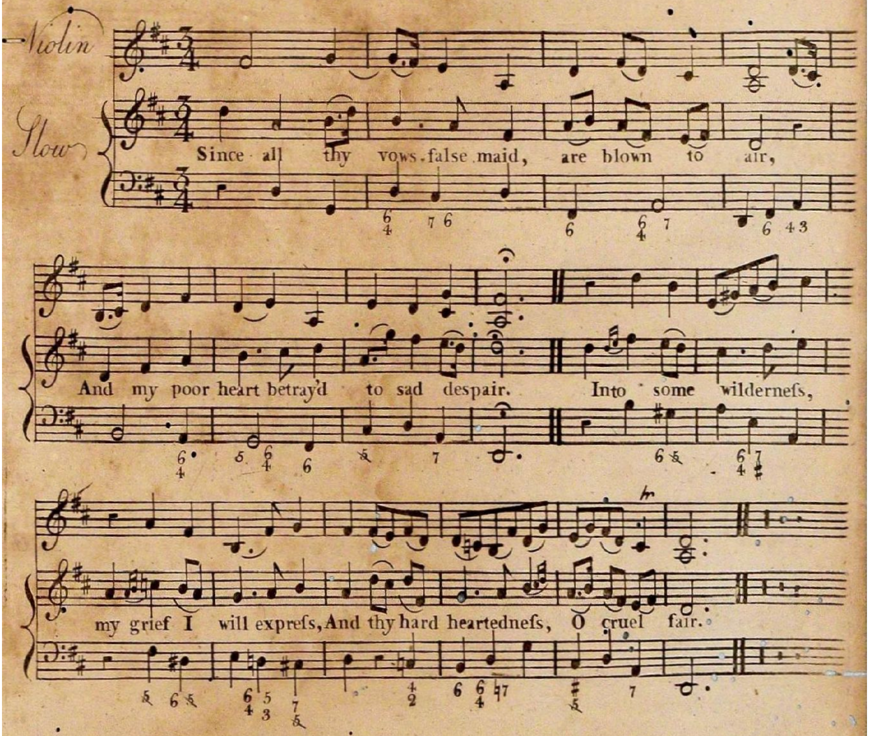
I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me:
No grave do I deſire,
Nor obſequies:
The courteous red-breaſt he
With leavs will cover me,
And ſing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghoſt I am,
I'll viſit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whoſe cruelty
Has kill'd the kindeſt heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can deſert
From loving thee.

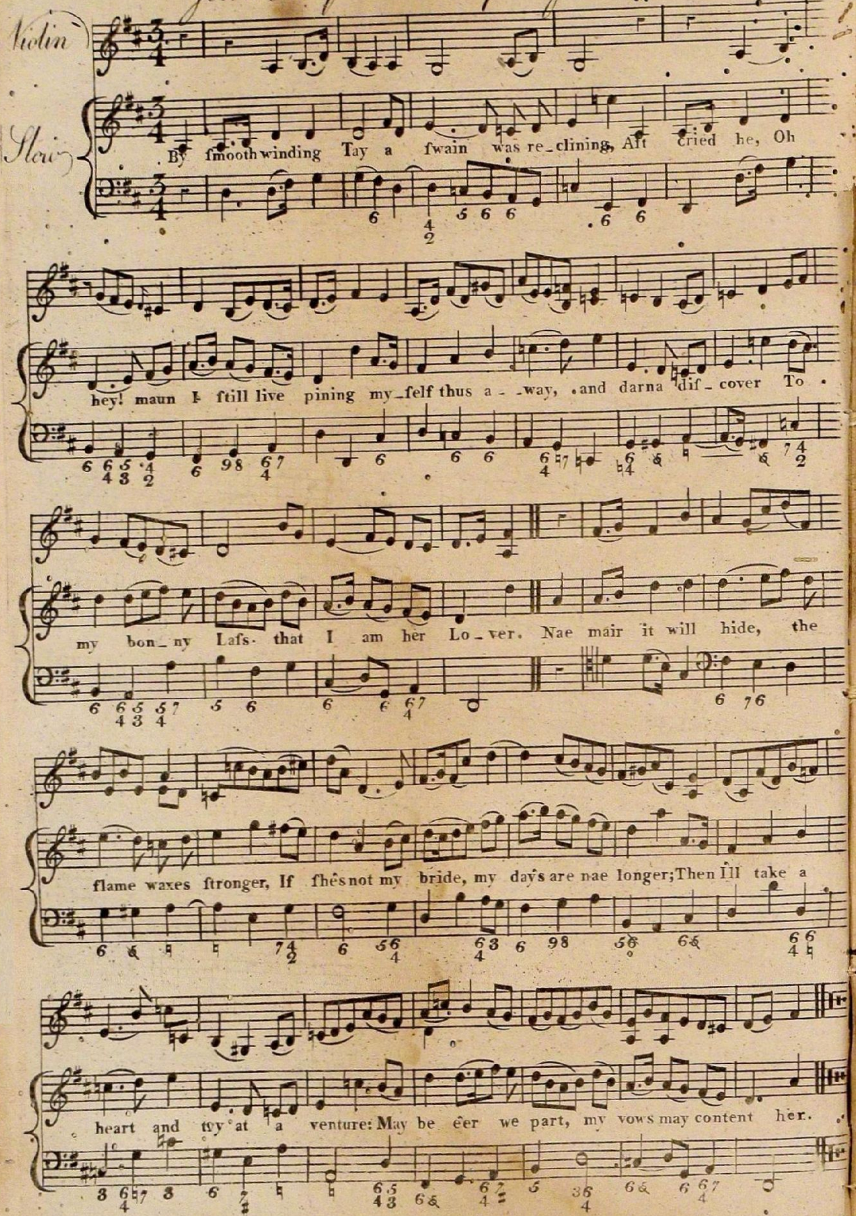
The Blathrie o't



Cromlet's Lilt



John Hay's Bonny Laſsie



JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

BY ſmooth-winding Tay a ſwain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, O hey! maun I ſtill live pining
Myſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny *Laſs*, that I am her lover!

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtronger,
If ſhe's not my bride, my days are nae longer;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the Spring, and ſweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good-morrow,
The ſward of the mead enamell'd with daiſies,
Look wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis heav'n to be bye, when her wit is a flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eyes ſet my ſpirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded!
I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is *Hay*'s bonny laſſie.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

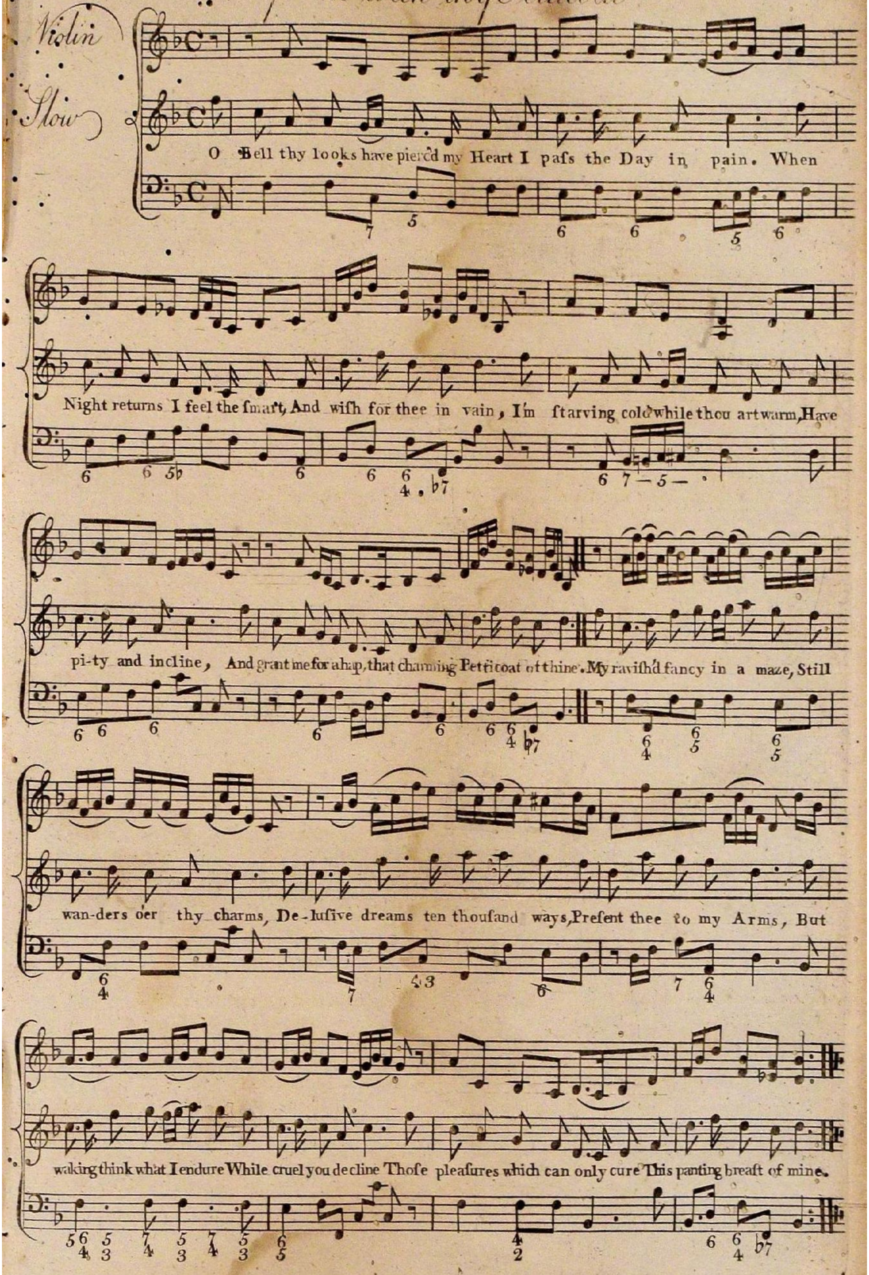
O BELL, thy looks have pierc'd my heart,
I paſs the day in pain;
When night returns, I feel the ſmart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm:
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm,
That pettiocat of thine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that's due to love,
And let true paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let compaſſion ſeize
That lovely breaſt of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

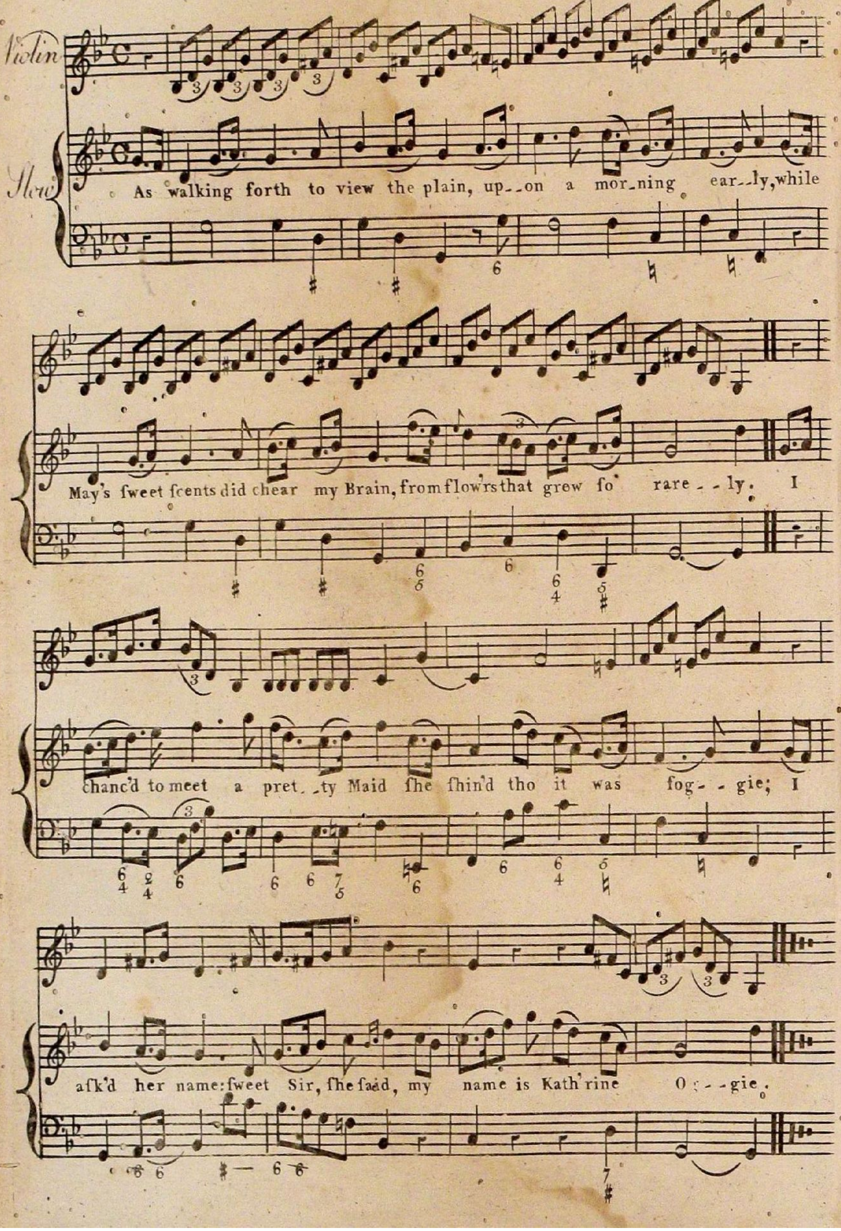
My raviſh'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Deluſive dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my arms.
But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting breaſt of mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to ſlight,
By hind'ring the deſign.
May all the pow'rs of love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
From every charm of thine.

Hap me with thy Petticoat



Kath'rine Ogie



KATH'RINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's ſweet ſcents did cheer my brain,
From flow'rs that grew ſo rarely;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She ſhin'd tho' it was fogie;
I aſk'd her name: Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I ſtood a while and did admire,
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an air there did appear,
In a country maid ſo neatly.
Such natural ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a lily in a bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like my ſweet Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſt in robes but mean,
Yet they cannot diſguiſe thee.
Thy handſome air and graceful look,
Far excel any clowniſh rogie:
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

Oh! were I but a ſhepherd ſwain!
To feed my flocks beſide thee,
At bughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee.
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
And ſtateſmen's dang'rous ſtations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations.
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decree'd
For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works of nature.
Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and fogie;
Pity my caſe, ye Pow'rs above!
Or I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

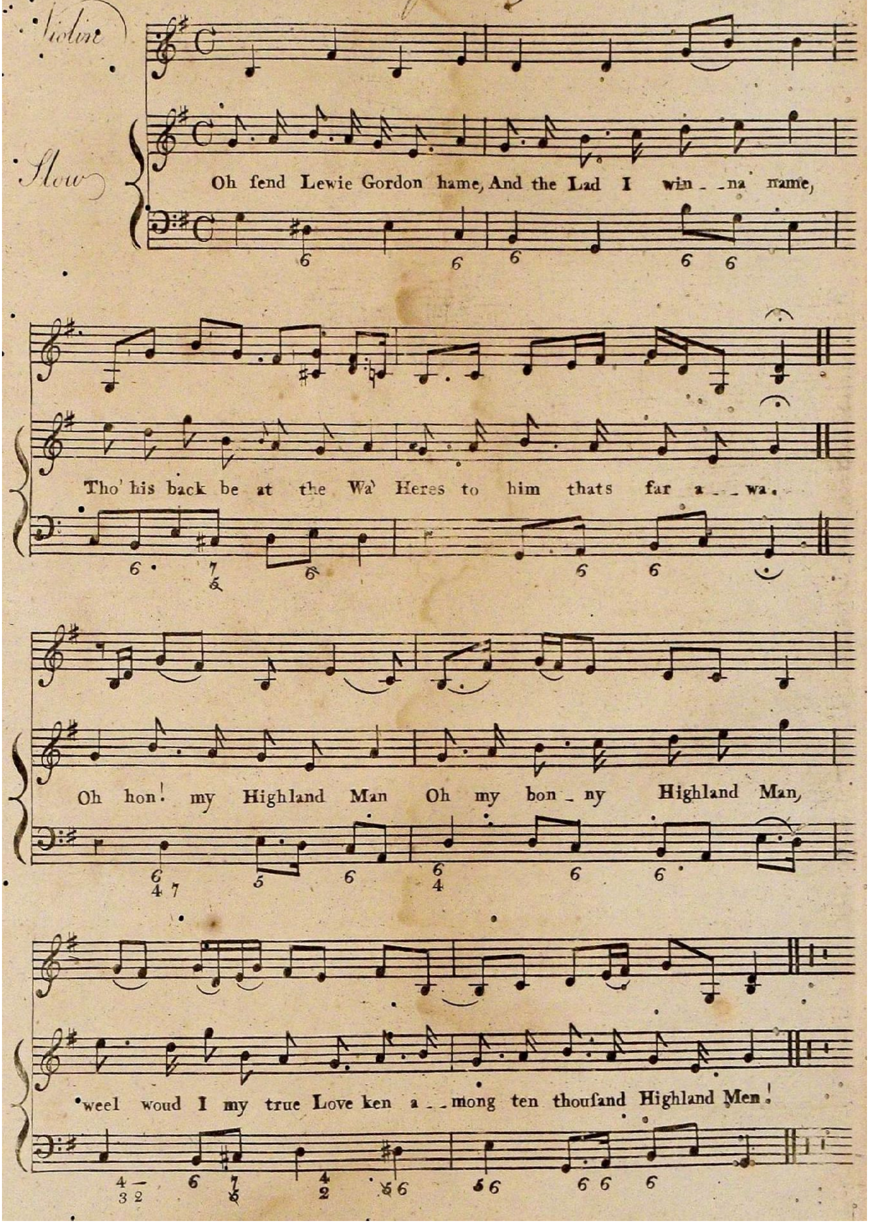
LEWIE GORDON.

OH ! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I winna name ;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
Oh hon ! my Highland man !
Oh ! my bonny Highland man !
Wee'l wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

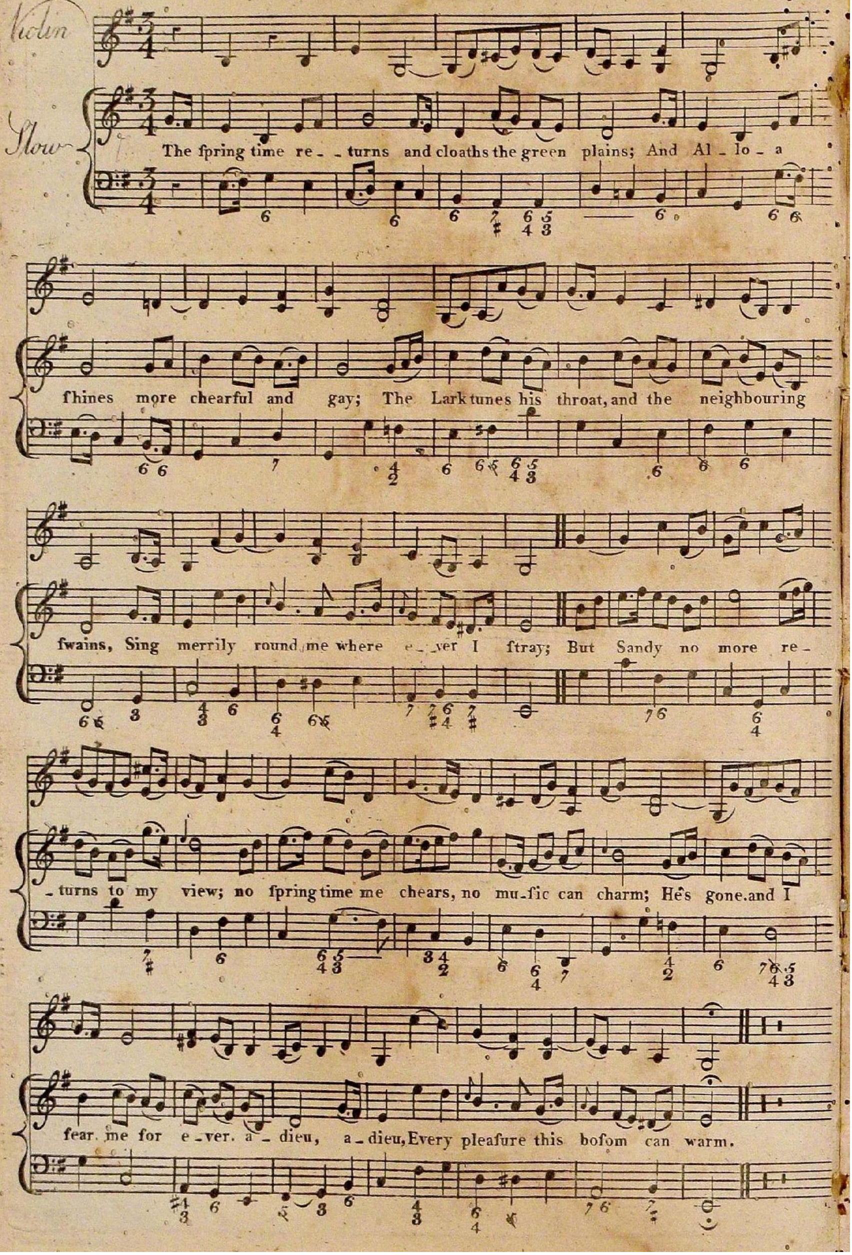
The princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a king :
On his breast he wears a star ;
You'd tak him for the god of war.
Oh hon ! my Highland man !
Oh ! my bonny Highland man !
Wee'l wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh ! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee :
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Oh hon ! my Highland man !
Oh ! my bonny Highland man !
Wee'l wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highland men

Lewie Gordon



Alloa House


Violin
Slow
The ſpring time re_turns and cloaths the green plains; And Al_lo_a
ſhines more chearful and gay; The Lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring
ſwains, Sing merrily round me where e_ver I ſtray; But Sandy no more re_
_turns to my view; no ſpring time me chears, no mu_ſic can charm; He's gone, and I
fear me for e_ver. a_dieu, a_dieu, Every pleaſure this boſom can warm.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THE ſpring time returns and clothes the green plains;
And Alloa ſhines more chearful and gay;
The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring ſwains,
Sing merrily round me wherever I ſtray:
But Sandy no more returns to my view;
No ſpring time me chears, no muſic can charm;
He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever adieu!
Adieu ev'ry pleaſure this boſom can warm!

O Alloa Houſe! how much art thou chang'd!
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to pleaſe me my Sandy once ſtrove!
Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told;
Here liſten'd too fond, whenever you ſung;
Am I grown leſs fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?
Or fooliſh, believ'd a falſe, flattering tongue?

So ſpoke the fair maid: when ſorrow's keen pain,
And ſhame, her laſt fault'ring accents ſuppreſt;
For fate at that moment brought back her dear ſwain,
Who heard, and with rapture his Nelly addreſt:
My Nelly! my fair! I come, O my love!
No pow'r ſhall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! no more thy fond ſhepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard, and new joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame;
And will you, my love, be true? ſhe reply'd:
And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the ſame?
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu to all ſorrow! what ſoul is ſo blind
As not to live happy for ever with you?

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

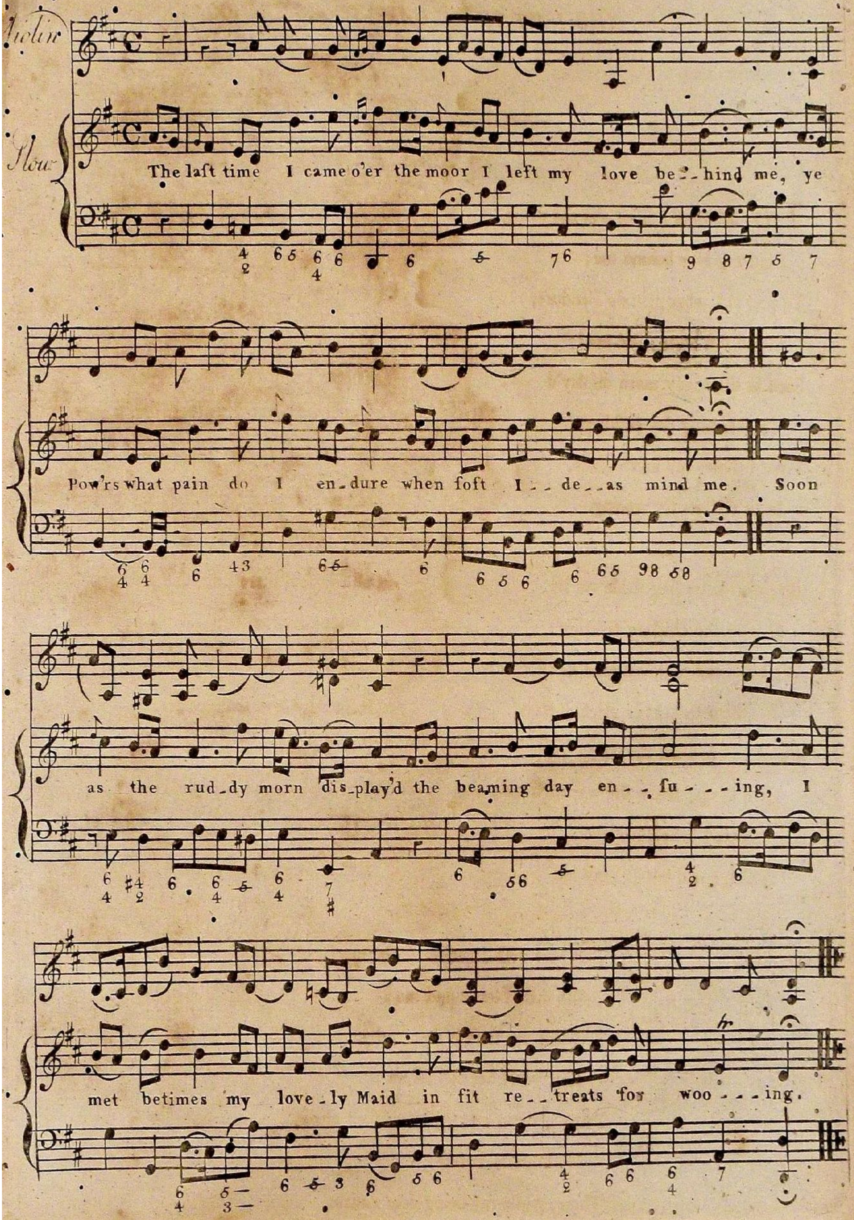
Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me:
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

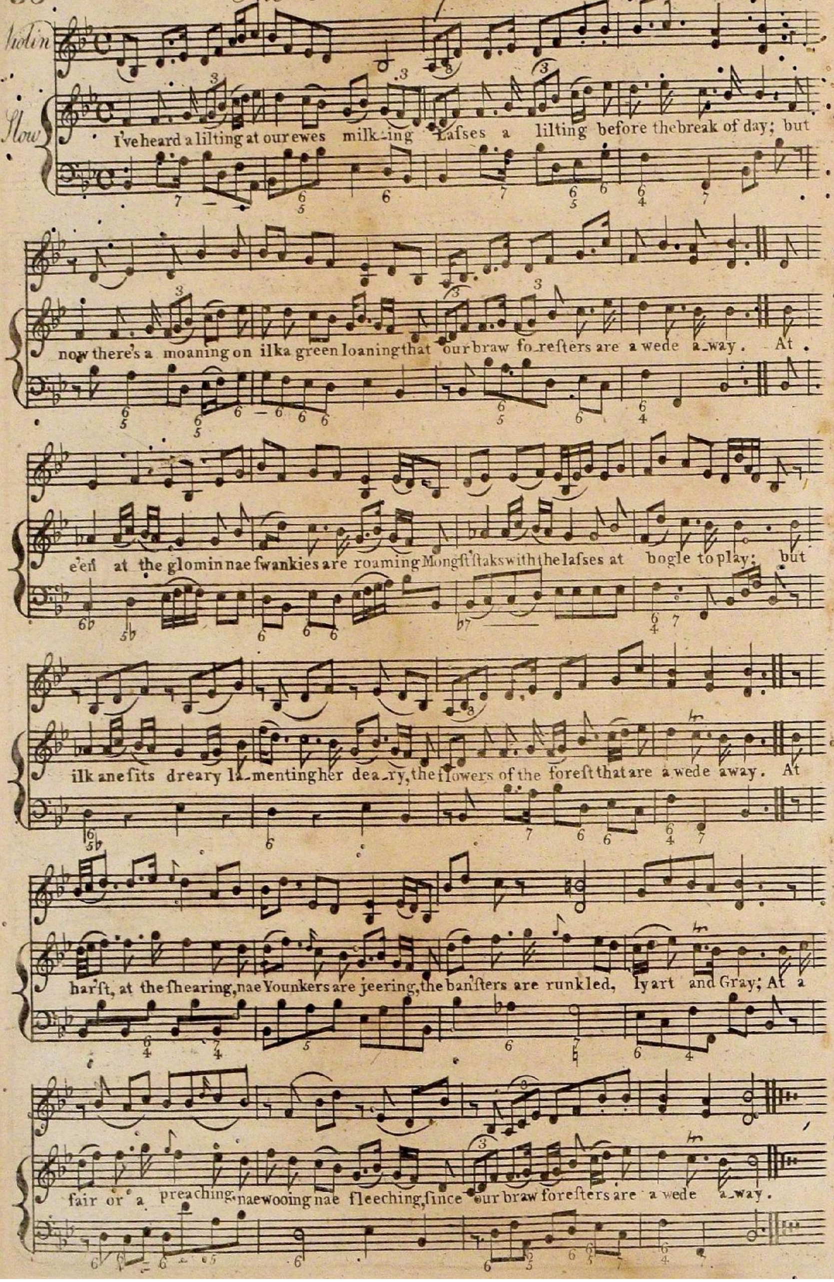
In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

The last time I came o'er the Moor



The Flowers of the Forest



FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

From Pinkerton's Select Scottiſh Ballads.

I Have heard o lilting at the ewes milking,
Laſſes a lilting eir the break o day;
But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,
Sen our bra foreſters are a wed away.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are ſcorning,
The laſſes are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but ſiching and ſabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

At een in the gloming nae ſwankies are roaming,
'Mang ſtacks wi the laſſes at bogle to play;
For ilk ane ſits dreary, lamenting her deary;
The Flowers o the Foreſt, wha're a wed away.

In harſh at the ſheiring na yonkers are jeiring;
The banſters are lyart, runkled, and gray;
At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching,
Sen our bra foreſters are a wed away.

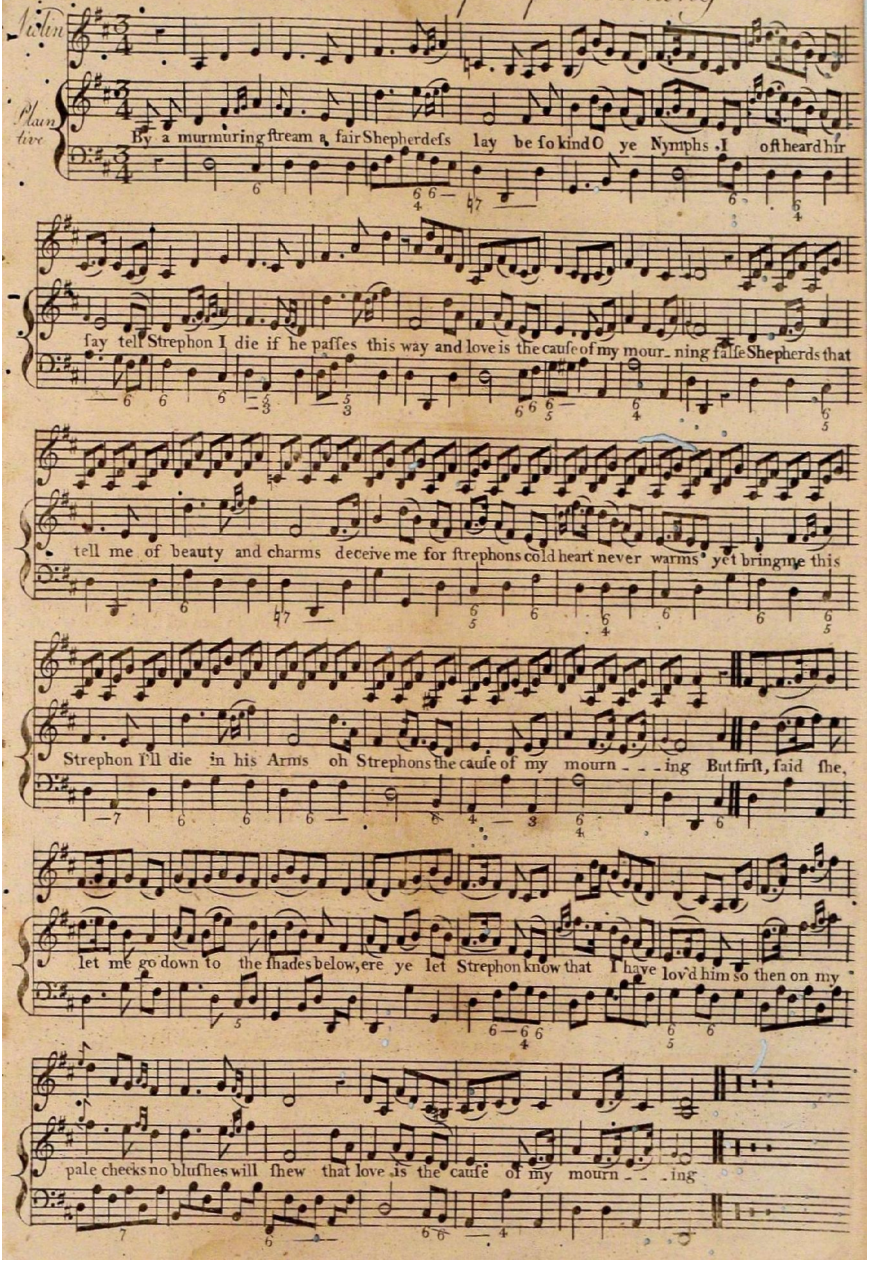
O dule for the order ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh for anes by gyle wan the day.
The Flowers o the Foreſt, wha ay ſhone the foremoſt,
The prime o the land lye cauld in the clay!

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

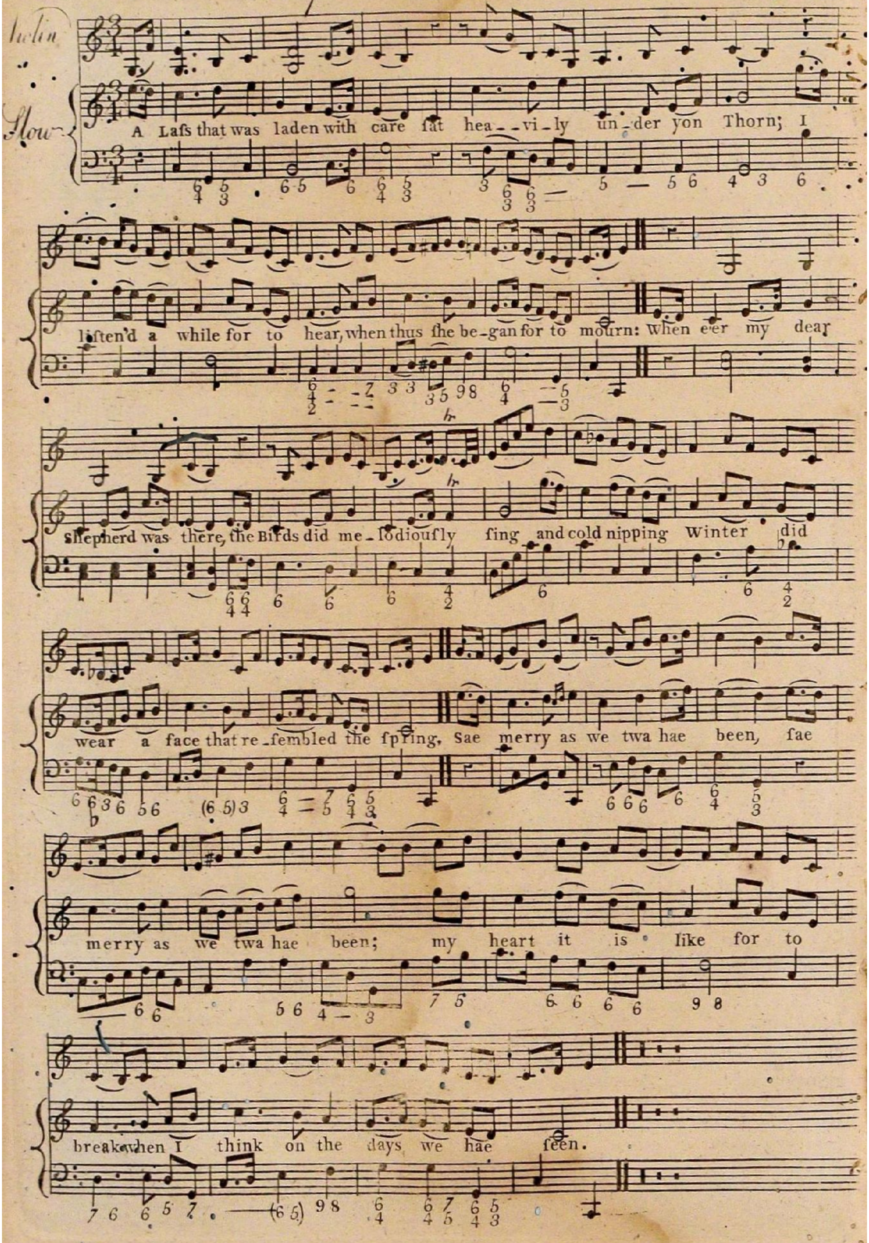
BY a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs lay :
Be ſo kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her ſay,
Tell Strephon I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.
Falſe ſhepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms;
Oh, Strephon ! the cauſe of my mourning.
But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
Down to the ſhades below,
Ere ye let Strephon know
That I have lov'd him ſo :
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow
That love was the cauſe of my mourning.

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſed when Strephon came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, oh heavens ! did he cry,
Ah, Chloris ! the cauſe of my mourning.
Reſtore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, uſe your art !
They ſighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd poor Chloris with mourning.
Ah ! then is Chloris dead,
Wounded by me ! he ſaid ;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
Down to the ſilent ſhade.
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

Love is the cause of my Mourning



Sae merry as we hae been



SAE MERRY AS WE HA'E BEEN.

A LASS that was laden with care
Sat heavily under yon thorn;
I listen'd a while for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn:
Whene'er my dear shepherd was here,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping Winter did wear
A face that resembled the Spring.

Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
He gently pressing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command:
My dear, he would oft to me say,
What makes you hard hearted to me?
Oh! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?

Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Were merrily seated to spin,
I set myself under an oak,
And heavily sighed for him.
Sae merry, &c.

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE.

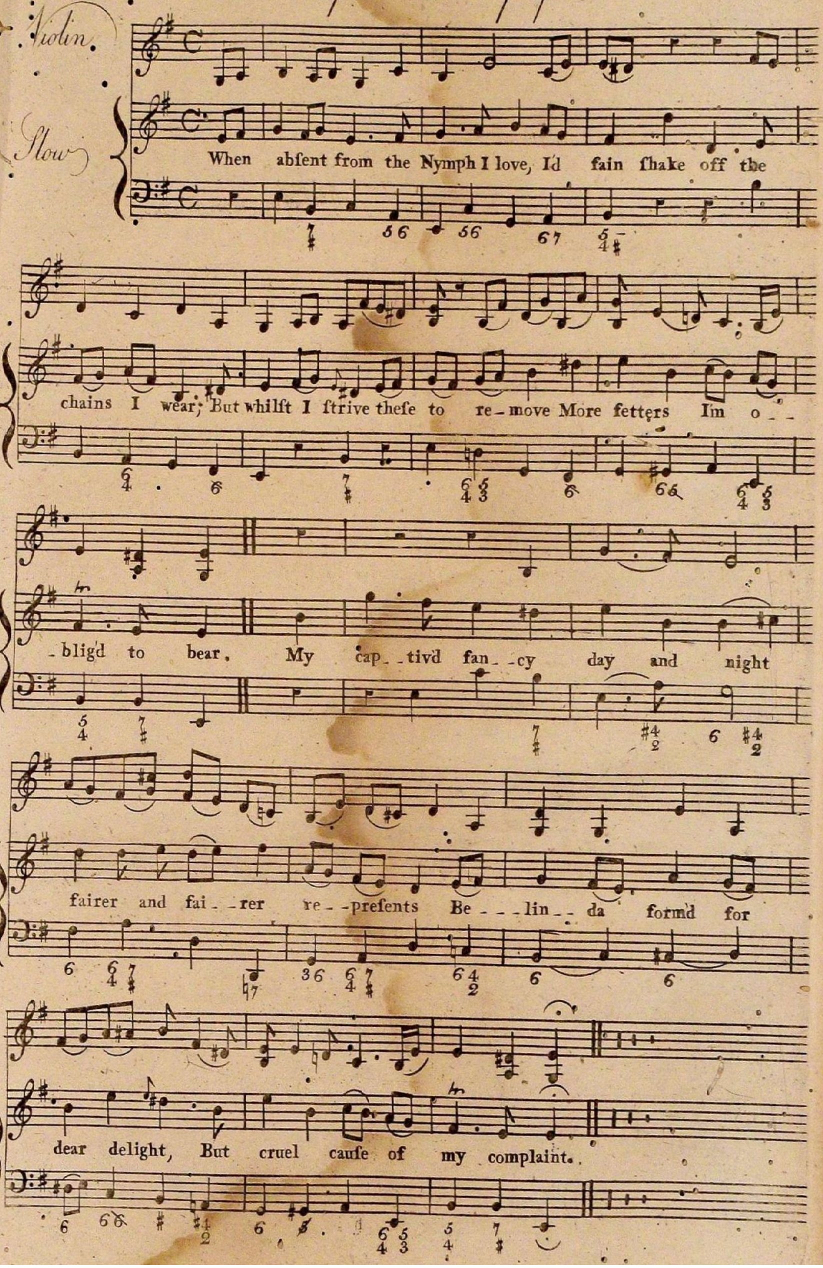
WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain ſhake off the chains I wear;
But, whilſt I ſtrive theſe to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
Fairer and fairer repreſents
Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cauſe of my complaint.

All day I wander thro' the groves,
And, ſighing, hear from ev'ry tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle ſleep, with balmy wings,
To reſt fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thouſand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me waking all the night.

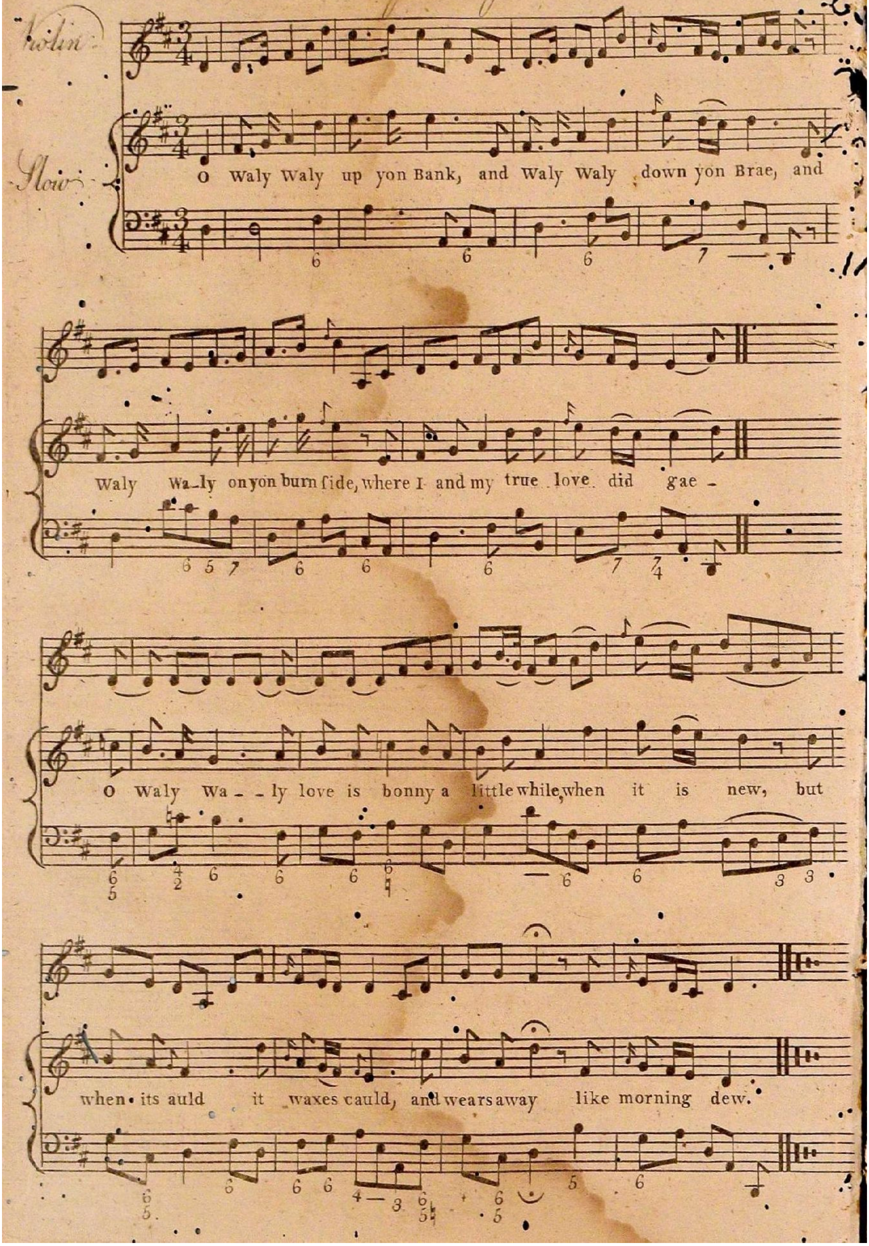
Sleep flies, while, like the goddeſs fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting ſmiles, and killing air,
Appears the cauſe of all my pain.
A while my mind, delighted, flies
O'er all her ſweets, with thrilling joy,
Whilſt want of worth makes doubt ariſe
That all my trembling hopes deſtroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er tranſport and deſire;
My pulſe beats high, my cheeks appear
All roſes, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myſelf I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
Thus, whilſt my fears my pains renew,
I ſcarcely look, or move a man.

When absent from the Nymph I Love.



O Waly Waly


Violin
Slow
O Waly Waly up yon Bank, and Waly Waly down yon Brae, and
Waly Wa_ly onyon burn ſide, where I and my true love did gae _
O Waly Wa _ _ ly love is bonny a little while, when it is new, but
when its auld it waxes cauld, and wears away like morning dew.

O' *WALY, WALY.*

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly on yon burn ſide,
Where I and my true love did gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty tree,
But firſt it bow'd, and ſyne it brak;
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, love is bonny,
A little while when it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And wears awa' like morning dew.
Oh! wherefore ſhou'd I buſk my head?
Oh! wherefore ſhou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat ſhall be my bed,
The bridal bed I ne'er ſhall ſee;
St. Anton's well ſhall be my drink,
Since my true love has forſaken me.
Oh, Martel's wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the ſear leaves aff the tree?
Oh, gentle death! when wilt thou come,
And take a life that wearies me?

THE EWE BUGHTS.

WILL you go to the ewe bughts, Marian,
And wear in the ſheep wi' me?
The ſun ſhines ſweet, my Marian,
But nae half ſae ſweet as thee.

O Marian's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marian,
Gin Marian wad marry me.

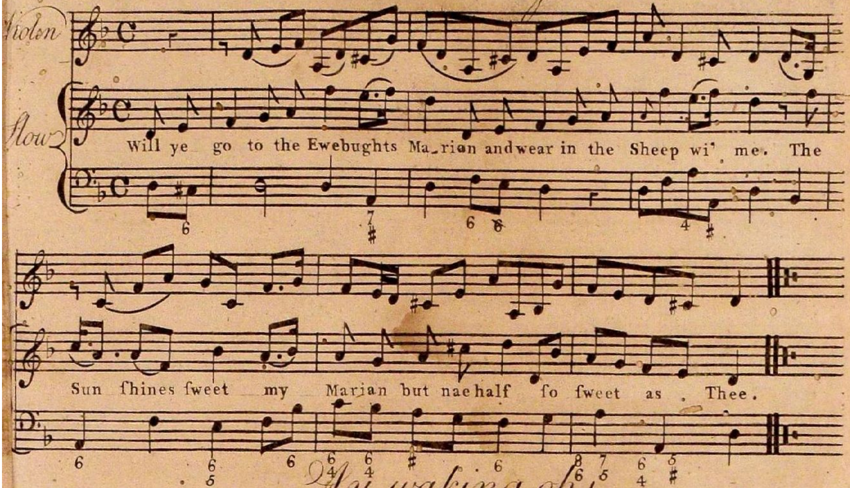
I've nine milk ewes, my Marian,
A cow and brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marian,
Juſt on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green-ſay apron,
And waiſtcoat of London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
When ye gang to the town.

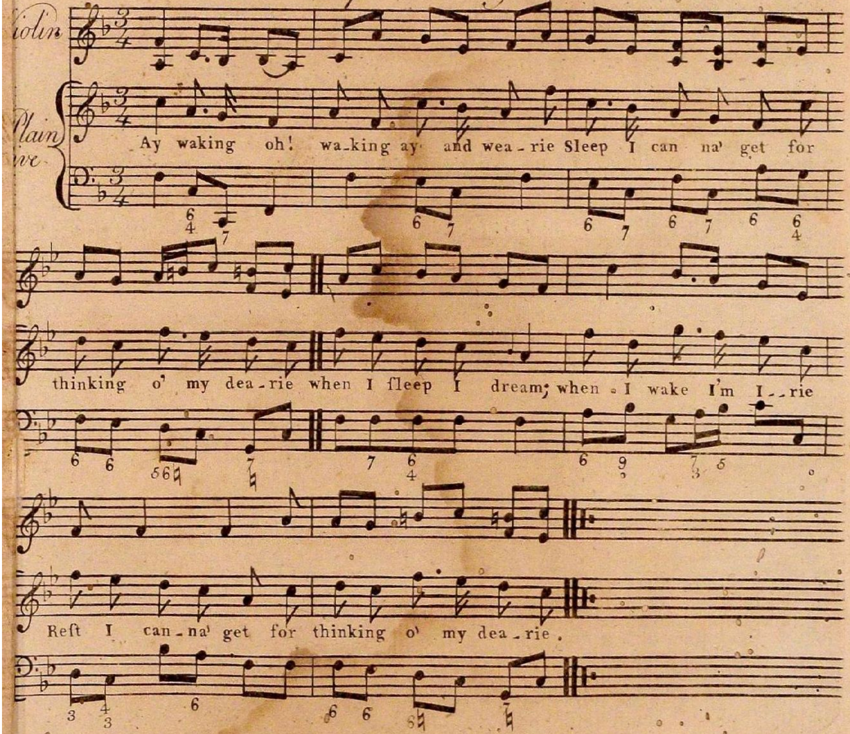
I'm young and ſtout, my Marian,
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forſake me, Marian,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marian,
And kirtle of cramaſie,
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt and ſee thee.

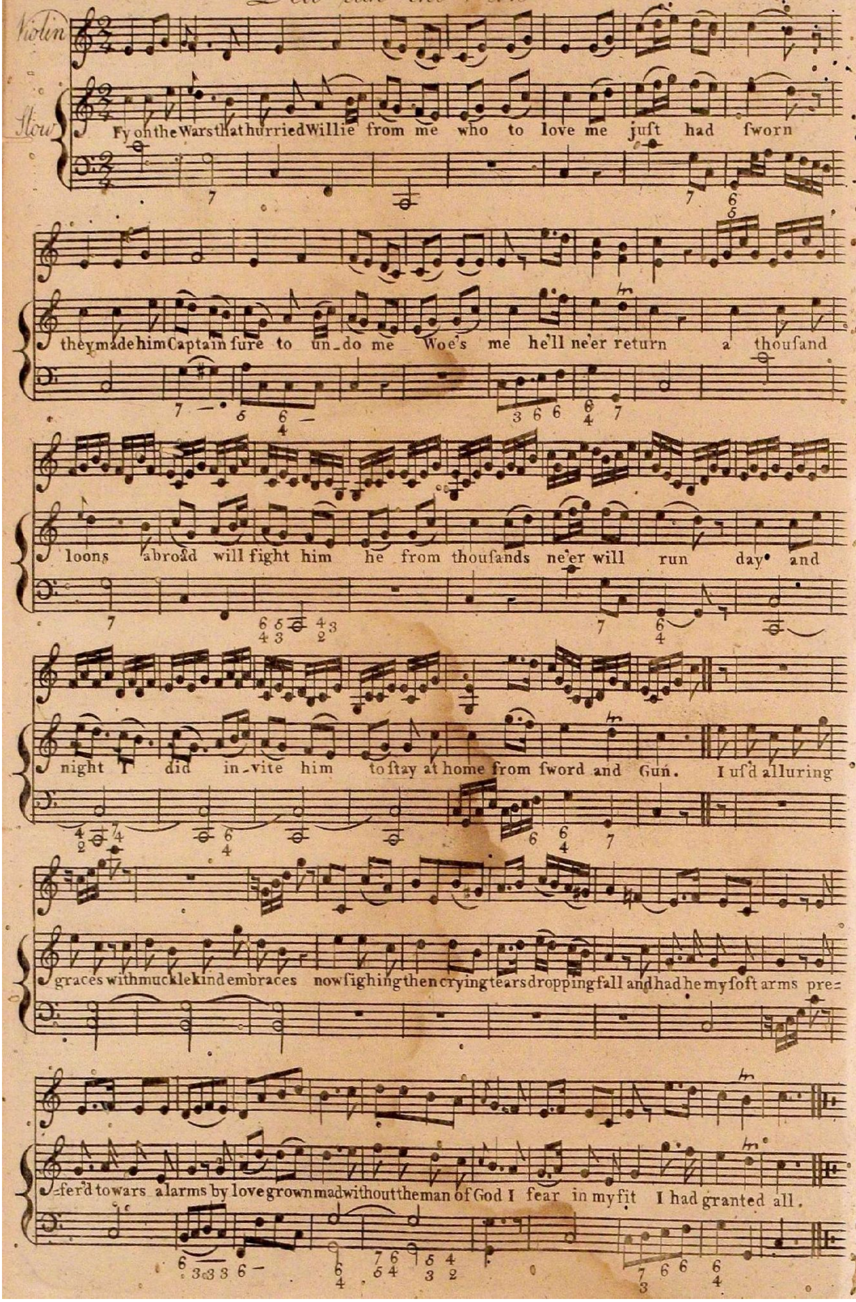
The Ewe Bughts



Ay waking oh!



Deil tak the Wars



DE'IL TAK' THE WARS.

FY on the wars that hurried Willy from me,
Who to love me just had sworn;
They made him Captain sure to undo me:
Woe's me he'll ne'er return.
A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run,
Day and night I did invite him,
To stay at home from sword and gun.
I us'd alluring graces,
With meikle kind embraces,
Now sighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
And had he my soft arms,
Preferr'd to war's alarms,
My love grown mad, without the man of God,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and I patch'd, to mak' me look provoking,
Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
Which made me shew as tall again;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow'rs did shine;
My love well might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots lass was e'er so fine:
My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter'd o'er the knee;
But oh! the fatal thought,
To Willy these are nought;
Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, silly loon, might have plundered me.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' this weary world to sleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside;
To mak' his crown a poun', Jamie gaid to sea,
And the crown and the poun' were baith for me.

He had na' been gane a week but only twa'
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun awa';
My father brak' his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna' spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna' win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and with tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, oh marry me.

My heart it said na, I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck.
The ship it was a wreck, why didna' Jamie die?
And why do I live to say, ah waes me?

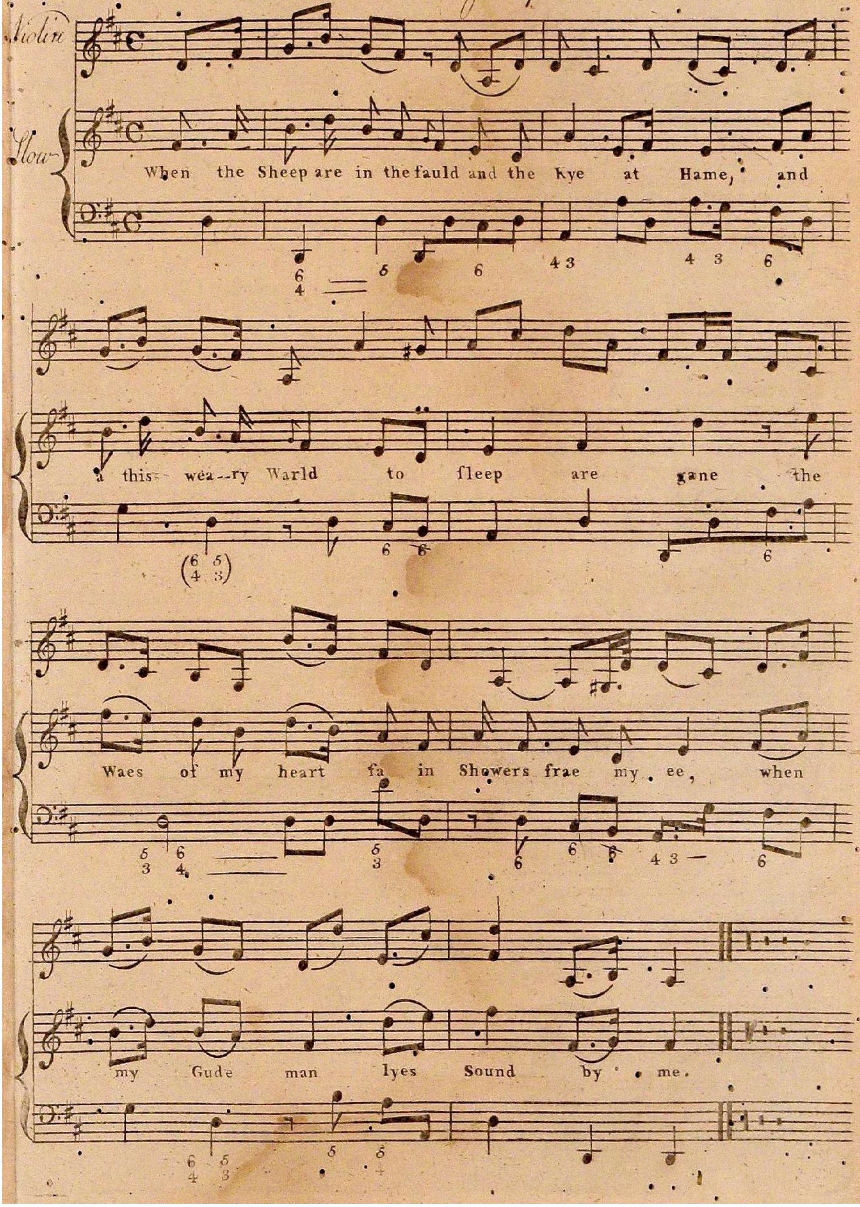
Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna' speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was on the sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at mine ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraeth, for I coudna' think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

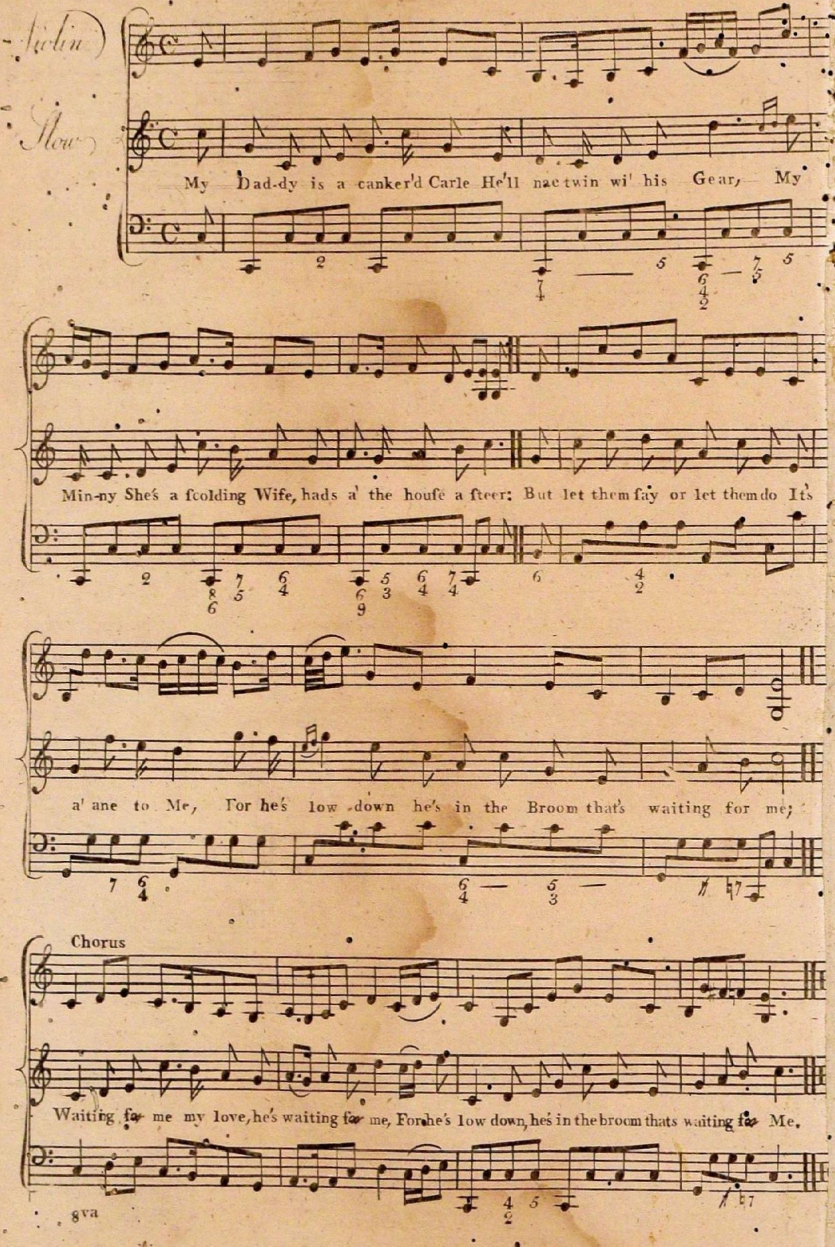
O sair did we greet; and little cou'd we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish I were dead; but I'm nae like to die;
And why do I live to say, ah, waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena' to spin;
I darena' think on Jamie; for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

Auld Robin Gray



Low down in the Broom



LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
My minny ſhe's a ſcaldin wife,
Hads a' the houſe aſteer;
But let them ſay, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom
That's waiting for me;
Waiting for me, my love,
He's waiting for me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom
That's waiting for me.

My aunty *Kate* ſits at her wheel,
And ſair ſhe lightlies me;
But weel keen I it's a' envy;
For ne'er a Jo has ſhe.
But let them ſay, &c.

My couſin *Nell* was ſair beguil'd
Wi *Johnnie* in the glen;
And aye ſince ſyne, ſhe cries, beware
Of falſe deluding men.
But let her ſay, &c.

Gley'd *Sandy* he came waſt ae night,
And ſpeer'd when I ſaw *Pate*,
And aye ſince ſyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them ſay, &c.

FAIR HELEN.

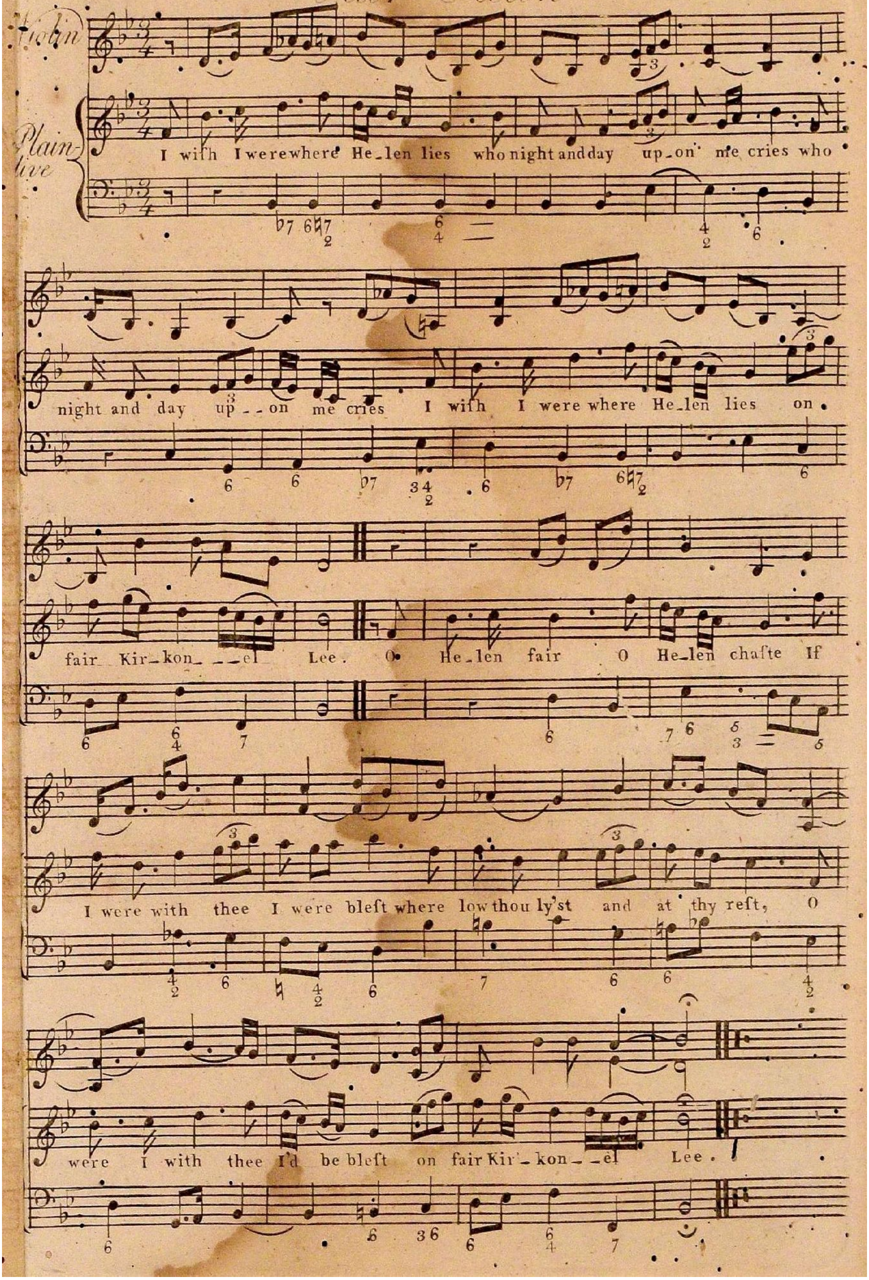
I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Who night and day upon me cries,
Who night and day upon me cries;
I wiſh I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

O Helen fair, O Helen chaſte,
If I were with thee I were bleſt;
Where low thou lieſt, and at thy reſt,
Oh! were I with thee I'd be bleſt,
On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

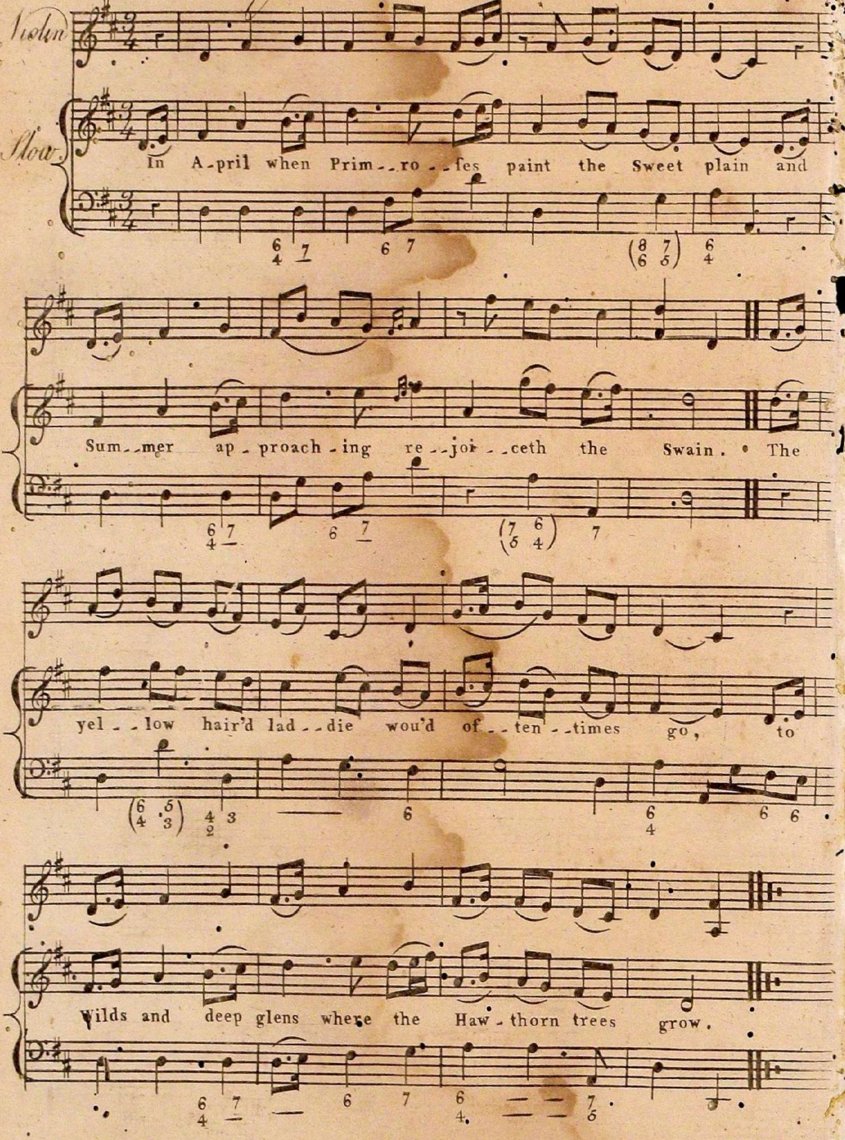
I wiſh my grave were growing green,
And winding ſheet put o'er my een,
And winding ſheet put o'er my een;
I wiſh my grave were growing green,
On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

Wae to the heart that fram'd the thought,
And curſt the hand that fir'd the ſhot,
And curſt the hand that fir'd the ſhot,
When in my arms my Helen dropt,
And died for love of me.

Fair Helen


Violin
Plaintive
I wish I were where Helen lies who night and day up_on me cries who
night and day up_ _on me cries I wish I were where He_len lies on
fair Kir_kon_ _el Lee. O He_len fair O He_len chaste If
I were with thee I were blest where low thou ly'st and at thy rest, O
were I with thee I'd be blest on fair Kir_kon_ _el Lee.

The Yellow Haird Laddie



THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primrofes paint the fweet plain,
And Summer, approaching, rejoiceth the fwain,
The yellow-hair'd Laddie wou'd often times go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the fhade of an old facred thorn,
With freedom he fung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He fang with fo faft and enchanting a found,
That fylvans and fairies unfeen danc'd around.

The fhepherd thus fung: Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dafh'd with a fcornfu' proud air:
But Sufie was handfome, and fweetly cou'd fing;
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the fpring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconftant, and never fpoke truth:
But Sufie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddefs who fprung from the fea.

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently four;
Then fighing, he wifhed, would parents agree
The witty fweet Sufie his miftrefs might be.

MY DEARY, IF YOU DIE.

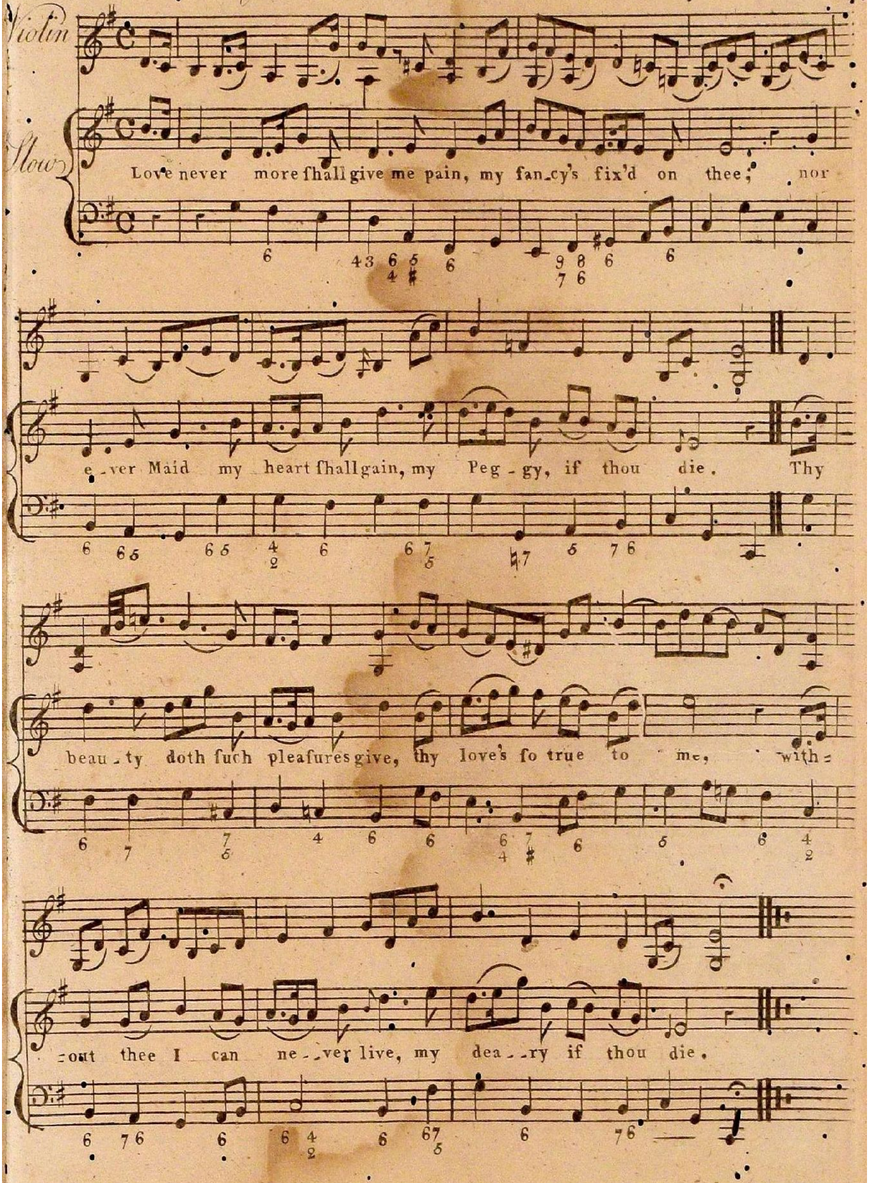
LOVE never more ſhall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart ſhall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth ſuch pleaſure give,
Thy love's ſo true to me:
Without thee I can never live,
My deary, if thou die.

If fate ſhould tear thee from my breaſt,
How ſhall I, lonely, ſtray?
In ~~dreary dreams the~~ night I'll waſte,
In ſighs the ſilent day.
I ne'er can ſo much virtue find,
Nor ſuch perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

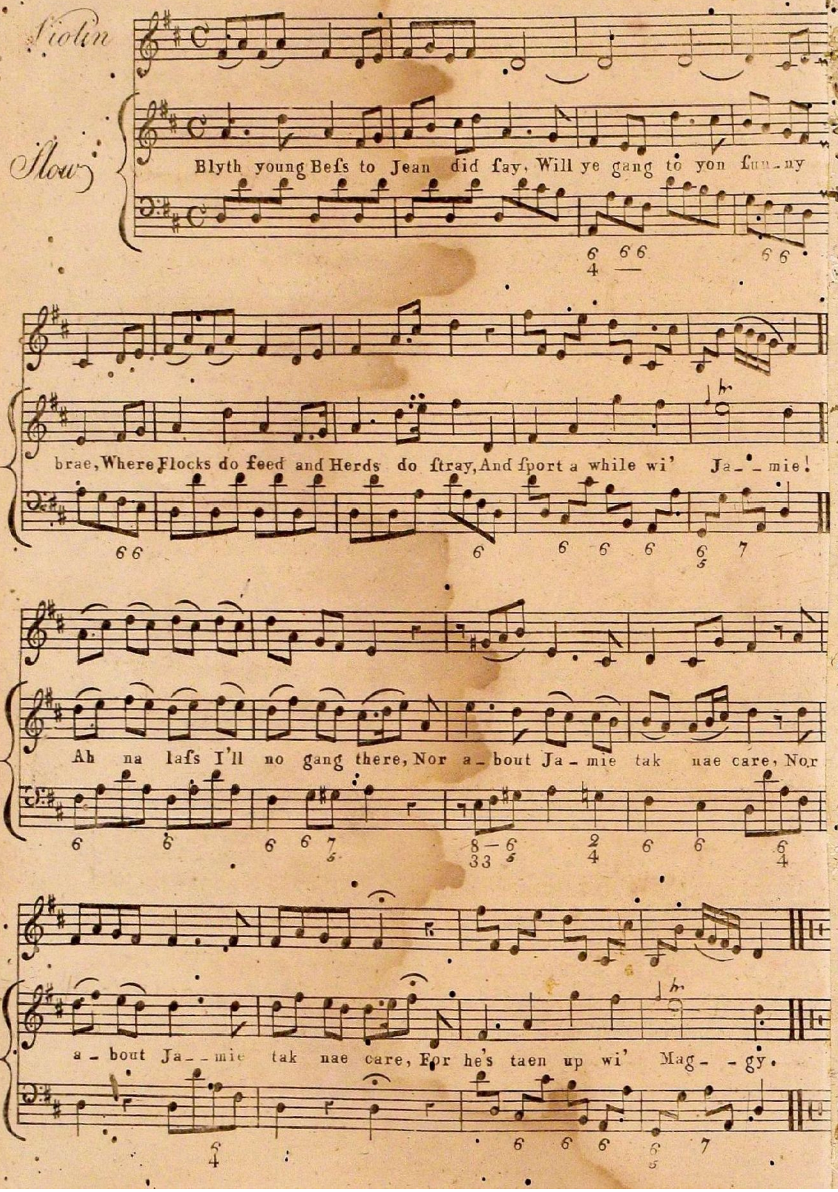
No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine which can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage.
'Twas this that, like the morning ſun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its deſtin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die!

Ye powers that ſmile on virtuous love,
And in ſuch pleaſure ſhare;
Ye who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair!
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me:
Oh! never tear them from thoſe arms:
I'm loſt, if Peggy die.

My Deary if thou die



Bess the Gawkie



BESS THE GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Befs to Jean did fay,
Will ye gang to yon funny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do ftray,
And fport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah na, lafs! I'll ne'er gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
For he's tane up wi' Maggy.

For hark! and I will tell you, lafs:
Did I not fee your Jamie pafs,
Wi' mickle gladnefs in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggy?
I wat he gae her mony a kifs,
And Maggy took them ne'er amifs:
'Tween ilka fmack, pleas'd her wi' this,
That Befs was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kifs I feek,
She turns her head and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour fhe'll fcarcely fpeak;
Who'd not call her a gawkie?
But fure my Maggy has mair fenfe,
She'll gie a fcore without offence;
Now gi'e me ane unto the menfe,
And ye fhall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
But I will never ftand for ane
Or twa when we do meet again,
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, lafs! that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as thefe are far frae me,
Or ony thy fweet face that fee,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, wifht, nae mair of this we'll fpeak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Inftead of Meg, he kift fae fweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Befs! I hardly knew,
When I came by your gown fae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew.
Quoth fhe, That's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
He cry'd, Oh cruel maid, but fweet!
If I fhould gang another gate,
I ne'er cou'd meet my dawtie.

LEANDER ON THE BAY.

LEANDER on the Bay
  Of Hellespont all naked stood,
Impatient of delay,
  He leapt into the fatal flood,
    The raging seas,
    Whom none can please,
'Gainst him their malice show:
    The heav'n's lowr'd,
    The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
  Thus of his fate he did complain:
Ye cruel rocks and skies!
  Ye stormy winds, and angry main!
    What 'tis to miss
    The lover's bliss,
Alas! ye do not know;
    Make me your wreck
    As I come back,
But spare me as I go.

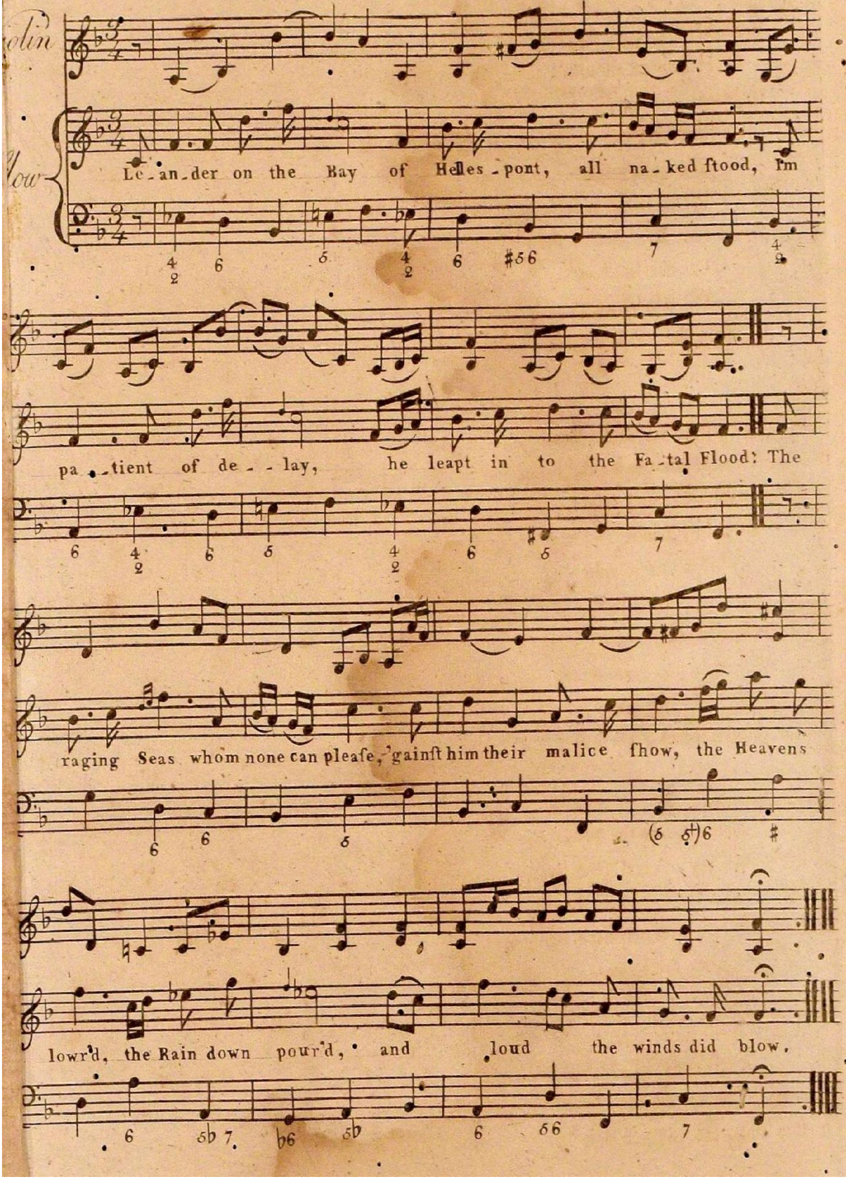
Lo! yonder stands the tower
  Where my beloved Hero lyes,
And this is the appointed hour
  Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
    To his fond suit
    The gods were mute;
The billows answer, no:
    Up to the skies
    The surges rise,
But sunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wishing maid,
  Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his stay upbraid;
  Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove:
    O fate! said she,
    Nor heav'n, nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide;
    I'd leap this wall,
    Cou'd I but fall
By my Leander's side.

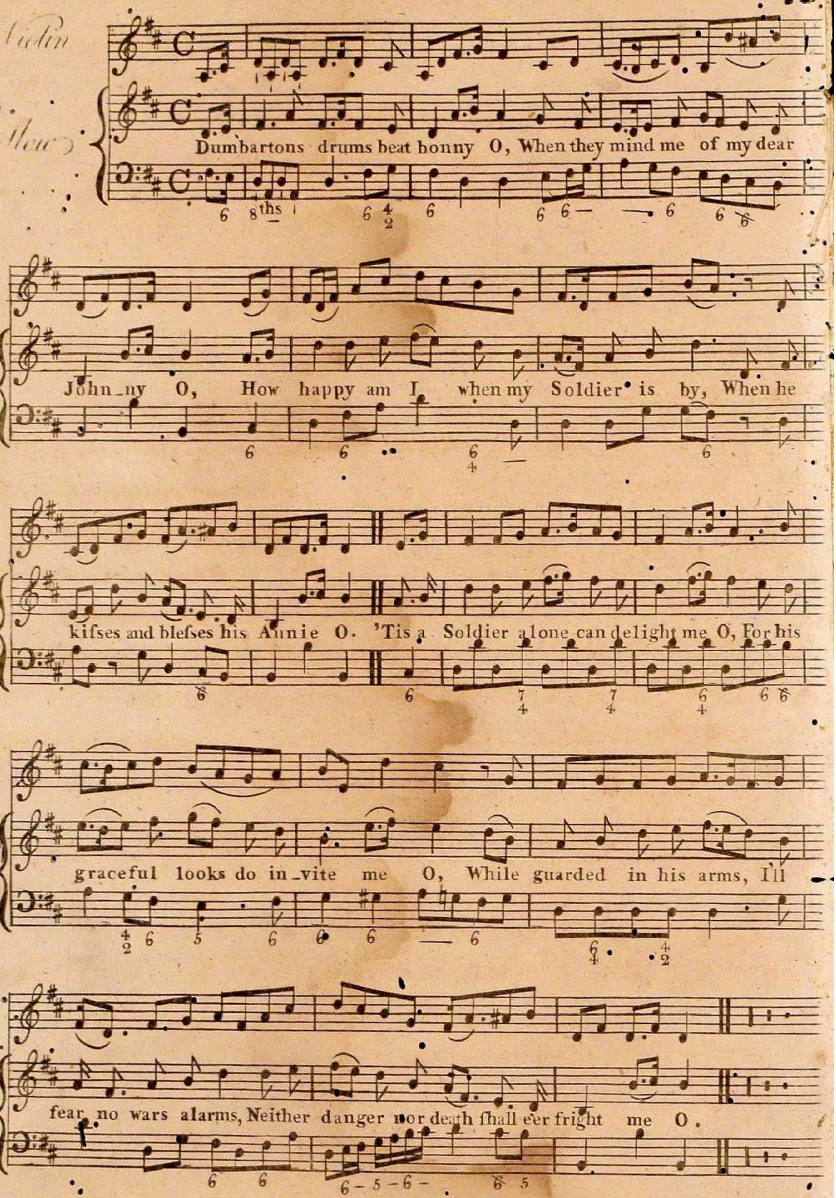
At length the rising sun
  Did to her sight reveal, too late,
That Hero was undone;
  Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
    Said she, I'll shew,
    Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one:
    This proof I'll give,
    I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
  Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
  To teach her wearied arms to swim:
    To sea-gods wept,
    Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side:
    When join'd, at last,
    She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Leander on the Bay



Dumbarton's Drums



DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnny—O.
How happy am I,
When my soldier is by,
When he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie—O!
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me—O,
For his graceful looks do invite me—O:
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death ſhall e'er fright me—O.

My love is a handſome laddie—O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy—O:
Tho' commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;
He ſhall no longer ſerve as a cadie—O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery—O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O;
He minds no other thing
But the ladies and the king;
For every other care is but ſlavery—O.

Then I'll be the Captain's lady—O;
Farewel all my friends and daddy—O;
I'll ſtay no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whenever it beats, I'll be ready—O.
Dumbarton's drums ſound bonny—O,
They are ſprightly, like my dear Johnny—O;
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie—O!

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

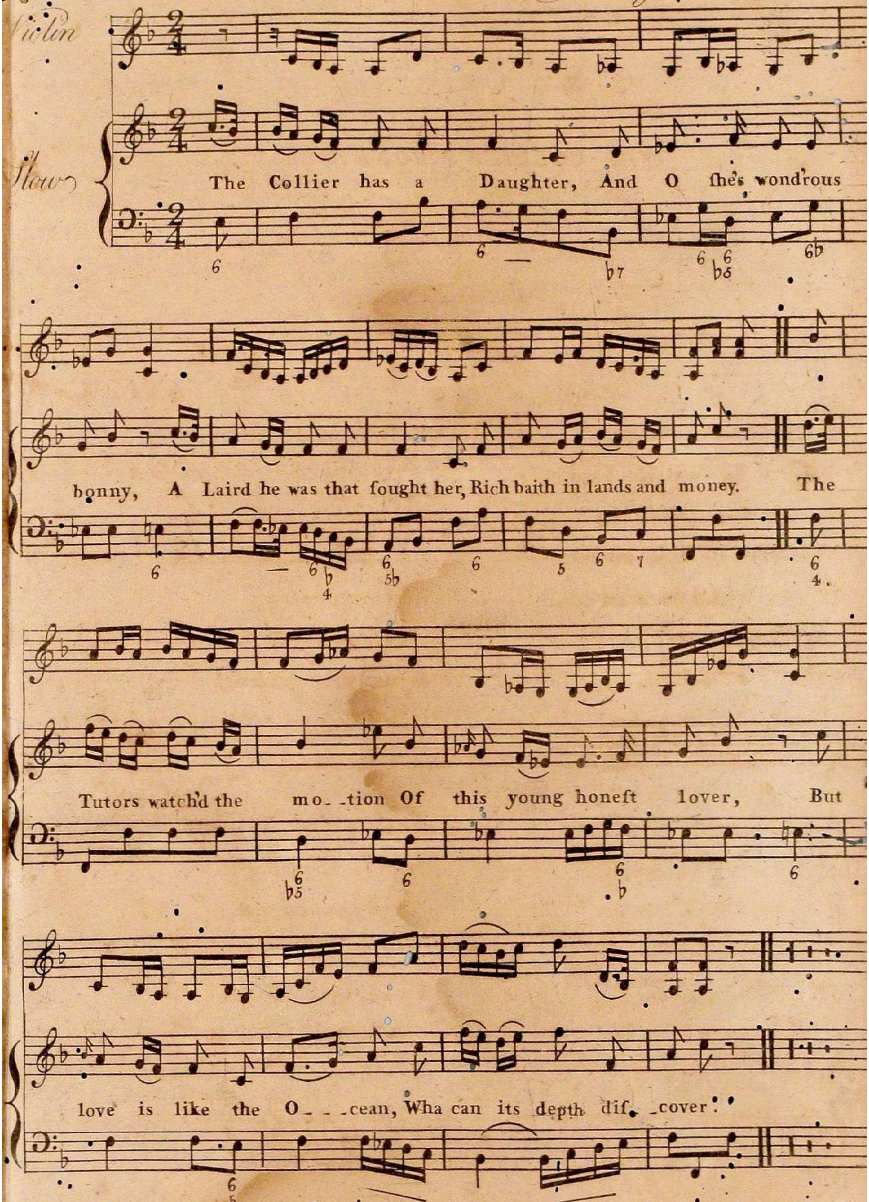
THE collier has a daughter,
And, oh, she's wond'rous bonny!
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money:
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honest lover;
But love is like the ocean,
Wha can its depth discover?

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His air sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lilie,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

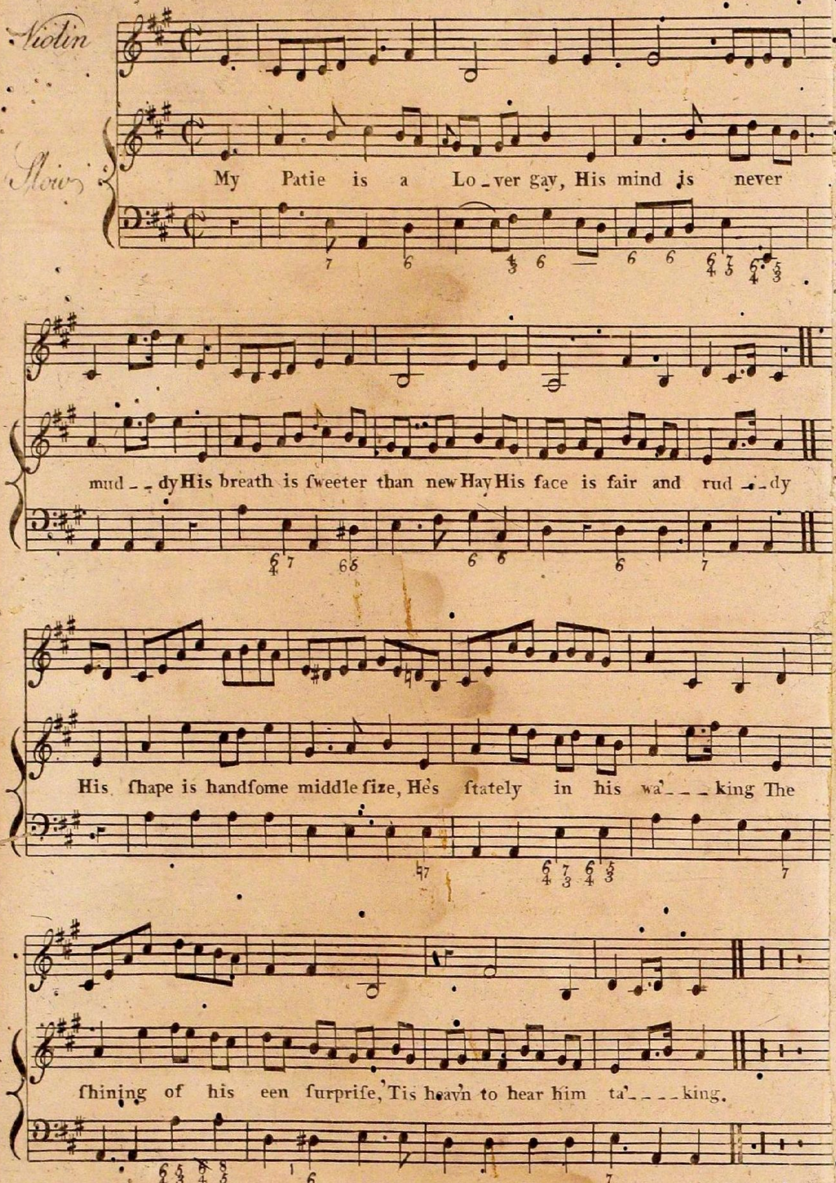
He lov'd beyond expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession,
His life was dull without her.
After nature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her,
In saftest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
Let naething discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye:
For I have gear in plenty,
And love says, 'tis my duty
To ware what Heav'n has lent me
Upon your wit and beauty.

The Colliers Bonny Laſsie



Corn Riggs


Violin
Slow
My Patie is a Lo_ver gay, His mind is never
mud_ _dy His breath is ſweeter than new Hay His face is fair and rud_ _dy
His ſhape is handſome middle ſize, He's ſtately in his wa'_ _ _king The
ſhining of his een ſurpriſe, Tis heav'n to hear him ta'_ _ _ _king.

CORN-RIGGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
Her face is fair and ruddy.
His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's ſtately in his wa'king;
The ſhining of his een ſurprize;
'Tis heav'n to hear him ta'king.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn is growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a-glowing.
He kiſs'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtely ſhould be granting;
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And ſyne my cockernony
He's free to kiſs me air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

THE BONNIE EARL OF MURRAY.

From Pinkerton's Select Scotch Ballads.

YE Hielands and ye Lawlands,
O war has ye been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And laid him on the green!

' Now wae be to you, Huntly!
" O wharfore did he sae?
' I bad you bring him wi' you;
' But forbad you him to slay."

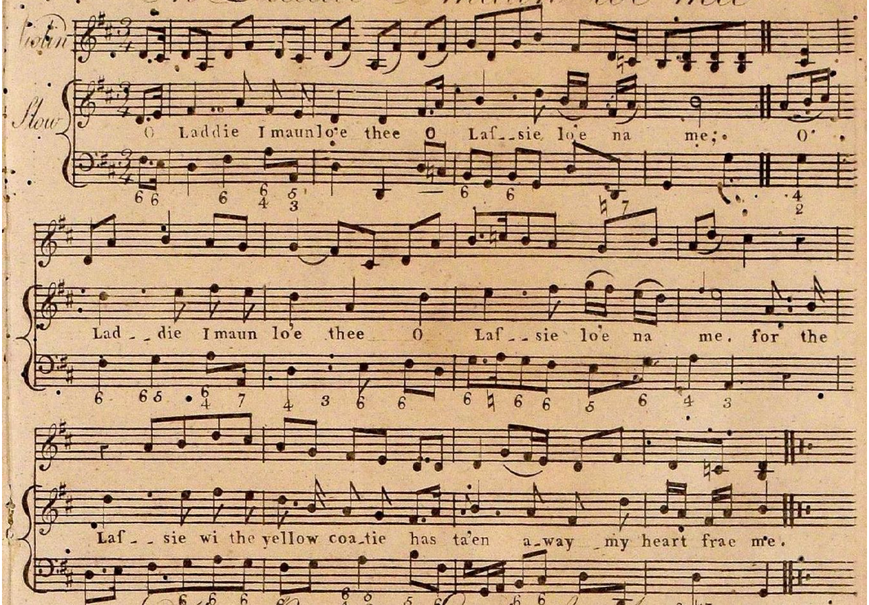
He was a bra galant,
And he rid at the ring;
The bonnie Earl of Murray,
He micht ha' been a king.

He was a bra galant,
And he play'd at the ba;
The bonnie Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a.

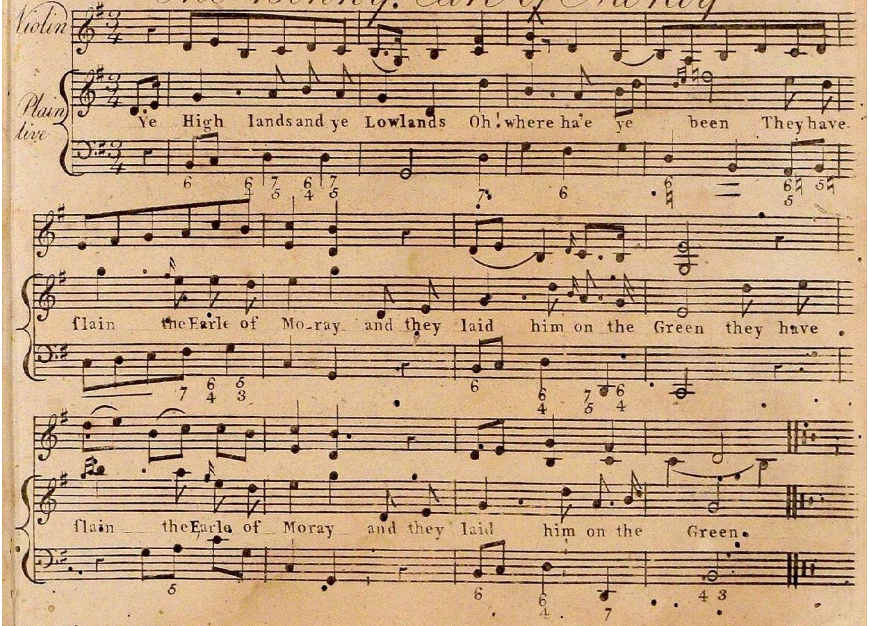
He was a bra galant,
And he play'd at the gluve;
The bonnie Earl of Murray,
He was the queen's luve.

O lang will his lady
Look owr the castle downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Cum sounding throuch the toun!

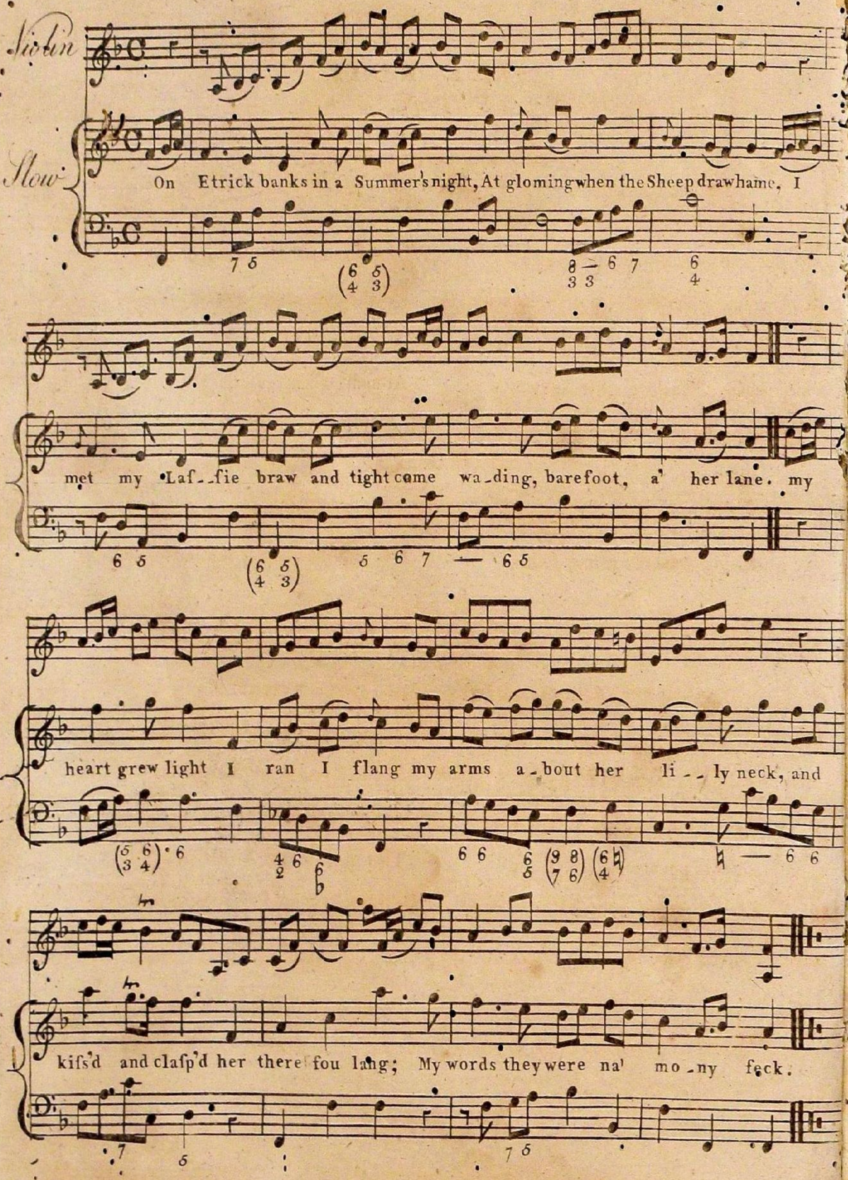
Oh Laddie I maun loe thee



The Bonny Earl of Moray



Etrick Banks



ETRICK BANKS.

ON Etrick Banks, in a ſummer's night,
At glowming when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſie, braw and tight,
Came wadding, barefoot, a her lane:
My heart grew light; I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiſs'd and claſp'd her there fow lang:
My words they were nae money feck.

I ſaid, my laſſie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Earſe to learn?
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herrings at the broomy law;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's geer to win we never ſaw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, froſts and ſnaw, begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when you ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes, and play a ſpring:
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs amang the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their ſport;
We'll laugh, and kiſs, and dance, and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine;
But, oh, they're vain and idly gawdy!
How much unlike the gracefu' mien,
And manly looks of my Highland laddie?
O my bonny, bonny Highland laddie,
My handsome charming Highland laddie;
May Heaven still guard, and love reward
Our Lawland lass, and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

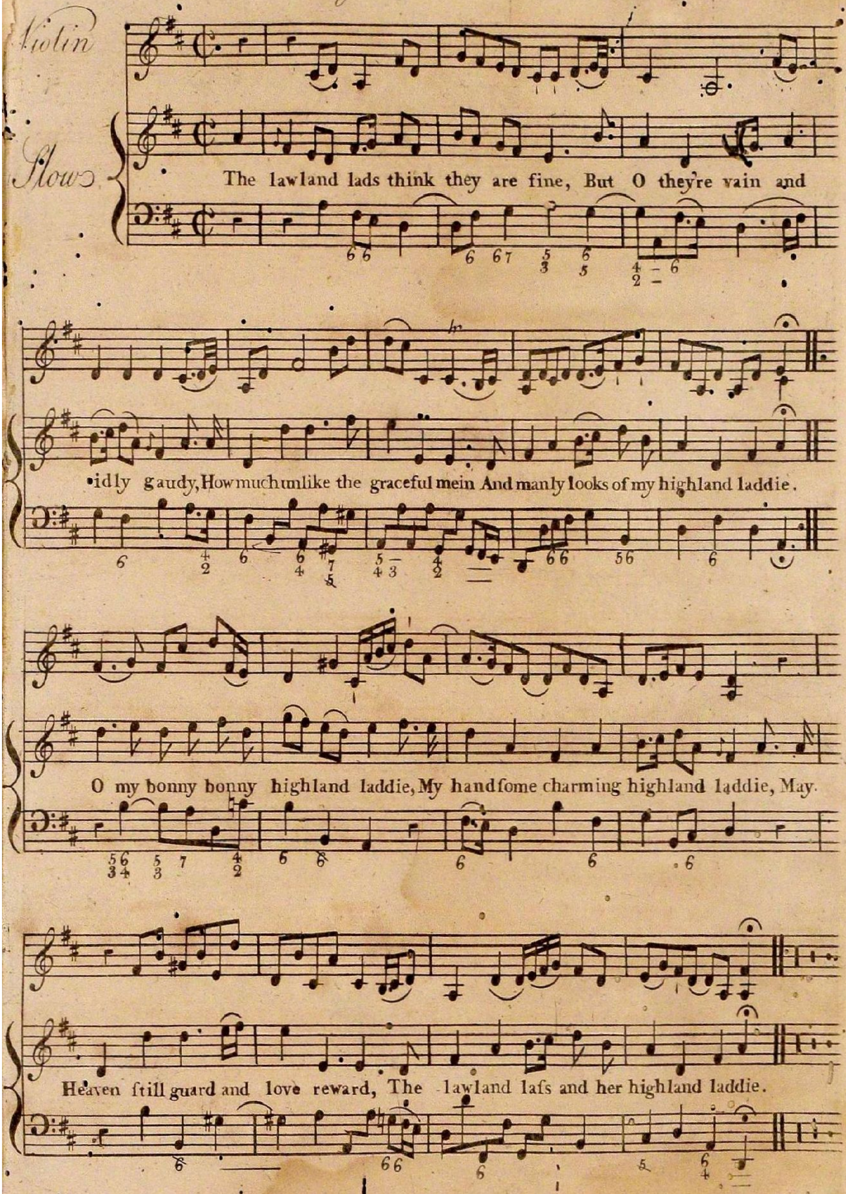
The brawest beau in Borrows town,
In all his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in his tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and dady.
Frae Winter's cauld, and Summer's sun,
He'll hap me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

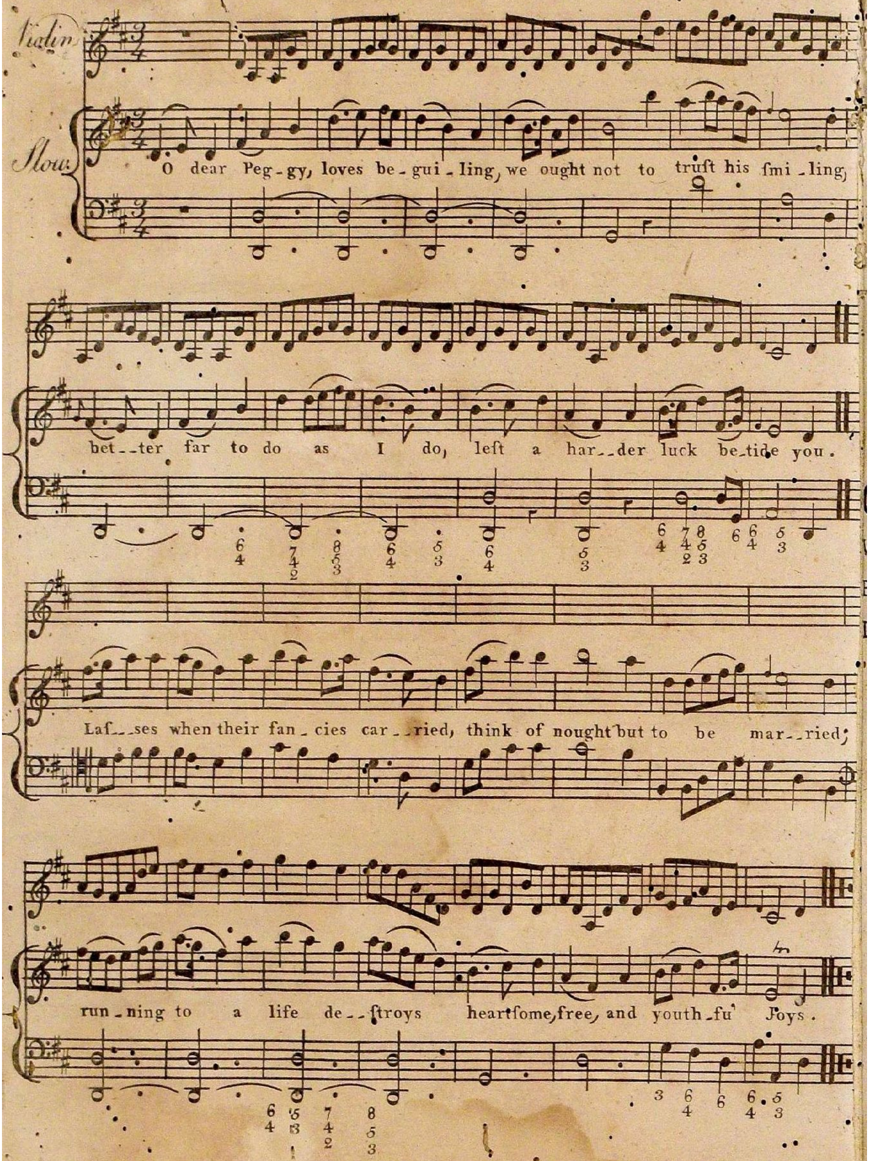
Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in his tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

The Highland Laddie



O Dear Mother what shall I do



O DEAR MOTHER, WHAT SHALL I DO?

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling;
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.

Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

THERE CAME A GHAIST TO MARG'RET'S DOOR.

THERE came a ghaiſt to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan ;
And, ay, he tirled at the pin,
But anſwer made ſhe none.

Is that my father Philip ?
Or is't my brother John ?
Or is't my true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home ?

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John ;
But 'tis thy true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home.

Oh, ſweet Marg'ret ! oh, dear Marg'ret !
I pray thee ſpeak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thouſt never get,
We twa will never twin,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiſs my cheek and chin.

If I ſhou'd come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man ;
And ſhou'd I kiſs thy roſy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

Oh, ſweet Marg'ret ! oh, dear Marg'ret !
I pray thee ſpeak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thouſt never get,
We twa will never twin,
Till you take me to yon kirk yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk yard,
Afar beyond the ſea ;
And it is but my ſpirit, Marg'ret,
That's now ſpeaking to thee.

She ſtretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her beſt ;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willy ;
God ſend your ſoul good reſt.

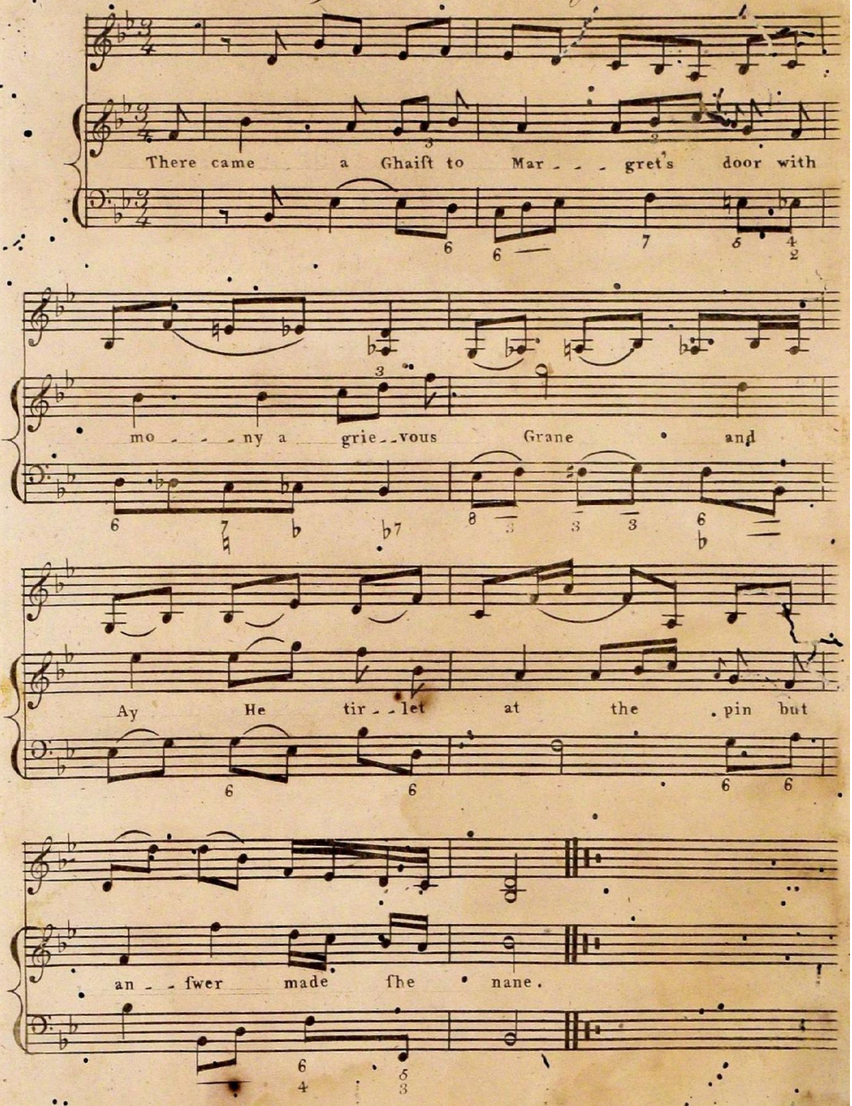
Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dear corpſe follow'd ſhe.

Is there any room at your head, Willy ?
Or any room at your feet ?
Or any room at your ſide, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep ?

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret ;
There's no room at my feet ;
There's no room at my ſide, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made ſo meet.

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up then crew the gray ;
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

No more the ghaiſt to Marg'ret ſaid,
But with a grievous groan,
Evaniſh'd in a cloud of miſt,
And left her all alone.

Oh, ſtay, my only true love, ſtay,
The conſtant Marg'ret cry'd :
Wan grew her cheeks, ſhe cloſ'd her een,
Stretch'd her ſoft limbs, and dy'd.

There came a Ghaist to Margret's Door